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*J. L. Lumbach*



# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.*

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

No. 1.



## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BY FRANZ VON LENBACH.

THERE appeared recently in a North German publication such a strange mixture of truth and falsehood, dished up apparently for the special edification of foreigners, that I am particularly happy at this time to avail myself of the very complimentary invitation of the editor of *The Cosmopolitan* to speak to his wide-extended field of readers, and thus directly reach my transatlantic friends.

On August 13, 1836, I was born in the little town of Schrobenhausen, situated amid the picturesque highlands of Bavaria. My father was a master-mason in that place, and I was the third of six brothers and sisters. Sent, as we all were, as a matter of course, to the village school, I distinguished myself principally by learning nothing up to my eleventh year, outside of mere boyish pranks, but after

this period I was sent to an industrial school in Landshut, where I continued three years to study the art of building, and was subsequently (during my fourteenth and fifteenth years) occupied as a mason, drawing plans, or assisting as a stone-cutter, until, on arriving at Munich, I entered the studio of the celebrated sculptor, Sicking, where I soon became absorbed in modelling as well as carving figures. Returning to Schrobenhausen, I tarried there awhile, but was once more obliged to leave my good father.

At this time I stood in friendly relationship with Hofner, who afterward became renowned as an animal painter, and



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT.

we spent our time largely loitering together in woods, fields, valleys and cattle stalls. I can recognize here a turning point in my life, for Hofner, observing my attempts to imitate nature with brush and pencil, grew generous in his praise of my first efforts, and it was thus due to his encouragement that I devoted myself to the career of an artist, and partly too because at the commencement I found it more convenient and easier to handle a palette than to draw building plans, which was a severe strain on my naturally weak eyes.

My seventeenth year was mainly spent in attendance at the polytechnic school in Augsburg in a class for free-hand drawing, from which, however, I derived no material benefit beyond the incentive afforded me by the old museum of that town and the company of a pin-maker's apprentice who occupied his Sunday leisure in painting from nature.

Returning to the parental roof once more, the weakened condition of my eyes forbade any severe work and prolonged the period of my visit a couple of years; yet I was not entirely idle, for the public having pronounced me a rising painter and my reputation being already increasing, I received orders of every kind, not only for paintings, but targets, decorative signs for the front of shops, flags and votive pictures.

Did a peasant either meet with an accident or perchance escape one, I was forthwith requested to paint a picture of his entire family, which was then sent to Altötting where it was hung up as a votive offering in the Chapel of the

Virgin, as is the custom in Bavaria. I received a gulden for each individual portrayed, and hence in the event of the peasant being the happy possessor of six children I was paid eight gulden for the entire family.

By this method I speedily became independent, and was enabled to proceed to Munich, where I studied under Karl von Piloty; but, notwithstanding our very friendly relations, I tarried but a little while under this famous painter's influence, so strongly was the force of my own artistic nature opposed to his. In 1858, at a period when the world still travelled abroad by private carriage or in public diligence, I accompanied Piloty to Rome, where I painted the well-known architectural composition "The Arch of Titus," which is especially remarkable for the extraordinary number of figures it contains. Then, too, it was that I acquired the knowledge that the sublime in art belongs to the past, and the passionate and ever increasing desire swept over me to save, so far at least as lay within the compass of my mediocrity, from mere tradition, that inheritance of the old masters which had been transmitted to us from the golden age of art; while the determination arose within me not to be carried away by principles which I could but regard as both false and corrupting. I came to perceive clearly that it is impossible to force art into any particular period of which it is not the necessary expression, and which is without the capacity either to produce or to enjoy.

Against the assev-

erations of the new school of artists who pronounce a return to the very rudiments of art necessary as touching the marvelous works of antiquity and the renaissance—difficulties long since proclaimed surmounted from the academic standpoint,—I arose in the righteous indignation of the æsthetic perception of my nature and inward striving after the best, more clearly cognizant of the fact that, henceforth, the purpose of my individual existence, was to spin afresh into some consecutive connection the threads which had been ruthlessly rent asunder by modern tendencies, and to emphasize anew the spirit and interpretation of a higher art which should forever remain inviolate and unchangeable amid the changes of taste and fashion. Thus within the compass of my environment did the impetus



RICHARD WAGNER

gather force, until I faced the danger of being called an imitator or pitied as a reactionist. Swept by these emotions I returned to Germany, where I was surprised by a call to the then new art school in Weimar to teach in connection with Böcklin, Breinhold and Begas, with whom I was at that time on a footing of intimacy, and I at once accepted the position thus offered with hopes destined not to be fully realized. The true and false as interpreted by Böcklin, together with the knowledge that I was assuming the responsible office

three years, at a salary of one thousand florins a year, to make the numerous copies which now hang in the Schack gallery in Munich, honest witnesses, as I can well testify, to the earnestness of my endeavors, and to my early modesty and industry.

The small advantage accruing to me personally in the accomplishment of such extensive labor at a minimum salary is not to be considered in comparison with the progress made in my art by the study of those incomparable works and the acquirement of a closer knowledge of the land and people, whilst various artistic efforts made independently during those three years served to mature my personal talent. In fact, I found on returning to Munich that I must swim against the strong predilection for the false, pathetic, and so-called historic school of painting, against which the naturalistic school then rising into notice, was struggling.

Careless of momentary success, my relations with Count von Schack now being dissolved, I began independently to realize and bring to fruition what I had in the meanwhile learned, chastened by a submissive knowledge that the incomparable masters of the past were unapproachable in portrait painting. They possessed a supreme advantage in the picturesque costumes of their time in contrast to our own (speaking from the artistic point of view) unpardonable black coat and gaunt legged trousers.

The consciousness was strong within me, however, that every true gift is unique:

of instructor while still unripe for it, forced me to return to Munich within eighteen months. Here I seized with eagerness the opportunity presenting itself, to be placed again, as it were, at school under the old masters.

Count von Schack, wishing to obtain copies of the most celebrated paintings in the galleries of Florence, Rome and Madrid, commissioned me for a period of

it appears, it passes, but it returns no more; and thus it became my zealous endeavor to study the peculiarities of this method and to form myself always and ever in this particular direction.

From 1872-73 I shared a house in Vienna with a friend, and together we spent a winter in Cairo and Tangiers, where, amid the burning sands and graceful scenes of those far countries I grew melancholy as



VON LENBACH PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

I marked the inevitable comparison between their gorgeous costumes and our own Christian, tailor-made miseries: such melancholy is synonymous with an appreciative consciousness of the immense difficulties a modern painter has to encounter in the pursuance of his art. The true compensation in art lies in the study of man as a problem, and in ferreting out the original personality, oftentimes warped but never lost, which is inherent in all human nature.

As I have already said, every talent, no matter how modest it may be, is unique; an individual necessarily presents to the keen observer some flash light glimpse of a personality which, very probably, may never fully reveal itself again.

Believing in what I preach, my sitters escape the torment of posing for any great length of time; I put no faith in it; it is not my method. We approach each other on a social footing of great friendliness, and it is in the nearer acquaintance thus made that I endeavor to draw out some special trait which shall stamp my portrait. To shorten the mere study of the human form I utilize the camera. It may very justly be observed, however, that photography is only to be recommended to artists who can emancipate themselves readily when necessary from this purely mechanical aid, and who do not permit their æsthetic taste to be destroyed by the hardening realism of actualities.

While in Vienna I painted the portraits of a number of



COUNT VON SCHACK.

people, both known and unknown to fame, amongst the former, portraits of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the unhappy Crown Prince Rudolph, Count Andrassy, Madame Mouchanoff and Princess Obrenowitsch.

Later, in my studies in Munich, I painted Helmholtz, Professor Döellinger, the novelist Paul Heyse, Wilhelm Busch, and Liszt; indeed, not content with the mighty

ones of earth, nursery maids as well as princesses arrayed themselves on my canvas, and in the indulgence of a particular preference, I painted innumerable children, not infrequently with the mother, whose face was introduced as the soul of my picture. Finally, the sum



GRÄFIN GÖRZ.

total of the portraits I have executed—in what varieties of posture can better be imagined than described—has reached something over three thousand!

My loftiest ambition had always been to paint the greatest Roman of them all, the Iron Chancellor, and finally, at Kissingen, Madame Minghetti presented me to his highness, Prince Bismarck. It remains to be said, however, that he did not honor me with the slightest notice!

Three years later the prince invited me to dinner. But notwithstanding the characteristic amiability of my host I found Bismarck in such a state of subjective depression that, as



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT.

he tersely expressed it, "every man appeared to him a rascal unless he could prove the contrary."

Abusus non tollit usum; and therefore I ventured, not without a certain embarrassment, to press for further invitations that in this instance, at least, the proper use of the man might prove him no rascal.

After that eventful dinner I not only became a constant visitor at the prince's house, but speedily executed the first of what was destined to be a long series of portraits of our famous prince, namely,

a commission from the state for the National Gallery in Berlin. Bismarck is curiously indifferent to his perpetuation on canvas, nor does he lay any special stress on being thus immortalized; he entertains a grim aversion to every matter connected with his portrait, and during the past twenty years it has been well-nigh impossible to win his consent to a sitting.

When a guest in his house, I gather my brushes together, as if incidentally, of an evening when the family are sitting cosily together under the lamp-light, and the general interest always focussed on the prince, is soon energetically directed toward my canvas, upon which criticisms are passed as the likeness develops; then Bismarck, submitting to the friendly combination formed against him, assumes some favorable posture for a moment, and frequently unbends sufficiently to add his own clear-sighted comments on my work. More frequently, however, he is absorbed in something quite apart from the matter in hand, and bears the brunt of the conversation alone, speaking in monologues, as if his inward thoughts were a consuming passion. To Bismarck, more than to anyone else, the richness of his own reflections, calling up wide personal experiences and thrilling episodes, are most absorbing; nor can anyone else afford him



ARNOLD BOECKLIN.

equally strong emotions. As is well known, he speaks slowly and with a precision interrupted by frequent pauses. The clear expression of his thoughts is of smaller moment to him than the necessity of clothing them in some flowing rhetorical form, not indeed from vanity, but rather from a mental characteristic peculiar to him.

The last lustrum has seen but little change in the man of iron, nor has the feebleness of old age wrought much apparent change.

The same might have been said at this time of Count von Moltke, whom I came to know well through long and repeated visits at Kreisau, and later by my marriage with his niece, the Countess von Moltke. While the sentient faculty in Bismarck forces an utterance and does not permit him to remain silent, von Moltke closes the doors of silence upon his creative imaginings; inaptitude of speech was preëminently characteristic of him. Bismarck at the first glance reveals the distinguished statesman; von Moltke looked the profound thinker and deep philosopher. And the same contrast was still further apparent as I came into contact with the two men. To von Moltke it was a serious question in what fashion he was to be transmitted by my brush to posterity. Of sittings to painters and photographers he never wearied; indeed, to him it appeared a matter not unworthy of scientific exactness. This was characteristic of the field marshal who, by means of thorough investigation into every detail achieved great results. The production of a perfect likeness he deemed not too insignificant a matter for much personal trouble, that even here nothing might be falsified. It would be an error to suppose his reserve beyond the reach of humor and social conviviality. He had the curious habit of playing ball directly after dinner with whatever guests chance brought together at his board. And no one ever ventured to refrain, however warm the weather, when the game was proposed.

When I painted his holiness the Pope, the impression made upon me was that of an amiable man. This portrait

was executed some seven years ago, on the order of a religious society which, finding a ready purchaser in the administrative body of the new pinakothek, disposed of it shortly afterward. The holy father expressed great dissatisfaction with this portrait. He remarked that a pope should invariably be represented standing at full length, the hand extended in blessing.

However, the sittings were of great interest, and the Pope fairly exhausted my stock of gossip and information on a variety of topics, but particularly about Bismarck, whose portrait his holiness commissioned me to execute for him, to the unbounded amazement of both myself and the world in general, albeit, the portrait executed at Varzin does not hang in the Vatican. Such was the outcry raised against hanging the portrait of an heretic in the dwelling-place of the holy father.

But the requirements of space now bring this sketch to a close. The estimate of my art efforts must be left to others, and to them also the proof that I have not sat altogether in vain at the feet of the great masters; nor does it become me to dwell upon the strenuous endeavor with which I have sought to realize the spirit of my ideals.







## HAGAR.

ELIZA POITEVENT NICHOLSON.

GO BACK ! How dare you follow me beyond  
The door of my poor tent ? Are you afraid  
That I have stolen something ? See ! my hands  
Are empty, like my heart. I am no thief !  
The bracelets and the golden finger rings  
And silver anklets that you gave to me,  
I cast upon the mat before my door,  
And trod upon them. I would scorn to take  
One trinket with me in my banishment  
That would recall a look or tone of yours,  
My lord, my generous lord, who sends me forth,  
A loving woman, with a loaf of bread  
And jug of water on my shoulder laid,  
To thirst and hunger in the wilderness !

Go back !

Go back to Sara ! See ! she stands  
Watching us there, behind the flowering date,  
With jealous eyes, lest my poor hands should steal  
One farewell touch from yours. Go back to her,  
And say that Hagar has a heart as proud,  
If not so cold, as hers ; and, though it breaks,  
It breaks without the sound of sobs, without  
The balm of tears to ease its pain. It breaks—  
It breaks, my lord, like iron : hard, but clean ;  
And, breaking, asks no pity. If my lips

Should let one plea for mercy slip between  
These words that lash you with a woman's scorn,  
My teeth should bite them off, and I would spit  
Them at you, laughing, though all red and  
warm with blood.

"Cease !" do you say ? No, by the gods  
Of Egypt, I do swear that if my eyes  
Should let one tear melt through their  
burning lids,

My hands should pluck them out ; and if  
these hands,

Groping outstretched in blindness, should  
by chance

Touch yours, and cling to them against my will,  
My Ishmael should cut them off, and, blind  
And maimed, my little son should lead me forth  
Into the wilderness to die. Go back !

Does Sara love you as I did, my lord ?

Does Sara clasp and kiss your feet, and bend  
Her haughty head in worship at your knee ?

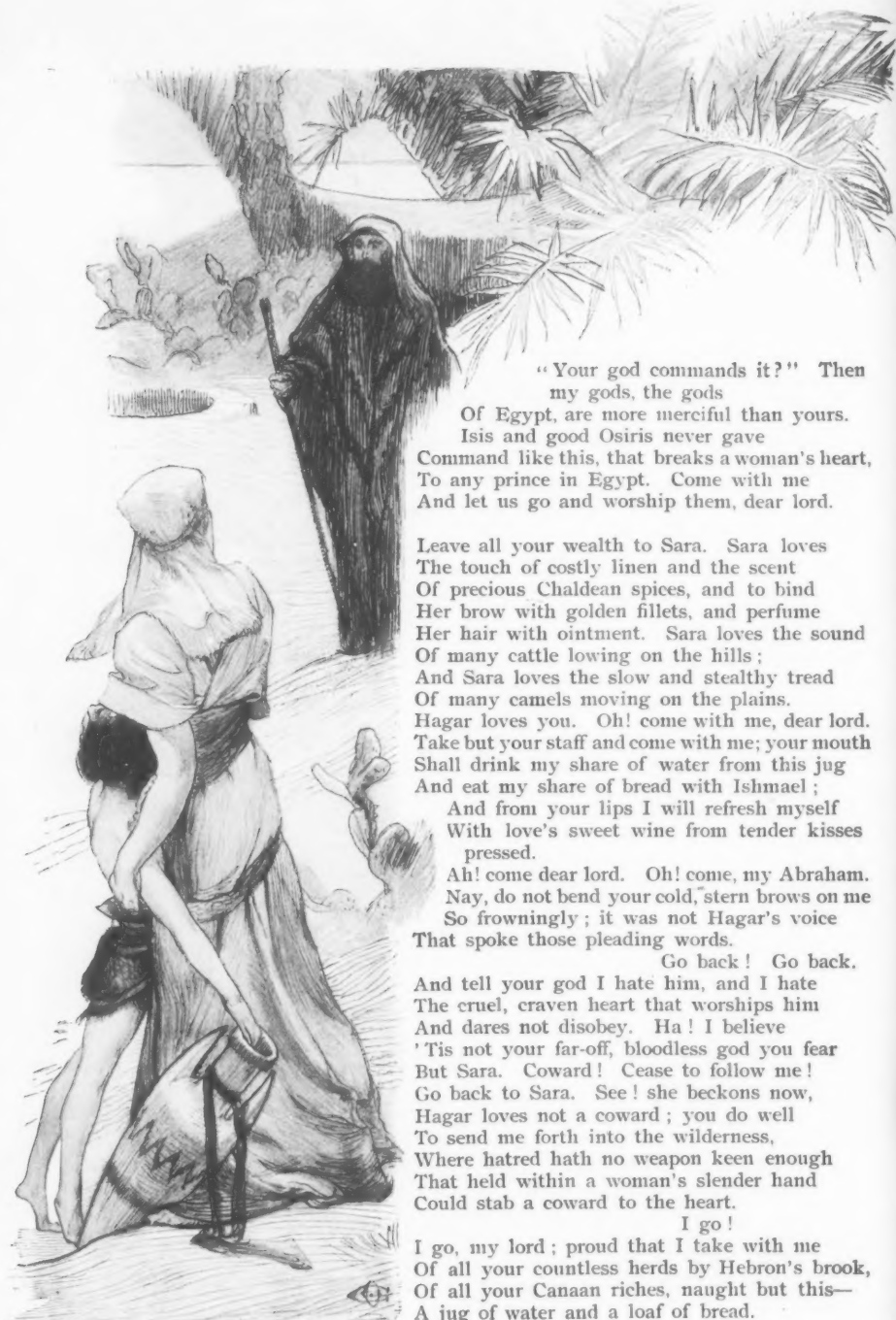
Ah ! Abraham, you were a god to me.

If you but touched my hand my foolish heart  
Ran down into the palm, and throbbed, and thrilled,  
Grew hot and cold, and trembled there ; and when  
You spoke, though not to me, my heart ran out  
To listen through my eager ears and catch



The music of your voice and prison it  
 In memory's murmuring shell. I saw no fault  
 Nor blemish in you, and your flesh to me  
 Was dearer than my own. There is no vein  
 That branches from your heart, whose azure course  
 I have not followed with my kissing lips.  
 I would have bared my bosom like a shield  
 To any lance of pain that sought your breast.  
 And once, when you lay ill within your tent,  
 No taste of water, or of bread, or wine  
 Passed through my lips; and all night long I lay  
 Upon the mat before your door to catch  
 The sound of your dear voice, and scarcely dared  
 To breathe, lest she, my mistress, should come forth  
 And drive me angrily away; and when  
 The stars looked down with eyes that only stared  
 And hurt me with their lack of sympathy,  
 Weeping, I threw my longing arms around  
 Benammi's neck. Your good horse understood  
 And gently rubbed his face against my head,  
 To comfort me. But if you had one kind,  
 One loving thought of me in all that time,  
 That long, heart-breaking time, you kept it shut  
 Close in your bosom as a tender bud  
 And did not let it blossom into words.  
 Your tenderness was all for Sara. Through  
 The door, kept shut against my love, there came  
 No message to poor Hagar, almost crazed  
 With grief lest you should die. Ah! you have been  
 So cruel and so cold to me, my lord;  
 And now you send me forth with Ishmael,  
 Not on a journey through a pleasant land  
 Upon a camel, as my mistress rides,  
 With kisses, and sweet words, and dates and wine,  
 But cast me off, and sternly send me forth  
 Into the wilderness with these poor gifts—  
 A jug of water and—a loaf of bread—  
 That sound was not a sob; I only lost  
 My breath and caught it hard again. Go back!  
 Why do you follow me? I am a poor  
 Bondswoman, but a woman still, and these  
 Sad memories, so bitter and so sweet,  
 Weigh heavily upon my breaking heart  
 And make it hard, my lord—for me to go.





"Your god commands it?" Then  
my gods, the gods  
Of Egypt, are more merciful than yours.  
Isis and good Osiris never gave  
Command like this, that breaks a woman's heart,  
To any prince in Egypt. Come with me  
And let us go and worship them, dear lord.

Leave all your wealth to Sara. Sara loves  
The touch of costly linen and the scent  
Of precious Chaldean spices, and to bind  
Her brow with golden fillets, and perfume  
Her hair with ointment. Sara loves the sound  
Of many cattle lowing on the hills;  
And Sara loves the slow and stealthy tread  
Of many camels moving on the plains.  
Hagar loves you. Oh! come with me, dear lord.  
Take but your staff and come with me; your mouth  
Shall drink my share of water from this jug  
And eat my share of bread with Ishmael;  
And from your lips I will refresh myself  
With love's sweet wine from tender kisses  
pressed.

Ah! come dear lord. Oh! come, my Abraham.  
Nay, do not bend your cold, stern brows on me  
So frowningly; it was not Hagar's voice  
That spoke those pleading words.

Go back! Go back.  
And tell your god I hate him, and I hate  
The cruel, craven heart that worships him  
And dares not disobey. Ha! I believe  
'Tis not your far-off, bloodless god you fear  
But Sara. Coward! Cease to follow me!  
Go back to Sara. See! she beckons now,  
Hagar loves not a coward; you do well  
To send me forth into the wilderness,  
Where hatred hath no weapon keen enough  
That held within a woman's slender hand  
Could stab a coward to the heart.

I go!  
I go, my lord; proud that I take with me  
Of all your countless herds by Hebron's brook,  
Of all your Canaan riches, naught but this—  
A jug of water and a loaf of bread.



And now, by all of Egypt's gods, I swear  
If it were not for Ishmael's dear sake  
My feet would tread upon this bitter bread,  
My hands would pour this water on the sands;  
And leave this jug as empty as my heart  
Is empty now of all the reverence  
And overflowing love it held for you.

I go!

But I will teach my little Ishmael  
To hate his father for his mother's sake.  
His bow shall be the truest bow that flies  
Its arrows through the desert air. His feet,  
The fleetest on the desert's burning sands;  
Aye! Hagar's son a desert prince shall be,  
Whose hand shall be against all other men;  
And he shall rule a fierce and mighty tribe,  
Whose fiery hearts and supple limbs will scorn  
The chafing curb of bondage, like the fleet  
Wild horses of Arabia.

I go!

But like this loaf that you have given me,  
So shall your bread taste bitter with my hate;  
And like the water in this jug, my lord,  
So shall the sweetest water that you draw  
From Canaan's wells, taste salty with my tears.

Farewell! I go, but Egypt's mighty gods  
Will go with me, and my avengers be.  
And in whatever distant land your god,  
Your cruel god of Israel, is known,  
There, too, the wrongs that you have done this day  
To Hagar and your first-born, Ishmael,  
Shall waken and uncoil themselves, and hiss  
Like adders at the name of Abraham.





NE falls into idle habits easily in Mexico. The atmosphere political, social and intellectual is so insidiously reposeful that it steals away your energies ere you are aware, leaving your senses in possession, and yourself with only one fixed determination,—to do nothing today that can by any possibility be put off till tomorrow. The first sign of this mental and physical relaxation is in neglecting to wind up your watch. "What is the use," you argue, "of a watch when a paternal government will mark the flight of time for you, and when each hour is so like the other? It makes no difference except to the old man who rings the cathedral bell, and he does not care very much, for the other bell-ringers have to wait for him anyway."

But it is pleasant to find yourself still in a shady plaza by the fountain, where the marble dolphins stand on their chins, and curl their tails, and grin as the water trickles down their backs. The warm air is heavy with the odor of roses, and jasmine and poppies; banana leaves spread a green awning above; a family of big

blackbirds chatter confidentially almost within your reach, and so, rather than disturb them, you sit still and wait to hear the bells ring just once more.

But to attain the delectable heights of the Mexican plateau in summer time, a very purgatory has to be passed through, no matter what road one takes, and it is a more than ordinary heroic traveller, who does not for a while repent of having attempted it. Our party of two, which crossed the Rio Grande at Laredo, in June, was no exception to the usual rule, but we deem ourselves fortunate that of the first twelve hours we now have no clear remembrance, but only a lurid impression of a period spent rushing under a copper sky, through a desert of sand and grizzly cactus, with here and there a patch of scarlet verbena glowing like a bed of live coal through the quivering, white-heated atmosphere.

The night spent in Monterrey was a



PEDDLERS.

fitting sequel to such a day. The fiestas were going on, and the windows of our hotel overlooked a wide plaza, where, under a blaze of electric light, an ancient merry-go-round was in operation, and a multitude of the *pelado* (common people) were fighting, drinking, singing, and gambling at every known game, the best seats around the tables being reserved for the women and children, who laughed and played more recklessly than the men.

During many previous visits to Mexico we had learned to look upon the deathly stillness of the towns at night as one of their chief charms, and this pandemonium, which lasted till broad daylight, was such an unpleasant surprise that the next morning we gladly resumed our journey through the great bare, solemn mountains to Saltillo.

Late in the afternoon we suddenly emerged upon a broad, flat prairie, glowing under a crimson sunset, and we knew by the chill air, that we had at last reached the great plateau.

The wide plain ended on either side in masses of pale rose and gray mountains, showing sharply through the thin air, and the wind that swept over us, billow-

ing the long grass into white-caps, was cold, and as pure as on creation's first day, and all nature seemingly as fresh from the hands of God. Being tourists at leisure, we remained that night at Saltillo, and there, in less than half a day's journey of the tropics, took occasion to get into woolen clothes, and the summer garments we laid aside saw the light no more till the first of September, when we came again rejoicing, bearing our pottery with us to the frontier of the United States.

Going southward all the next day we watched through closed car windows the endless chains of mountains and the flat, flat plain, sometimes green and smiling, oftener still a brown desert with tall dust columns whirling and staggering over it; abloom with flowers, red, white and yellow, but treeless, except for the Pita palm (Spanish dagger) standing in serried ranks, or deploying singly for miles around, but always ragged and forbidding, though its elfish ugliness was somewhat redeemed at that season by the great bud that, springing from where the daggers were thickest, fell over the bristling trunk in a cataract of white blossoms.

But the desert is pleasant from its very



THE CATHEDRAL AT JALAPA.

sameness. After travelling in the States it is so restful not to feel called upon to look at new factories, to wonder at the growth of the towns along the line, and guess the price of corner lots. Between Saltillo and San Luis Potosi there are no new enterprises, nor any towns along the line, except Catorce, eight miles away, its gray adobe houses clinging like a collection of mud-daubers' nests to what seems an almost perpendicular mountain side.

The people at the stations had nothing to do, or, at any rate, were in no hurry about doing it. Men wrapped in bright blankets lounged against the hot walls of the stone platforms, or slept in the sun; and women sitting beside baskets of figs and little cakes of cheese made no effort to sell them, but placidly puffed their cigarettes, and adjusted their rebosas before they even answered the questions of possible purchasers. The only life in the picture is the "paisano" (country gentleman), who always seems to be on hand when the train stops, prancing beside the cars, and in front of the locomotive, looking at no one, but plainly expecting to be looked at and admired; and in his way, as a perfect specimen of a leisure class, he is really irreproachable. Often the bronco he rides is all brands and cockle burrs, rough-coated, and thin-ribbed, but the paisano, serenely unconscious of any defects, digs his long spurs into its flanks till they bleed, draws the hideous curb tighter and tighter, and lashes it with a long leather whip, apparently for pure pleasure in feeling it quiver and jump, and of hearing himself jingle, for his buckskin trousers, yellow velvet jacket, and big sombrero are hung like a Christmas tree with all manner of tinkling silver ornaments. Whence the paisano comes or whither he goes is always a mystery to the American mind, for there is rarely a house in sight of sufficient elegance to shelter such an ornate individual; but he is just as much a part



THE ALAMEDA. VERA CRUZ.

of the scene as the jackrabbit that goes leaping along through the high grass, or the fat little prairie-dogs that gaze defiantly at the train for a moment before they tumble headforemost into their underground residences.

When in the late afternoon the train glided over the line of the Tropic of Cancer, marked by the railroad company with a monument that looks like a petrified chicken-coop, the frivolous member of our party remarked that it was strange the train did not jolt more in crossing such an important geographical division, and added, as she gazed out at the gray sky and bleak plain, that it seemed to her very little warmer in the tropics than it had been on the outside. A gentleman sitting near, who proved to be an Englishman, went to some trouble to explain to her that the line was only an imaginary one, and that the uncomfortably low temperature was due to the great altitude. The information was received with every appearance of grateful surprise, but the Englishman was subsequently heard to deplore the lack of interest in scientific subjects among the "upper classes" in America.

There is no denying that it is in the hotels that fate does her worst for you in Mexico. A bedroom in one of them always suggests the expression "a spacious mausoleum," it is so large, so dim, so bare; and sleep there simulates death (the death of the very wicked) more nearly than it does in other places. The one to which we went that night in San Luis Potosi was typical. Twenty-five by twenty feet in size, the brown rafters showing far above our heads, it had only one window, huge, iron-grated, and opening flush upon the sidewalk, where the beggars, the fruit sellers, or those merely interested in our personal, very personal affairs, could and did, stand and watch us until we closed the solid wooden shutters and left ourselves in a black, unventilated box. The stone floor was covered here



and there with an ill-smelling carpet, and two narrow iron beds stood in remote corners, pure white, laced and frilled, and piled up with bolsters of such uncompromising hardness that in my dreams I recited a paraphrase of the Prisoner of Chillon, beginning, "There are seven pillows of gothic mould." A marvelous combination affair of Vienna bentwood held our hats, clothes, the inevitable cut-glass water bottles and highly illuminated tin basin; and in the middle of the room was a black expanse of table that we might have used as a skating rink if we had felt inclined to keep ourselves warm in that cheerful fashion. The feeblest of tallow candles in a quaint brass holder furnished our only light; but who could complain of a lack of modern conveniences when from the blue distance of the kalsomined wall there gleamed impertinently the white button of an electric bell? A needless luxury it seemed when the "mozo" who would, possibly, have answered it had we rung, was snoring on his palm mat in the patio, amid the flower-pots, water-jars, and donkeys, within kicking distance of our door.

It is astonishing what a hold electricity

in some form is beginning to take upon the Mexicans. One finds in the most remote and unexpected places electric bells, and frequently electric lights; these last, unfortunately, threatening to displace one of the most picturesque figures on their streets—the lamplighter policeman. In one pretty little town where we lingered longer than usual, it was our evening's recreation to watch the equipment of these officials for their night service. With the paternalism that pervades every branch of the Mexican government they were first assembled at the municipal palace to be inspected by the city fathers, and were there individually invested with a gun, a cartridge belt, two pistols, a bull's-eye lantern, a can of kerosene oil, a box of matches, a towel and a little broom. At the close of an elaborate drill each one seized a step-ladder eighteen feet high, and to the low beat of a drum marched off like the conspirators' chorus of a comic opera, to light the infrequent lamps that hung on wires across the streets or dangled from wrought-iron brackets at the corners. When to this regulation costume they added a small earthen pot of coffee, some flat corn cakes,



PATIO OF THE HOTEL ITURBIDE

and a package of cigarettes which they carried on their own account, they presented the very happiest combination of the implements of war and peace, and seemed prepared for any emergency except drowning.

The blessings of a sojourn in San Luis Potosi brighten as they take their flight, and the pleasantest remembrance one has of the place is of looking back at the tiled roofs gleaming in the evening sun, while the train rolls away southward through pretty gardens, orchards of cactus covered with ripe fruit, and long avenues of graceful pepper trees dripping with crimson berries.

In the morning it is a sufficiently quiet and unimpressive journey at first, through wide, green pastures, where sleek, long-horned cattle are watched by an Indian shepherd and his wife, sitting on the ground under a canopy of palm mats in peaceful patriarchal fashion, if one could imagine the patriarchs and their wives smoking cigarettes. Then there are broad fields of wheat which men are reaping with short curved sickles, and winnowing with flails in a cloud of golden dust; muzzled oxen tread out the grain, and countless yokes of them draw wooden plows through the stubble, for here all seasons are summer, seed-time and

harvest come at once, and the simple work goes on forever.

A little farther on and the crest and side of the volcano of Toluca rises in sight, robed and crowned with snow, glittering above the white mists in the valley at its feet. Our path was ever upward; the pleasant farming country dropped lower and lower, the tops of the tall oak trees we looked down on were ablaze with scarlet orchids, coarse, fleshly, tropical things, utterly out of place in that chill atmosphere; dark spruce and pine trees clung to the crags around us, until, at last, through driving mist and gray rolling cloud masses, we could only see a world of gloomy mountains, range after range "in awful wastes of dimness whirl'd." With one final, deep throb and jerk the engines paused and drew a long breath at La Cima (the summit), the very top of that great wall that shuts the world out of the valley of Mexico and keeps it forever an enchanted land. And oh, the mad rush downwards, the train seeming to gather impetus as it went, rocking from side to side as it spun along the edge of precipices, a picture world of villages, rivers, and mountains spread out

beneath us, or swung over spidery trestles that curved and dipped above white foaming streams, while the steel track sung behind us, and the rattling echoes from



CATHEDRAL, PLAZA AND



the rocks sounded like pursuing furies.

The whole face of nature had changed too; instead of oak and pine trees there were red madroñas, cypress and eucalyptus, and everywhere maguey, planted in long, straight lines that made huge geometrical figures as we whirled past them. There were more Indians too, and uglier ones; the rich brown skins with red showing through, and waving soft hair of the people farther north were exchanged for fallow, yellow complexions, stiff, bristling hair, and flat faces with no expression but that of hopeless misery and degradation. At every station crowds of half-clad men and women with wailing in their voices ran beside the train carrying earthen jars and cups, and calling, "Pulque, pulque-y." The platforms were piled with sleek, bloated pigskins, and the very air was reeking with pulque, to which the smell of stale beer is as the odors of Araby the Blest. The country was thickly settled too, with big yellow adobe houses, in the midst of rich haciendas; tall hedges of scarlet geranium enclosed pretty little cane huts thatched with maguey leaves, where pigs, chickens, donkeys and people dwelt together in unity, and even the desolate hillsides were burrowed in holes from which hideous Indian faces peered, and climbing in and out were

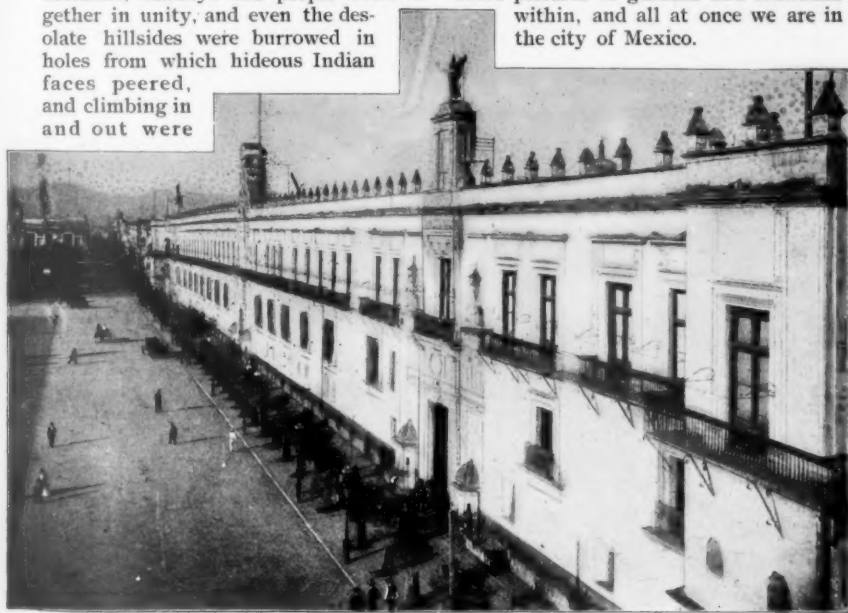
men and women who dwell "like the conies in the rocks."

On the level at last, gigantic stone aqueducts stride for miles across the plain; along the dusty highways droves of burros, cattle and men carry great loads of vegetables, fruit, poultry,

pottery, charcoal and wood; the wide, shallow canals are filled with flat-bottomed boats piled up with corn, and grass, and flowers, slipping noiselessly through trailing water plants, under willow trees and low stone bridges, all bound for the city and the market. Then the castle of Chapultepec gleams white on its cliff above the cypress trees, the towers of the cathedral stand boldly out above the domes and crosses of countless other churches, the wide doorways of flat-roofed houses frame pictures of gardens and fountains within, and all at once we are in the city of Mexico.



GROUP OF BEGGARS AND PEDDLERS.



NATIONAL PALACE. CITY OF MEXICO

That gloomiest of hostleries, the Hotel Iturbide (once the abode of that political anomaly, an American emperor), was gloomier than usual when we reached it, for the Dead March from Saul was being played at the very door by a procession of people celebrating the anniversary of the death of Jaurez. There were bugle corps from the military schools, drum corps from the orphan asylums, both playing at once; scarred veterans from innumerable revolutions; representatives of every branch of the government, even to a full-fledged admiral whom the president, with commendable forethought, keeps on hand in case they should ever build or borrow a navy; in all, such an interesting company that we too joined the march and mourned with the rest. Every one carried a flag or a banner, a wreath or a bouquet of flowers, and so we went slowly up the Calle de San Francisco to the church of San Fernando, where in the solemn, high walled old Sagrario is hidden away the little Greek temple in which the beautiful sculptured Angel of Mexico weeps over the grave of her country's greatest man, the noble Jaurez.

Delightful and absorbing as the city of Mexico always is to the sightseer, it becomes comparatively dull and commonplace when one is familiar with it. It is to some extent modernized, American-

ized, and to enjoy Mexico as Mexico one must go to the smaller towns. Though barred by the season from the fierce and gorgeous Tierra Caliente we were yet free to roam over the whole great plateau, the very attic of the earth it seems, and stored as attics usually are with many quaint and curious things, forgotten or considered worthless by the busy workaday world below; and it was in exploring some of its dusty nooks and corners that we found our greatest pleasure.

Mexico has been so little advertised as a summer resort that one meets fewer Americans there between June and October than at any other season, and we usually held undisputed possession of the hotels and had few travelling companions worth mentioning. The Englishman reappeared several times during the summer and entertained us unawares, as did a motherly old body who said she was "an h'English ledly," and prescribed "'op tea" for all the ills that we individually or collectively suffered; and we remember with real tenderness the kind, wise old German "professor," who knew something about everything, talked with a preoccupied drawl, and after each remark added, "P-y Gott," as a sort of afterthought, much in the way that David used "Selah" in the Psalms.

The Englishman was travelling for instruction only, and persistently read



CHILDREN WITH AZTEC POTTERY FOR SALE.



WASH DAY, THALPAM.

Bandelier's Archæological Tour, but what the "leddy" was there for, unless to experiment in Mexican edibles, as she faithfully did, we never discovered. Wherever we met her she was absorbed in a novel, which she said was "a nice tale about love and murder," and which, if the cover indicated the contents, must have been lurid indeed.

Society in the city of Mexico, except for that element described as "adventurous," and inseparable from capital cities, is brilliant and elegant in political and diplomatic circles, and in others conventional and commonplace as in any large town. Social life in the smaller towns is much more typical and interesting, less conventional too, though even in the most remote places it is an affair of many ceremonies, and everywhere the piano and the photograph album are its Alpha and Omega. An afternoon call is an event of such importance that the master of the house is summoned from his business to enjoy it; for an evening visit the neighbors are called in to participate, and though I have never known any one sufficiently intimate with an aristocratic Mexican family to intrude upon its sacred privacy in the morning, I have no doubt that if any one ever has been, they were importuned to play the piano and look at the photograph album as soon as they

arrived, even if it was before breakfast.

The American habit of gauging the taste of a family by the appearance of the house and grounds must be abandoned in Mexico. There are no grounds in our sense of the word; the houses usually present their very worst aspect to the street; and their fashion of having the business offices, the stables, and the family residence all under one roof, or, rather, around one courtyard, makes the entrance so unprepossessing, that one is wholly unprepared for the glories that are sometimes revealed within. The great closed street doors, high and wide enough for a load of hay to pass through them, are studded with huge black nails, and as you drop the heavy wrought-iron knocker against one, it gives back such an awful reverberation that you are tempted to run away even before you hear the rattle of the heavy chain which permits the door to open a very little way. I have often wondered if there was anything in the position of porter which aged people rapidly, or if it was a rule in the best Mexican families to put only the superannuated on guard. But you follow the old man who has smilingly admitted you, through the patio where sometimes flowers are blooming, and a lazy little fountain gurgles, or, oftener still, where the family horses are stabled, and a drove of donkeys, smelling to heaven,



A PATIO.

are being relieved of the loads of merchandise which go to enrich the master of the house, until, at the foot of the broad stone stairs, the old man delivers you over to the graceful young Indian boy in a suit of spotless white cotton, with a brilliant scarf twisted around his waist, who seems as inseparable from the upper floor as the octogenarian is from the lower. You make a second attempt to present your card, but it is waved away until the pretty boy has led you past the rows of flower-pots that overhang the courtyard, past all the bedroom doors and into the reception-room, where he takes it as if still protesting against such a distinguished person as yourself needing any introduction.

Waiting for the ladies one usually has plenty of time to inspect the room; to count the chairs standing in orderly rows around the walls; to wonder at the luxuriance of the potted artificial begonias, and admire the pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and the "good padre Hidalgo," Mexico's liberator, in dressing-gown and top boots, which always hang suggestively together, as the portraits of the immortal George and Martha Washington hung in American houses a generation ago. In home decoration the Mexicans have only recently emerged from the hair-cloth and chromo age, but in the reaction they have, unfortunately, plunged into plush and crockery with an

enthusiasm which threatens to make the last stage of their houses worse than the first.

When the ladies come in, there is a rapid little kissing on both cheeks, and patting of soft little palms on both your shoulders; a fluttering of conversation, in which eyes, shoulders, hands, and even little feet, take such an expressive part that you wonder whether the words prompt the motions or the motions the

words. They ask if you do not love Mexico already, and if its climate, its fruits and flowers are not quite the most delightful in the world? They tell you with sighs and grimaces how they suffered with cold when they were in Paris; and that they would like to visit "ze States," but a friend who had been to Texas said it was so very hot there,—and "Ave Maria! that would be ter-r-rible!" They laugh a great deal, and punctuate their talk with their favorite "swear-words," "Ave Maria!" and "Valgame Dios!" so innocently that the veriest Puritan could not think it improper. You look at the photograph album and resist their entreaties to play on the piano until the gentlemen of the family arrive. Then there are more compliments, of rather a heavier nature, more discussion of the beauties of Mexico, and much congratulation of the marvelous progressiveness of the Mexican people, the ladies meanwhile being left very much

in the background. The Indian boy comes in with a tray of tiny glasses filled with a very sweet cordial, the ladies enter the conversation again, and, aided by the gentlemen, once more urge you to play the piano and look at the photographs. When you get up to leave, there is more kissing, and patting, and laughing; and, finally, on the arm of one of the gentlemen, you are again conducted past the flower-pots, the bedrooms, the kitchen, down



THE CATHEDRAL, GUADALUPE.

the steps, over the donkeys, and to the carriage, where you are left with a delightful sensation of having made yourself perfectly charming, though you cannot remember exactly how.

But time in Mexico does sometimes hang heavily on the hands of an energetic American, and I really longed for some one with whom I could hold an hour's sweet gossiping communion, without feeling that my visit was paralyzing the whole machinery of the household. One morning, when churches had palled upon me and mountains become a weariness, I mentally reviewed my acquaintances, but could not find one that I dared to call upon earlier than five P.M., so I decided to remain in the hotel and see what the day would bring forth in the way of amusement there.

That purely Mexican institution, the "chamberman," was such a constant menace to my peace and privacy that I left the room, and, with a volume of Kipling for company, went out in the gallery overlooking the patio, and settled myself for a quiet morning. The English "leddy" was there also, absorbed in the "nice tale about love and murder;" and the professor, too, heedless of rheumatism, was sit-

ting on the stone doorstep of his bedroom, classifying some bugs and minerals, while he whistled "Annie Rooney," with a German accent. There were three beggars in the patio below: one an able-bodied man with rolling, sightless eyes, who was kneeling and praying in a loud voice to all the patron saints of Mexico; a toothless old woman, wrinkled and hideous, whined out fulsome flattery of our youth and comeliness; while another, a youngish woman with only a tattered skirt and a piece of filthy blanket around her, held up her withered hands for us to fill. Our complete indifference to them was a mournful indication of how common such sights had become to us, and we read on contentedly until a boy with a handful of worthless stones interrupted us with a request to buy his "opalos." Then an old man tried to tempt us with a tray of candied pumpkin and sugared goat's milk, but finding even the "leddy" obdurate, they sat down at the head of the stairs, as if to cut off our possible retreat, and eyed us reproachfully, while they smoked cigarettes, carefully blowing the smoke through the dulces, in a way not to make them more tempting to our uncultivated taste. Amused at their per-



MONDAY IN THE MARKET-PLACE, SAN LUIS POTOSI.

sistence, we began to discuss Mexican merchants in general, and their absurd custom of asking one price and accepting another, and each one of us had some grievance to relate.

The "administrador" (clerk of the hotel) came out to do some shopping, and from that moment the patio became too interesting for us to be enticed away by Kipling's or any other tales of love and murder. Finding that my bentwood rocker was steadier on all fours I dragged it forward and sat on its back for the rest of the morning while watching the extraordinary procession of things and people that move in and out of the front and only entrance of a Mexican hotel.

The administrador does all the marketing, but instead of going out to seek things he seems generally to accept blindly what fate sends in his way, and as everything is carried about by peddlers it is, perhaps, as good a plan as any. First, he had a baby kid sacrificed before our eyes, and it may here be remarked that the behavior of a kid on being led to the slaughter is not less like a lamb's than the taste of it is subsequently. Then he bought six eggs from one man and five from another (they are cheaper that way), and still another sold him a string of peppers and some green pumpkins, and he bought some garlic from a little boy that wandered by. After much disputing, and calling upon the Virgin to witness, he bought a chicken for thirty-five cents (a very mature fowl as we discovered when we ate her sugared and spiced two hours afterwards), and the leddy remarked severely that "it seemed 'ard to 'ave to give so 'igh a price for an 'en."

These things, with some lard wrapt in a white shuck, some fruit, some dulces (sweet stuff like stiff cake batter), a pitcher of pulque drawn from a sleek and dripping pigskin, and a brown jar of water made the bill of fare for our two next dinners—one to be served at twelve o'clock, and the

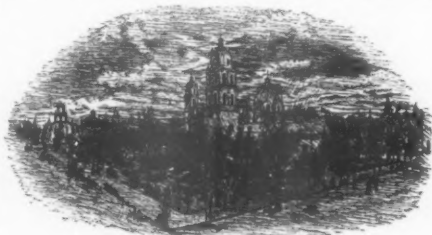


HOTEL AT MONTEREY.

other about eight p.m. It perhaps does not sound very appetizing to people unfamiliar with Mexican meals, but it was a genuine satisfaction to us to know, for once, what our food was before it was cooked.

But there were more things to be seen in the patio. In the course of an hour five riding horses, a train of burros, and a smart American buggy came through from an inner corral, which seemed as much too small to hold them as a juggler's hat is too small to hold the ribbons and rabbits that he so suavely produces from it. These were followed by two dil-

igencias (stages) with six mules each, which, amid much profanity and running to and fro, were made ready for their long journeys across country. The passengers were plump little women in brown linen dresses, with black shawls over their heads, who occupied what space was left to them by their husbands, fat, cross old haciendados with faces the color of walnut shells, arrayed in gorgeous "charro" costumes, armed with huge pistols, and keeping an anxious eye on the lunch basket. The servants carrying heavy bags of silver money scrambled in last, and they all waived us a dignified "Adios" as the awkward vehicles lumbered away in a cloud of dust, followed by half a dozen armed outriders. Where this superfluity of live-stock is kept in Mexican houses I have never discovered, but sometimes when I was tormented with fleas, though around my form I had drawn an awful circle of insect powder,



A CATHEDRAL BY NIGHT.



and was roused by hearing the honest burro, as if in my ear, bray deep-mouthed welcome to the breaking day, I strongly suspected that some of it was quartered in the bedrooms adjoining my own.

The last things to come out of the corral were two or three women, each leading a forlorn gray pig. A recent writer on Mexico says that what strangers most wish to know is, where the men are driving all the burros, and where the women are carrying all the water; but it is more puzzling still to know why the men roll

done in tissue paper left space for them.

When we came out of the dining-room there was an unaccountable change in the atmosphere. The patio was not empty, but there was no movement, no business going on; everything was singularly quiet and still. A pretty young woman in white skirt and chemise sat wearily on the edge of the fountain, one round brown arm supporting her drooping head, the other thrown careless around the brown water-jar which was already full and running over. The fruit seller was sitting



CANAL AT LA VIGA.

one leg of their cotton trousers up to the knee, while the other flaps its whole capacious breadth and length; why the men so often wear two hats and the women so rarely wear any; but, most of all, why the pigs are tied with a string and led about the fields to graze like pet lambs.

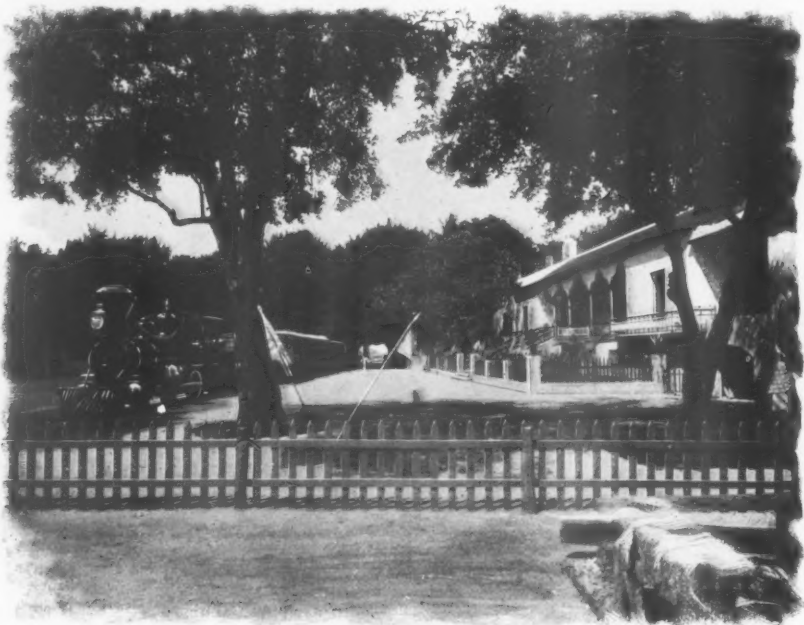
The "ting, ting" of a little triangle announcing breakfast was a welcome sound. It was after twelve o'clock, and none of us, excepting the "leddy," of course, having had anything to eat since the matutinal bowl of bread and coffee, we were hungry. Hungry enough, indeed, to have eaten the frowsy stuffed birds that adorned the walls of the dining-room wherever the wealth of Mexican flags

where we had left him, but he had covered the fruit with his huge straw hat (heaven save the precaution!), and was fast asleep with his head between his knees. Going out into the blazing sunshine of the street for a few steps, to see if our letters had come, we found the post-office locked and barred, and all the shops closed, and the very dogs and donkeys on the sidewalk sound asleep with none to molest nor make them afraid. The tram-cars, which had stopped running at twelve o'clock, would not begin again until three, and the stillness was oppressive. There was nothing to be done, so we went back to the hotel. The parrot on the vines about the arcade, nearly al-

ways volubly profane, had turned into an inoffensive, headless puff of green feathers; and as we reached the head of the narrow stone stairs we had to step over the men with the dulces and opals who had both fallen asleep with their cigarettes still between their lips. The Englishman, who had joined us at dinner, tripped briskly once around the gallery, and exclaimed, "Unique! Most singular!" when, on the contrary, it seemed to

me I had never seen anything so unanimous.

The influence of environment is irresistible: the "leddy" was already yawning, and one by one we made some excuse, went off to our cool, gloomy bedrooms and took a siesta, as nine-tenths of the population, not of this little town alone, but of the whole republic of Mexico, was no doubt doing at that very hour.



AN HACIENDA.

### THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

O HEART that cannot sleep for song!  
Behold, I wake with thee,  
And drink, as from a fountain strong,  
Thy midnight melody,  
That poured upon the thirsting silence, seems  
Fresh from the shade of dreams.

My spirit, like the sapless bough  
Of some long-wintered tree,  
Feels suddenly the life that now  
Sets all thy passion free,  
And flushed as in the wakening strength of wine,  
Leaps heavenward with thine.





# IN HOP-PICKING TIME

BY NINETTA FAMES.

IF your nerves have become supersensitive from the corrosions of city life and you are the victim of ennui, or your liver asserts itself to the prejudice of your digestion, your duties and your friends, in fact, if you have reached the acme of general miserableness, take a vacation among the hop-fields in the gilded early autumn of California. Your days will be made up of dew-exhaled mornings dwindling to the golden point of noon, of afternoons losing their superfluous heat in sunsets flaming the evening summits, and of nights so cordial and sleep-inviting they seem but moments of oblivion.

A few hours' travel north from San Francisco, and one comes upon acres of trellised hop-vines along the Russian river, their graceful, luxuriant beauty delighting the eye at every turn. Though it is the first week in September, their foliage has a refreshing greenness, while the paling blossoms announce that harvest is at hand. Already the pickers are at work by the hundreds, Indians and whites in the majority, with now and then a few Chinamen assisting on the more extensive plantations. The gaudy calicoes and headgear of the mahales give a festive touch to the billowy levels of the vines. Behind moss-trimmed rail fences next the hop-yards, the grain no longer tosses its feathered heads, and purple bubbles are blown thick on the rows of stumpy grapevines. Under laden apple and pear

orchards surrounding comfortable homes, painted pumpkins round up their bulging cheeks from beds of sere leaves and pipy stalks.

On alighting from the train at Largo station, the road crosses the bridge where the river view is perfect. Just beyond the wildwood fringing the stream is an interminable "hop-garden," as English people prettily term these fields. It is the oldest plantation in Mendocino, the roots having been brought from Sacramento hop-yards in 1867. Beyond the garlanded poles are glimpses of a great brick-kiln at the base of wooded foothills. On the opposite side of Russian river is an unbroken range of low-lying peaks now etherialized by the haze and calm of a summer noonday. Cradled between these parallel lines of hills is the narrow strip of valley—a green hollow of vines through which the river pauses anon to make sweeping curves where the young growths of cottonwood and willow have been washed away by winter floods. On the slopes, knots of trees stand like pictures. The entire landscape is unspeakably lovely and tranquilizing.

Beyond a second smoking kiln, down a

country lane sentineled by stately white oaks, one suddenly espies the pickers, a merry, sun-browned crowd industriously filling their sacks and baskets with the fragrant cones. Scraps of song are heard, old-time melodies, some of which probably never saw print. A young mother picking hops with her disengaged hand, crones a lullaby to her nursing babe, and a comely youth ogling a coquettish maiden alongside ventures upon the opening lines of a lackadaisical chorus:

"O Sally, O Sally, O Sally," said he,  
'I'm sorry that your love and mine can't agree.'"

At the same time a camp-meeting convert raises her shrill soprano,

"I'm gla-ad salvation's free,"

and as an undercurrent to this quaint medley, the ear distinguishes the whining falsetto of a solitary Chinese picker.

One is keenly alive to the novel scene, and is fain to fancy there is intrinsic hilarity in the hops themselves, they dance and bob so joyously with every passing breeze. Surely no more picturesque form of labor can well be imagined! In truth, the harvesting of hops is the conjunction of the rude essentials of farm life with the highest effect in art. What artist but would note enthusiastically the inimitable pose of that young girl tip-toeing to bring down the tuft of creamy blossoms overhead; or the modest nudity of the wee

bronze savage capering about a stolid squaw in a red sprigged muslin? Indeed, there is indescribable piquancy in this unconscious grouping of the pickers and their utter freedom from restraint. For each artistic bit,—a laughing face in an aureole of amber clusters, a statuesque chin and throat, Indians in grotesquely picturesque raiment, and the yellow visages of the Chinese—the vines make an idyllic framing with a sinking summer sun in the background lending a shimmering transparency to leaf and flower.

One lounges on a burly sack in the tattered shade of a dismantled pole, and inhales delicious draughts of the aroma of the hops. There is elixir in such breathing! Nor can one doubt the contagion of health and jollity in this turning out of hundreds of people into the hop-gathering. There are, in fact, few so indifferent to the ruling industry of the country as not to take some part in the labor and festivities of the harvest. It is said the hop-pickers of Russian river number three thousand strong. These include not only the riff-raff of the neighboring towns, but wealthy and respectable families, who seek health and recreation in desultory picking. As may be supposed, there are also scores of children on the grounds, the older ones proudly tugging at diminutive hooped sacks, while dusty, hindering mites cling to their mothers' skirts, or



PICKERS AT WORK.



A WHITE CAMP.

suck their thumbs contentedly on the cushiony bags awaiting the weighing.

An old picker grumblingly gave it as his opinion the hops were not yet ripe enough :

"D'y'ou see that cob split?" parting the thread-like core of one of the flowers. "That's too green fur pickin'. When they's ripe enough, you can jes' pull off them leafy scales like you pick a chicken that's ben scalded. 'Taint bes' to pick hops till they feather off good."

Down the long, festooned aisles, the overseer comes on his ceaseless round among the pickers. He is a manly young fellow, the oldest son of the hop-grower, and displays not a little tact and firmness in his dealings with the hands. He must see to it that the picking is clean from leaves and twigs which are either carelessly dropped into the sacks, or intentionally put there by sly fingers to increase the weight.

"Well, Mrs. Bruner, how goes it?" he said, cheerily, to a youngish woman whose narrow shoulders stooped with the weight of the half filled bag suspended to them.

"It's slow pickin', sir," she rejoined, momentarily resting her scratched hands on her hips. "There's too much reachin' with these tall poles, or else we've got to most break our backs pullin' 'em up. Some of them willow-poles has tuk root, an' we women folks can't budge 'em."

A girl spoke up pertly : "You oughtn't to try, but make the men pull 'em, ez I do."

"That's right, Jennie," the overseer replied, heartily. "There's plenty of strapping fellows about who should be ashamed to leave such work to the women. Besides, I'm always in the field and don't mind turning to, any time."

Then, in an explanatory voice, to me : "This is our only field of tall poles, and we don't mean to repeat the experiment another season. All our other fields, and, for that matter, most of the hops in this country, are trained to low poles, connected by hempen twine, for the vines to run on. This method brings the hops within easy reach of the picker."

While conversing, we trudged through the deep soil in the rows, my companion keeping his knife open, to sever the delicate tracery of vines which now and again barred our passage. It was unique pastime, and had its enchantment—this threading of a bewildering maze of rings, loops, streamers and bouquets, whose delightful tangle shut aught out but the blue pools of sky overhead. On nearing the various groups of pickers on the margin of these blooming bowers, there were seen, here and there, pails and baskets containing their mid-day luncheon ; or we chanced upon watermelons tucked away under the vines, and judged ourselves near the Indian pickers. Sure enough, upon parting a flowering curtain, we found dozens of Indians and mahales stripping the poles.

"They are our best pickers," the over-

seer observed, with a satisfied glance at the orderly piles of poles scattered among wilting vines. "Hardly a leaf in a whole sackful! Just look at old Soledad's pile! She's picked on the farm for the last twenty-five years."

We approached the old woman, who honored us with a grunt of recognition, without raising her eyes from the branch she was picking. No hurry or false move of the wrinkled fingers, but a steady, almost monotonous dropping

of the balls into the basket securely braced between her knees. She sat under an awning of faded calico, fastened to rickety stakes, and beside her was a square of cloth, on which she emptied her basket. The heap of short, fertile catkins showed dainty picking, if the old hands were scarred and swollen by age and disease. Her grimy little grandchild at her elbow watched us with round, glistening eyes.

The young man thrust no inquisitorial arm into the sacks of his Indian pickers. In fact, these degraded creatures are, without doubt, the most reliable help on the plantation. With each recurrent season, the hop-grower regretfully marks the decrease in their numbers, and knows it is



A KILN AT LARGO.

only a matter of few years, when disease and sterility will have compassed the extinction of the entire race.

Next to the Indian pickers were forty Chinamen, who appeared to be the only mirthless toilers on the place. They had for their drink sooty cans of cold tea, in which marauding bugs and flies sipped and floated. It is only within the last two or three years that Chinese have been employed to pick hops in Russian river valley. They are not regarded as first-class pickers, being neither quick nor clean at the work. The Japanese are said to give better satisfaction, and are hired in large numbers by Sacramento hop-growers. The unreliability of tramps as pickers is graphically described by my host at Largo:

"I determined upon plenty of help this season, as last year I lost 10,000 pounds of hops for want of pickers. A week before the hops were ready for picking, tramps began to stroll in every day asking for work. I told every man he could stay, and advanced him provisions to board himself. The amount these fellows ate was a caution! By the end of the week I had fifty able-bodied men corralled and fattening on my beef and flour. Well, I set them all to work Monday morning along with my old hands, and for a day or two things went on briskly. Then one after the other of these lazy rascals demanded a settlement, declaring they couldn't make wages picking. By the middle of the next week not a man



THE COOLING-ROOM.

of 'em was left. I've made up my mind that next year I wont engage anyone who will not agree to stay during the harvest. Next to Indians, I would rather have families. I believe there are lots of honest poor in San Francisco who would be glad to come up to the picking if they were guaranteed their fare both ways. I'm going to try this plan another season, and begin my advertising in time."

The hop-growers' association in Mendocino county made an attempt to fix a regular price for hop-picking, but a lack of unanimity among its members prevented the adoption of this wise arrangement. There are individual instances where California hop-men have given a cent and a half and two cents a pound, but the usual price ranges from \$1.00 to \$1.10 per hundred pounds.

An average hand will make a dollar a day, but good pickers will more than double this amount. Aside from the eminently picturesque phases of the work, it has its serious drawbacks. The harsh stems of the hops are severe on the hands, and in some cases produce an eruption of the skin similar to that caused by rhus toxicodendron, familiarly known as "poison oak." There are also the unpleasant features of dust and heat, though the latter annoyance is not extreme where the mornings and evenings are almost

without an exception cool and invigorating. At early daylight there is a rush to the fields when the dew on the hops makes them weigh heavier.

The scene at the weighing is an animated one, and breaks agreeably upon the monotony of the day's picking. The scales are placed in the open field under a hastily constructed brush awning. The overseer presides, and the book-keeper is stationed at his right. The latter is a young lady from the city who displays that marvelous adaptability to environment for which the American girl is famous. In half a minute she has settled her clinging skirts on a convenient sack and withdraws the pencil from the middle buttonhole of her natty blouse. Then with businesslike precision she finds the place in her day-book and awaits further operations with clerkly dignity.

The number and weight of each sack is set down opposite the name of the picker, so that there can be no mistake as to the amount he has gathered. This method also makes it possible to trace a dirty sack to the delinquent, who is accordingly "docked" in proportion to his remissness.

When the last belated picker drops his plethoric bundle on the scales, the remaining sacks are thrown into a wagon to be taken forthwith to the kiln. A



A SOLITARY CHINESE PICKER.

modern hop-kiln in California is a capacious, two-story structure, built either of brick or wood, and costing all the way from three thousand to ten thousand dollars. The ground floor has two or more furnaces, with numerous circling pipes for distributing the heat.

At Largo, the drying floor is a model of utility and convenience. It consists of two movable cars run upon tracks extending out over the cooling-room, and worked by a windlass. These cars are forty feet in length, and twenty feet wide, and each is subdivided into four sections, which turn on levers. The floor of the cars is of slats covered with coarse wire mesh, on which the hops are spread to the depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches, according to their ripeness. Before rolling them back to the drying-room, the hops are sprinkled with water to insure a more direct action of the sulphur burning below on the furnaces. In localities like Washington and Oregon, where there is excessive moisture, hops acquire a beautiful color in bleaching without this dampening. The principal object in sulphuring is to give this uniformly bright tint, though it also assists in the drying and preserving.

After the hops have been subjected to sulphur smoke two hours, the ventilator

is opened to emit the choking fumes and give an increased draft to the hot air rising from the furnaces. The hops are then allowed to dry twelve hours, an experienced man being put in charge who usually turns them over once during the process.

There is a difference of opinion as to the length of time that should be allowed for sulphuring and drying, but it is generally admitted that the color and essences of the hops are best preserved by curing them at a low temperature, say from 130° to 140° Fahrenheit. An expert can easily discriminate between the "high-dried" samples and "summer use" hops, the latter term signifying a quality that retains their strength and flavor throughout the year.

When the stem or core of the strobile is shrunken and brittle, it is sufficiently dry to remove to the cooling-room. This is done with little breakage of the silky cones. The long flap-door is swung up on its hinges, the windlass manned by two sturdy workmen and the great cars roll out and are emptied one section at a time. The hops descend with a soft rustle to the floor below where they lie in light, deep furrows until they are banked up on either side the room, the men making use of immense scoop shovels for the



A DIGGER CAMP.



purpose. Thus the work of curing goes on day and night, during the several weeks of harvest.

Practical hop-growers do not agree as to the length of time which should elapse between drying and baling. Russian river hops are allowed to stay in the cooling-room from two to four weeks by which time they are supposed to "come into case;" or in other words, to have absorbed all the moisture they can carry, and attained a degree of toughness which will enable them to withstand serious breakage in the baling. They are then brought to the press in enormous galvanized iron scoops run on rollers and handled by two men whose trouser legs are stained yellow to the knees with the resinous lupuline exuding from the oily cones. Every precaution is taken to preserve the hops whole, as dealers give a better price for samples that "lie like eggs in a basket" as one writer puts it.

The press is run by horse-power, and four men stand in waiting on the ground floor to receive the slowly descending bale. When the sides are removed, and the clean cut package of hops exposed, these men dextrously fold the burlap cover into place and secure it by iron skewers while they lock-stitch the cloth with double twine. A rope is then neatly banded around the bale after which it has only to be branded with the trade-mark and stacked on one side for shipment.

The commission merchant is now sole umpire of hops raised in this section of the state. The price received varies greatly with the season. In reality there is no product of the farm whose valuation is so uncertain.

"To tell the truth," remarked the hop-grower, "it's a good deal like gambling. Some years we're glad to get rid of the crop at fifteen cents a pound, and again, the price is up to twice that sum. In '82 we called our hops 'gold-drops,' for they brought us sixty cents a pound. The next year everybody added to their acreage. It isn't as cheap a crop as you may think. The common estimate of the cost of raising hops is seven cents; that is, to grow, cultivate, dry, press and put upon the market. Now I figure the expense as nearer twelve cents, which would cover the cost of land, taxes and improvements. To begin with, the soil must be rich river-

bottom land which requires no irrigation. Then comes fencing, planting, cultivating, buying the poles and twine and putting up the kiln with its appliances. The poles are eight feet long and are made of redwood, which is the least perishable of all our timber. They cost thirty dollars a thousand, and the twine three dollars per acre. The vines must be cultivated as long as a horse can be driven through them. There is no end of work, from the first plowing in February, to the pulling up and stowing away of the poles for the winter. In cleaning up the yards we use the vines to pile in with logs to cheat the river out of a bite of our fields. It needs careful hands to sucker the hills in spring and start the shoots up the poles. Give me a digger every time for this work! I used to have a whole rancheria within a mile of me. An Indian takes to hop-picking as a duck does to water. It's just lazy enough work to suit him. When it comes to curing and baling I get more intelligent help, though I have had diggers who would put up as neat a bale as anyone."

California takes the lead among the hop-growing states, and hop-growers here are a prosperous class. New York and Washington have a larger acreage, but California shows the greatest increase in product, and the highest average to the acre. The hot, dry climate of this state furnishes the indispensable requisites for successful hop-raising. The high winds, blight and mildew of other countries have no existence here, and the vines are totally exempt from the hop louse which has lately done such serious damage in Washington and Oregon. The superior size and flavor of Pacific coast hops recommend them to eastern and foreign purchasers and the exports to those markets are rapidly on the increase. Hops commonly bear prolifically the second season, and remain vigorous for upwards of ten years or longer. The greater portion of the vines on the Larga plantation have not been replanted for twenty-five years.

The lands along the Russian river do not bear such heavy crops as those of the Sacramento, where it is no unusual thing for hops to yield three to four hundred pounds or over. The average vines in Mendocino produce 1500 pounds, though exceptional fields will turn out 2000 or



ONE OF THE INDIAN PICKERS.

2500 pounds per acre. They are not so rank in growth or flavor as Sacramento hops, and usually command a better price in market.

There is no class of horticulturists who have derived more noticeable benefit from late years' experiments, than California hop-men. They have larger crops to the acre, and at far less expense than they had ten years ago. In addition to these encouraging features, statistics show a phenomenally greater average yield of hops on the Pacific slope than in any other country. This will inevitably lead to a gradual decrease of hop-farming east of the Rockies, and a corresponding extension of the industry on this coast.

The training and harvesting of hops embrace the utmost limit of the digger's capability as a husbandman. Apart from his admirable fitness for this work he has not the continuity of purpose to raise even his favorite watermelon. A Mendocino Indian never makes the mistake of trying to persuade a hop-vine to go the wrong way up a pole. He knows the shoots have an invincible impulse to follow the course of the sun, and must be trained from east to west in their spiral climbings. He can also readily distinguish the sex of the roots, and every seventh hill in seven rows is carefully set to a male vine.

As the month of hop-picking approaches, the remnants of every Indian tribe within

a hundred miles of Russian river straggle into the opulent valley from the various rancherias on the coast and in the mountains. They bring with them little baggage, a few rude utensils for cooking and odds and ends of bedding which they carry on their backs in baskets. They select their camps where they have convenient access to water and wood, their only shelter from the chilly nights being a primitive hut or canopy of willow brush.

The white pickers, on the contrary, come prepared with numerous accessories of camp life. They spread their tents in willow copses next the river, or under matchless oaks and laurels, where their water-supply is drawn from some old well stationed at an oddly romantic corner of the farm.

As the day wanes, the pickers come up from the fields with their empty hooped sacks on their arms, and with endless chaff and chatter, preparations go on for the evening meal. The camp dogs bark vociferously at the last load of hops passing by to the upper kiln. The cattle string down in long files from the hills, and pigeons sputter and coo about the cosy cluster of farm buildings. A barefoot urchin swinging a pail, stops to sling a pebble at a chipmunk ere he hies him to the stubble field to milk the camp cow—a favorite "bossy" which came with the family, and was granted free pasture on the premises. Rosy drifts of light rest on the bronzing slopes, and the pure hush of evening overwhelms human cares in an infinite calm. There is a far-away cawing of crows in the tree tops, the trickle of water in oaken troughs, and the deep, indrawn breaths of horses drinking. The shrill pipings of katydids blend with the laughter of children. Men about camp are splitting wood and you hear the distant rumbling of wheels down the dusty road. Now the cooling air floats the delectable odor of fried onions and bacon with the fragrance of the nearest hop-garden. A young girl steps out from a tent and sounds the welcome supper horn.

No one is indifferent to the weird fascination of night pictures in camp—the orange flame of the fire, the lurid smoke blackening upward to the intricacy of leaf and branch overhead, the trunks of trees like a stockade about the circled light, the momentary stepping forth and



retreating of other boles in the background, and the untrammelled figures of the campers themselves complete the gypsy effect. Before the fire eats out the heart of the huge sweating back log, what stories are told and what songs are sung? Mirth rises as naturally as the sparks ascend from the wind-blown blaze. When no longer spurred by civilized customs, how primitive are the means employed and with what exuberance of satisfaction! A dweller of Thoreau's castle with its one room and door, no longer looks upon the universe as complex: life appears to him a very simple thing after all and infinitely worth the living.

When the mild harvest-moon walks low on the hills, the young folks participate in innocent "larks" in and out the trees, or make excursions to the kiln, where more or less of their number have already congregated before the red doors of the furnaces. Occasionally, the fireman thrusts a stick of wood into the blaze, and the swift illumination helps the smoky lanterns to shadow forth objects in the wide room—the closed press and horse-power, new bales piled against the wall, hop sacks tossed to one side, a basket containing the midnight lunch of the dryers, a row of hand-grenades ornamenting the middle rafter overhead, and a hose coiled near a barrel of water. The last-mentioned articles are always on hand in a well-ordered kiln, as a fire started among the cured hops is the supreme dread of the owner.

On a Saturday evening there is often a dance in the kiln when the hops are carefully swept back from the gummy floor into high piles along the walls. Between these perfumed banks a hundred or so brown harvesters dance with ardor until midnight. The girls don clean frocks and wear nosegays of hops, and many of the youths add white collars to their work-

day attire. Near the center of the ample floor, two Mexican fiddlers occupy chairs set next the cover of the press. The place is lighted by lamps in brackets fastened to the walls, and lanterns are suspended from the middle car-track overhead, which spans the room like a narrow bridge. The dances are mostly old-fashioned ones, and the figures are called by an imperative young man who yells excitedly and wildly gesticulates with both hands. His "dos-à-dos" and "allemande left" are hurled, like projectiles, at the dancers, while the fiddlers twang with a will, and rough-shod feet caper with a zest of enjoyment inspiring to witness.

Now and then the flying skirts whisk a handful of feathery hops across the floor, or the jar of the merry-making starts a tiny rivulet of balls down the muffled heaps. Once the head-dryer, lantern in hand, crosses the track overhead, to stir the hops. He is cheered from below and answers by a smile and wave of his hand ere he disappears through the small door of the drying-room.

One could hardly believe they had toiled in the fields since daylight, their feet were so light and springy. At exactly five minutes to twelve, the violins ceased abruptly, as though every string had snapped at once. There was a hurried scrambling and tumbling to the stairs and down them, and a minute later the cooling-room was cleared of the revellers as if by magic. Several pairs of efficient hands promptly hustled out the benches and chairs and extinguished the lamps, when behold everything in readiness for the regular midnight "dumping" of the hops!

Out in the crisp air, the night was aglow with moon and stars. Footsteps and voices died away, the shadowy curtains of the trees closed about the weary pickers and God's seal of silence was set upon the world.





IT is half-past nine by the clocks, and starlight. The street is narrow, the buildings are somber, and here and there the iron painted grills show clearly in the unglazed windows, which are hung with rolls of yellow and red matting. Strange-shaped towers of Moorish form are gray and pale against the dark blue of the sky. Afar off sounds the chwang-twang of a guitar, bearing witness that Juan loves Inez, and Inez alone. Through a grilled door shines a yellow light, and within the patio sits a wrinkled crone, shuffling a pack of cards at a table. I hear a smothered silvery laugh and a rustle of skirts close at hand, and at an open door, black in the shadow to the left, a silent individual is smoking a cigarette. It is the Street of Jesus, in Seville, and half-past nine by the clock.

I am to see the famous Bolero tonight, and it is for this that I am abroad, following my more or less faithful Paplo Blanco, who robs me in a most fascinating manner.

"Presentlee, gentlemen," he says, "and we are at Bolero." As he speaks, he turns into a dark doorway covered with red and yellow paper notices. Inside it is choked with swarthy men; there is an incessant scratching of matches, and puffing of pungent smoke. Up a short flight of steps, and we are in a long, low room. There is a bewildering fog of smoke from countless cigarettes, but after an interval I see that the seats, simple wooden forms, are arranged in a hollow square about three sides of the room. They are about half occupied "Are these the far-famed

Andalusians?" There is no swagger about them, no vulgar impudence; they are dull, grave even, yet self-possessed, costumed in short jeans, and coarse, yellowish cloth jackets. Some few wear white linen. They have neat, shapely, brown, bare feet and thin legs; they are not robust-looking. They all carry a sort of long cane or staff upon which they lean, and they wear the Andalusian cap, with a high brim and a low, conical crown. Each holds between his well-scorched yellow forefinger and thumb a thin paper cigarette.

There are but few women present, and they are in black, with one exception—a tall, thin, olive-faced girl in a vivid scarlet mantilla. Fans wave here and there, and the red sparks of the countless cigarettes glow through the blue fog, keyed to the solitary red mantilla.

I'd like to paint it. I know Dannat could. At one end of the room are the arms of Aragon and Castile, rudely and crudely painted upon a canvas curtain or canopy. Under this sit the Maccarena dancers, and the guitar players, with a quantity of red and yellow tasseled castanets on the floor before them. Without any warning, save a clap of the hand, the song begins. It is low and passionate, with a



curious raising of the voice at the end of each line. It is sung by a boy with a long neck, who sits in the lap of an older man who accompanies him with a pair of castanets, and there is much hand-clapping and beating of time by bare feet upon the floor, as an encouragement to the youth by the audience.

The music of the guitars is soft, low and thrilling, now passionate, now plaintive. Horny hands smite together, and there is a sweeping of the guitar strings in rapid, drum-like notes. And now, here is the dancer. Why, what is this? Where is the romantic, antelope-eyed damsel of our dreams? There is none such here! No sweeping fringe of dark eyelash—no supple waist—no grace of figure. This one is like a Washington Market woman.

In her fat ears dangle heavy gold hoops. She is stout and she waddles. Her feet are in low, black slippers, and her stockings, liberally displayed, are white. There are cries of "Jaleo!" and exclamations of delight from the audience, as her arms sway and her feet shuffle on the floor. Occasionally one hears a dull thump, as her fat heels strike the floor. Then she lowers her arms and clasps her brown, fat hands together to the tune that stirs one so strangely. Her swaying arms move in curves of perfect grace, and her body turns and twists in unison. The constant hand-clapping on the benches is like the dripping of water from the eaves on a rainy day, tap-tap-tap and tap-tap-tap. Suddenly she throws her arms high in the air, and, with her ear-rings quivering and all the tinsel flashing on her bosom, she falls into a convenient seat. There are cries of "Jaleo!" and a word that sounds like "Puñalada," and wild applause from the audience, who thump the floor with their long staves.

Is this all? No. Look, the castanets click again, the dirty canopy is pushed aside, and enters to us a vision—a vision in rose drapery and black and silver. "Lola! Lola!" they cry, and clap their hands. She is about sixteen, and her lithe, supple figure shines and flashes with jet and tinsel; her bodice is open to

the waist, and her bosom is of a pale olive; her waist is bound with a many-colored sash, the ends of which she holds in her hands, and her short dress is covered with lines of curious black tufts. She is painted a little under the eyes, and her ears are rouged; there is a suspicion of powder on her neck. Her limbs are beautifully rounded, and her feet are small, shapely, and the instep is high; her poses at first are abrupt, boyish, and automatic; she waves her arms. She is

so near me that I can detect a faint perfume that exhales from her person. She looks neither pleased nor bored, but there, in her eyes, is that jaded, indifferent, mechanical look peculiar to the public performer.

Now steps forth from among the dancers, beneath the canopy, a thin, oval-faced, old-looking young man in a white shirt, red sash and canvas slippers; dangling from his lower

lip is the end of a cigarette.

Suddenly he claps his hands together, and, amid shouts of "Encore!" "Lola!" "Julio!" the dance begins again. The girl's white-brown arms sway and wave about her head in perfect balance. Julio leaps forward to meet her, and as suddenly retires; she retreats, and again he springs forward, always in time to the castanets; their hands seem to touch, but do not. They encircle, they turn, they pose, accompanied by the chwang-twang of the half-dozen guitars which weave the pattern of the dance, and finally they end suddenly, with a mighty clash, and everyone laughs and shouts at the two dancers standing motionless, with outstretched hands, in the middle of the floor.

Now a new burst from the guitars, and they are off again. The man seems of India rubber and on springs. She is his match. Her dress sways alluringly; Julio pursues her. She retreats; her eyes flash at him





shoulder, and reaches toward him; again he pursues her. And so the dance progresses in and out, retreating and pursuing, while the smoke arises in rings, the lights gleam, and the castanets emphasize the measure like the pattering of summer hail. Suddenly she pauses before the bench whereon I am sitting, and, with a quick motion, flings her handkerchief in my lap, and, amid loud cries of approbation and stamping of feet, closes the dance. Canes thump the floor; there is the scratching of matches and the lighting of many cigarettes. I hold the strongly scented handkerchief, wondering what I am to do with it. She does not glance toward me. I turn to my Paplo, who looks sidewise at me, with a leer. "Eh, signor, cet ees to marg thee favor of thee seflorita," he whispers. "Ah, must put, ah, in a thees hankcheef thee geest." I am, in short, selected by the seflorita as the one who shall make her a present. I ostentatiously knot up a small gold coin in my own handkerchief, which

over her shoulder, her lips are parted slightly, her teeth gleam, her breath comes pantingly. She wheedles him with her pale-brown, satiny arms, bare to the

I offer with the best grace at my command.

And now down the steep stairs to the street. How cool the night air is, and how good to the nostrils! The fountain is plashing musically in the square; the rug-shop is shut, and the shadow is black where I know the door to be. We meet a priest in shovel-hat, and a boy carrying an incense-burner, returning from the last moments of some unfortunate, perhaps; I smell the incense for squares after their footsteps are no longer heard. The market is deserted as we pass; the line of mules that stamp there by day are gone. How white the stones shine in the moonlight! A watchman comes out from a dark gateway to scrutinize us, and calls out, in a clear, bell-like voice, a word which is answered somewhere in the dusky distance. The porter, pattering over the glazed tiles, receives us with a yawn, and after I have stumbled up the stairway with my inch of candle, I hear Paplo and the porter discussing me, in low tones, under the archway. "How much did Seflor Americano give?" To which my faithful Paplo answers, hoarsely, "A gold-piece, and I get half."

The filmy, strongly scented handkerchief of the lithe-limbed dancing-girl lies before me on the table—the perfume fills the room; somewhere in the distance tinkles a guitar.

Heigh-ho! Twelve of the clock—Street of Jesus, in Seville.





THE society of London is today, beyond all doubt, the greatest in the world. It surpasses even that of Paris, because the French nobility has no longer any political importance and keeps aloof from official circles, making two distinct coteries, instead of one great "world." General society in Paris has the same ostentatious style that distinguishes our New York aspirants; wealth can force itself to the front just as here, and there is, therefore, the same uneasy sense of social insecurity; while what is left of the old nobility is insignificant except for blood and name. But a society, to be great, must be composed of people who are great outside of society; otherwise it is provincial and can have no real consequence, no matter how well-born or well-bred, or how sumptuous in expenditure. Power is essential, though power is not all.

In Berlin and Vienna, society is narrow, because of its extreme exclusiveness. In Vienna none but the old aristocracy are admitted; they form almost a family circle, and tutoy each other; in Berlin

nearly the same thing exists, alloyed by a dash of the bureaucracy; but in both capitals the aristocracy, as a class, are out of politics, perhaps one should say—out of power; the government is above them, and almost independent of them. The society of St. Petersburg is very little known by foreigners; few Americans, even diplomats, have penetrated to its inner circles; but the dead-level to which everybody is prostrated before the autocrat must destroy the spirit and life that otherwise would be delightful, for Russians away from home are accomplished people of the world.

*Buckingham Palace.*

1877

*Should the Ladies or Gentlemen to whom Invitations are sent be out of Town, and not expected to return in time to obey the Queen's commands on the day the Invitations are for, the Cards are to be brought back.*

REVERSE OF THE QUEEN'S INVITATION TO DINNER.

There is very good company in Madrid and Brussels, but these capitals are admittedly second-rate in political consequence as well as wealth. All the world goes to Rome, and Roman society is said to be cosmopolitan, but it, too, lacks the flavor of consequence, of recognized power. In America there is nothing at all of this, outside of Washington; in Washington only is there any society that represents or embodies power, but there you may find something resembling the good company of a capital, though crude and uncrystallized.

In London the most important people are, of necessity, in society; it forms a part of their life, as much as their homes or their government. The royal family and the aristocracy are at the top, but all the high politicians not only live in it, but work in it as well as play in it, and everybody else of intellectual and latterly of financial distinction aspires to enter it; no reputation is complete, no position is assured, until its possessor is received in that great world composed of what are justly called "the governing classes."

And it is not only the governing classes of England who constitute this circle, those of all Europe and even of America are free of it. Czars and ex-presidents, kings and khedives, queens regnant and deposed, Persian shahs and German emperors are known to its members and seen in its salons; the greatest statesmen of other countries, Thiers, Beust, Saldanha and Schouvaloff, have been plenipotentiaries to London; the Comte de Paris and the ex-emperor of the French were there at the same time; America has sent her best representatives—Bancroft and Reverdy Johnson, and Adams and Motley; and of late years England has ad-

York House.

Twickenham.

Middlesex.

June 16<sup>th</sup> 1890

The Count and Countess de  
Paris wish General Badian  
to do them the pleasure  
of coming to dine with  
them at York House  
Wednesday the 20<sup>th</sup> of  
July at 8 pm.

RBG

mitted into her most exclusive circles such literary geniuses as Tennyson and Browning and Froude—to say nothing of the cultivated men who by birth belong there, like Lord Houghton, Sir William Stirling, the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset, and the statesmen who constitute, even more than the landed aristocracy and the royal family, the core and nucleus around which all the rest revolve.

This collection of high-placed and powerful people gives a broader tone to the conversation and a dignity even to their amusements. The sense of their own consequence, the deference they receive from others and in their turn pay to personages of equal or greater importance, affects their manners; constant companionship with the greatest people on earth is elevating; the themes on which



they habitually converse improve and expand the mind. Even what might otherwise be gossip becomes significant and momentous when it concerns those whose acts or caprices control nations. A dinner given by a prime minister to an ambassador, or a possible president of France or the United States, is not an empty ceremony; a ball at which two-thirds of Parliament are present is more than a frivolity; either is an occurrence which may affect the destinies of the world. When to all this is added a splendor that is traditional, the picture has an appropriate frame, for the palaces where the Tudors and the Stuarts reigned are today the stage where the ministers of Victoria perform the principal parts. The fate of dynasties and institutions, of kingdoms and republics, the results of revolutions and the duration of wars are discussed, and sometimes determined, in London drawing-rooms.

Many of the customs of this society are entirely different from any known in a republic. The punctilios of a court and the gradations of an aristocracy distinguish English from American fashion at the start. There is a certain stateliness seldom seen here, yet often a marked simplicity, almost a brusqueness, which comes from the same cause, the consciousness of a consequence that cannot be disturbed. The English sometimes do not know their own etiquettes, and those of very high rank often affect to ignore them. "Nice customs courtesy to great kings."

In nothing is the tone of this society

17. Cavendish Square

*The Minister of the United States*  
*Mr Pierpont presents their*  
*compliments to General Badeau*  
*and has to announce that in*  
*obedience to The Queen's commands*  
*they will dine at Windsor Castle*  
*on the 22<sup>d</sup> of June and that their own*  
*invitations for that day are*  
*consequently recalled*

*I am, &c.*

more marked than in its invitations; there is nothing more characteristic than its acceptances and regrets and its innumerable notes of civility and ceremony. The high English, men and women, are more gracious when they sit down to write their notes than in any other act of their lives. They write so many of them that the pleasant words slip off their pens almost unawares. Familiarity with the world is evident in every line; there is character and manner in them, ease and courtesy.

*The Lord Chamberlain is*  
*commanded by The Queen to invite*

*General Badeau*  
*to a Ball on ~~Wednesday~~ Friday, the*  
*22<sup>d</sup> ~~20<sup>th</sup>~~ of June, 1877. at 10 o'clock.*

*Buckingham Palace.*

*Full Dress.*  
*Court Mourning*

To have the honor of meeting their Imperial  
Majesties the Emperor & Empress of Brazil  
The Comptroller of the Household

is desired by  
Their Royal Highnesses  
The Prince and Princess of Wales

to invite.

Brigadier General Badeau

to Dinner on Tuesday

the 19<sup>th</sup> June at eight o'clock.

Marlborough House.

*An answer is requested.*

In fact, to judge by their notes, the English are a far more polite people than you find them in reality. Perhaps, as they are so undemonstrative, what they write betrays what they feel more absolutely than the stiff and constrained behavior which, they sometimes tell you, conceals their real emotions. At any rate, a clearer idea can be formed of what the important English do, and how they do it, from their invitations and social notes than from any other indication, by those who cannot study the reality.

During a residence of several years in England I preserved many of these, at first as social curiosities to an American, and afterwards as political or even historical souvenirs.\* I propose to reproduce a few, when the subjects are not confidential, or the treatment too intimate, or the writers are no longer living. There can be no impropriety in reprinting a card, or

repeating a note on an impersonal theme. The aristocracy, besides, are used to being criticised and discussed; they are, like actors, so much on the stage that their private life is more public than that of other people. From the queen down, they write about themselves for all the world to read; there have been fifty volumes of memoirs and letters within half as many years, written by members of this society, disclosing not the mere etiquettes and customs of their contemporaries, but the characters of individuals and the history of their lives. I shall draw no curtain that delicacy would restrain, if I describe for Americans some of the curious fashions of their English cousins.

The Queen's invitations, of course, come

#### PRESENTATION

*By*  
General Badeau

*presented by*  
The American Minister

\* The late Lord Amphil (Lord Odo Russell), who was British ambassador at Berlin during many important years, told me that he always preserved his menus, and wrote on the back the names of the people he met at dinner. He found this a valuable record, for in his diplomatic career he often wanted to know where Bismarck, or Gorchakoff, or some other statesman, had been on a certain day, and the menu was a sure reminder.

first. There is nothing like them in a republic. The president invites to dinner as any private gentleman would, but Her Majesty "commands" the lord steward to invite for her. When she is at Windsor, her guests are expected to remain for the night, and if they are unable to attend, they are notified that the card is to be returned; no subject, nor even foreigner, may retain the invitation of Her Majesty which has been declined. Royal people do not like to have their favors refused, and the Comte de Paris sends out his invitations six weeks in advance, so that no one can claim to be preëngaged. Her Majesty's invitations to dinner, however, are seldom returned; they are regarded as commands; all other engagements previously made must be ignored; even the invitations of a foreign minister are recalled if they clash with royal ones.

The Queen's invitations to a ball are issued by the lord chamberlain, a functionary second in consequence to the lord steward, for the ball is a less important ceremony than a dinner. It is not so absolutely necessary to obey the summons, and you are not obliged to send back the pasteboard, if you stay away. Sometimes, after the death of a royal personage, the original cards are withdrawn, and then renewed with a second date written in, and the words "court mourning" added, also in ink. (Court mourning for women implies black or white gowns and ornaments; for men, crape on the arm and the hilt of the sword.) Everybody is expected to be at the palace at the hour prescribed, so as to be in waiting when the royal people appear. The Queen has never been seen at a ball since the death of the prince consort, but the Prince and Princess of Wales represent Her Majesty. They enter with a retinue of courtiers, to

*These Cards are to be very legibly filled up.*

*One to be delivered to the Queen's Page in attendance in the Corridor, and*

*The other to be delivered to The Lord Chamberlain, who will announce the name to Her Majesty.*

REVERSE OF PRESENTATION CARD.

5 July. 1874.



*My dear General:*

*The Duke & Duchess*

*would be very happy if you  
could come and dine at  
bedchamber on Thursday  
the 8th at 7½.*

*Believe me*

*Yours sincerely*

*A. Murray*

the music of "God Save the Queen," everyone else, of course, standing.

A state concert is more exclusive than a ball, and the number invited is smaller, as everyone must be seated. The invitations are for "an evening party," with "music" in the corner of the card. The concert is given in the ball-room; the music is always very fine, and the occasion very dull. People are ranged according to rank, ambassadors by themselves, then the rest of the diplomatic corps, duchesses on their own bench, and royalty entirely apart, on a dais; mere lords and ladies, and the rest of the world, sit further off. No one applauds, till the Prince or Princess gives the signal. After the performance, the royal family usually go up to the singers and compliment them, and Patti or Nilsson courtesies very low and is very proud. Then the aristocratic auditors may leave their seats, and supper is served, one table for princes and others for the general company, after which the function is over.

The Prince and Princess of Wales invite to dinner through the comptroller of the household. They, however, do not "command;" they only "desire" him to invite their guests, and they request an answer, which the Queen never does, it being presumed that no one will neglect

Vice Royal Lodge,  
Dublin.

that ceremony with Her Majesty. The language employed is very formal and, indeed, almost prescribed: "Colonel Jones has the honor of accepting Her Majesty's most gracious invitation;" or, "the gracious invitation of Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales;" the capitals are important, and the word "gracious" is indispensable, even when writing to Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise, though the "grace" applies to the princess and not to the lord. If, by any chance, one is absolutely unable to attend, the exact reason must be given in full, and, in any event, you must write your name in the royal book at the palace immediately after the entertainment; you cannot leave a card on a royal personage. The Princess Louise has a book; but her husband is not royal, so you write your name in her book, and leave a card for Lord Lorne. He will return your card, but the Princess never.

The younger members of the royal family invite like ordinary people, without the intervention of a courtier; but the Duc d'Aumale, the son of a deposed king, often invites through a secretary. The viceroy of Ireland "directs" an aide-

*The A.D.C. (in waiting)  
is directed by  
their grace the Lord and  
the Duchess of  
Marlborough to request the  
pleasure of General  
Badeau's company at  
lunch on Friday Jan<sup>y</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup>  
at 2 p.m. Jan<sup>y</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1879*

de-camp to invite for him, as he is the immediate representative of the Queen; in Ireland he takes precedence of the Prince of Wales, wherefore H. R. H. dislikes to go to Ireland. At a levee or drawing-room a card is furnished to each person presented; it bears directions which should be carefully studied by the aspirant after royal hospitalities, for no one is invited to a concert or ball who has not conformed to these rules.

*General Badeau*

*To have the honour of meeting  
His Majesty the Emperor of Russia.*

*Countess of Derby  
at Home*

*Wednesday, May 20<sup>th</sup> 10 o'clock.  
Foreign Office.*

*Levee Dress.*

*Park Entrance.*

*The Duke & Duchess of Wellington*  
*request the Honor of*  
*General Badeau*  
*Company at Dinner on Saturday*  
*June 3<sup>rd</sup> at a quarter to 8<sup>o</sup> Clock Precisely*  
*To celebrate Her Majesty's Birth Day.*  
*Love Dear.*  
*The favor of an answer is requested.*

When royal personages, English or foreign, are to be present at an entertainment outside of the palace the fact is always announced on the cards, and if the party is very formal the words "levee dress" indicate that men must appear in breeches or uniform; as ladies do not go to levees they wear the usual ball costume. The receptions at the foreign office are next in importance to those at the palace, and always given by the wife of the secretary of foreign affairs. The card is an "at home," and the minister's name does not appear. The words "Downing street" or "Park entrance" show where carriages are to set down or take up their company; the Park entrance is more exclusive, and intended for the court and the diplomatic corps and a few others who have what are called the "entrées." The foreign office parties are mere receptions; a band is playing in one of the corridors and refreshments are waiting all the evening; but there is no formal supper, no dancing, and very few presentations are made. The royal guests, when there are any, walk through the halls between two lines of distinguished people, who bow and courtesy as the great ones pass; these sometimes stop and speak to any whom they wish to honor, and afterward stand in one of the great halls to receive the homage of those who have already been presented and whom they may be supposed to remember.

On the Queen's birthday the prime min-

ister and the foreign secretary give state dinners and assemblies afterward, and the other members of the government entertain the high officials of their own departments. Mrs. Gladstone's parties are very simple except in the splendor of the company, which, of course, is unsurpassed. On the night before the opening of Parliament the premier has a dinner for his principal supporters, at which the Queen's speech is often read in advance.

The Duchess of Wellington was mistress of the robes when the accompanying invitation was sent. At these birthday parties all officials wear court dress in

*General Badeau*

*M<sup>rs</sup> William Gladstone*  
*at Home*

*Saturday May 24*

*Her Majesty's Birthday*

*4 Carlton House, Terrace*

honor of Her Majesty, although she is never present.

The English prefer to call their princesses who have married below the royal rank by their original title: they always say, "The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne," not, "The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne;" but below the royal family, when a woman of higher rank invites to dinner, her husband's name is placed

first: "Mr. Chichester Fortescue and Lady Waldegrave," "Mr. and Lady Margaret Beaumont," "Colonel and Lady North."

"At home" cards always have the name of the guest written in ink at the top and are often sent without envelopes, the address written on the back. Invitations to balls and evening parties are invariably in the name of the mistress of the house if the host is married. Mrs. Gladstone's cards omit the name of the premier, even when she receives the Prince of Wales, and those of an ambassador entertaining her sovereign leave out the name of the ambassador; but an invitation to dinner must include the name of the host. On a visiting card or an invitation to an evening party of any kind the exact title of the hostess is used, but on a dinner invitation it is good form for people in the peerage to say, "Lord and Lady," though dukes and duchesses always give their titles in full: The "Countess of Derby" invites you to

*M<sup>rs</sup> & Lady Margaret Beaumont.*

*request the Honor of*

*General Bédouin's*

*Company at Dinner on*

*Friday May 9<sup>th</sup> at 1/4 to 8 o'clock*

*144, Piccadilly.*

*The favor of an answer is requested.*

the foreign office, or to an assembly at her own house; but "Lord and Lady Derby" ask you to dinner. I never could find anybody in England able to tell me the origin of this mysterious etiquette, which is very rigid.

It is curious to note how often people in the peerage change their titles. You may have several entirely different cards from the same person in a very short space of time. The Countess de Grey became Marchioness of Ripon after the negotiation of the treaty of Washington, and her eldest son was advanced at the same time from Viscount Goderich to Earl de Grey. "Lord Stanley" was the same person as the "Earl of Derby" afterward. Sometimes it is merely the eldest son who succeeds his father, and reaches the higher title; sometimes it is a public man, like Lord Dufferin, who is raised a step in the peerage for political services, and his visiting cards read successively, "Lord Dufferin," "Earl of Dufferin," "Marquis of Dufferin." Peers seldom

put their official rank on their cards, for the splendor of nobility cannot be enhanced by any transitory glory of office. The prime minister, also never puts his official designation on a card; the man who rules England, and creates dukes and earls, is only "Mr. Gladstone" in society; there must be a grim sort of pride in such humility. The cards of the foreign office are historical, for they show the succession of peeresses

*To meet H. R. H. The Princess Louise  
& The Marquis of Lorne*

*General Bédouin*

*M<sup>rs</sup> Gathorne Hardy*

*at Home*

*Wednesday April 20<sup>th</sup>*

*7, Grosvenor Crescent.*



who have presided there, because of their husbands' position in the government. Nobody of lower rank than a countess has held the place in recent years: Countess of Clarendon, Countess of Derby, Countess Granville, Marchioness of Salisbury, etc.

Notes are addressed with peculiar formalities. "Mr." must not be written on an envelope or at the top of an "at home;" you must say, "George Jones, Esq.," never by any chance, "Mr. George Jones;" yet Jones's own visiting card reads, "Mr. George Jones," or if he is the head of the family, "Mr. Jones;" for oddly enough, though you may not write "Mr.," except to a tradesman or other admitted inferior, to leave it off your own card, unless, of course, you have a higher title, would indicate that you did not consider yourself a person of quality. After all, you may write, "Mr. and Mrs. Jones" on an "at home." It is difficult for a mere democrat to steer straight, through all these intricacies.

Notes of invitation to married people, as well as acceptances and regrets, are addressed exclusively to the woman: she is supposed to receive and answer all society notes, and in the season a great English lady spends hours every day at the task. Bachelors, of course, have a rule of their own, and may open their own let-

ters, and for widowers with grown-up daughters the rule is uncertain. Usually, however, they invite without mentioning their daughters' names. Earl Fortescue gives a dance and the Ladies Fortescue are ignored on the card, which reads, "Earl Fortescue. At home. Dancing."

The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was a baronet married to the daughter of an earl, Lord Melville; as a woman does not lose her higher rank in marriage (unless she marries a peer), their invitations used to read, "Sir William and Lady Anna Stirling-Maxwell;" for the daughter of an earl is Lady Anna, or Lady Susan; only the peer's wife can be "Lady Melville," or "Lady Fortescue." If the family name is different from the title the daughter takes the former appellation; the daughter of Lord Melville was Lady Anna Leslie before her marriage; the daughter of the Duke of Argyll is Lady Elizabeth Campbell. You must be careful not to call one of Lord Houghton's daughters Miss Houghton, as a very distinguished American did before he was initiated into these mysteries; these young ladies are "The Miss Milnes;" the English never say, "The Misses."

A peer signs with the name of the peerage but not with the title, as foreign noblemen do; that is, the Duke of Argyll writes himself, "Argyll;" Lord Houghton

*To have the Honor of meeting  
Her Majesty the Empress-Queen!  
General Badian  
The Countess Bernstorff  
at Home  
Monday, May the 13<sup>th</sup>.*

*Prussia House.*

*Small.*

signs, "Houghton." The peeress puts her Christian name before that of the peerage: the Duchess of Somerset signed, "Margaret Somerset," or "M. Somerset;" the Countess of Charlemont, "E. Charlemont."

The late Dowager Duchess of Somerset used to give three or four dinners a week, and often asked those who had dined with her a few days before to come in later on the other evenings. As she always had very good company every one was glad to accept the double invitation.

"Park Lane, Monday.

"My dear General Badeau:

"Will you come here *this* evening soon after 10 o'clock, to meet our Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, and a few friends? Do, if you can. In haste, but most sincerely, yours,

M. SOMERSET."

I had asked the late Countess of Charlemont to appoint a day when she could lunch with a party at my house, and she replied:

"My dear General:

"Tuesday next, an it please you.

"Yours very truly,

"E. J. CHARLEMONT.

"Friday."

I once begged the late Lord Houghton to invite Mr. Jesse Grant to a dinner he was giving to General Grant. Jesse was then a lad of nineteen, about the age of Lord Houghton's son, the present peer and the viceroy of Ireland. This is the reply:

"26 Arlington street,  
"Piccadilly, June 6.

"Dear General Badeau:

"I am annoyed that my table is full and that I cannot ask the General's son to dinner. My son has come up from Cambridge to see the General, but I have no room for him at table. We

\* I had a party myself for General Grant on the Friday.

hope all to be with you on Friday.\* I shall be glad if the General would be here at 8.

"I am, yours very truly,

"HOUGHTON."

A dowager peeress puts her Christian name on her card, as, "Laura, Countess Antrim," "Frances, Countess Waldegrave," or, sometimes, "Dowager Duchess of Somerset," "Dowager Countess of Essex." Married women in London often send their cards to unmarried men, especially after an entertainment.

In writing to peers and their children the word "The" should precede the title; "The Earl Fortescue," "The Lady Susan Fortescue." You say, "The Lady Anna Stirling-Maxwell;" but not, "The Sir William Stirling," a baronet not being noble. Some Americans know the

*Sunday Evening*

*Dear General Badeau,  
One line to say you,  
if not inconvenient,  
to come to dine with us  
<sup>Monday</sup> tomorrow at 7.30 instead  
of 8 o'clock - Lady Bluns  
reminds me that we are  
under promise to go to  
Mr. Lockers' at nine  
to meet Tennysone  
who is staying there &  
will likely read us a  
bit of Shakespeare or*

custom but not its origin, and write, "The Colonel Jones," meaning to be very polite, but this is improper. "The" is an abbreviation for "The Right Honorable," to which all peers and peeresses are entitled, as well as their children down to a certain rank. The younger sons of earls and the sons and daughters of viscounts and barons are only "Honorable," but people usually give them the "The." The Duke and Duchess of Argyll are the only members of the peerage who put "The" on their own visiting cards, but this is a mere caprice, for even the duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, who is married to a daughter of the Queen, does not assume the "The."

The English are very apt to notify you of the size or character of a party, writing, "small," or "small and early," on the printed card; or announcing in the same way if there is to be some peculiarity in the entertainment, as, "a ball," "Mlle. Bernhardt," "Corney Grain," "Hungarian band;" and they often say, "weather permitting," or even bluntly, "unless wet." Only duchesses and such sort, however, take this last liberty.

People in London are so much engaged, that in order to secure them, cards are of-

Countess Dow. of Essex  
Miss Johnstone

9. Belgrave Square.

ten sent out three or four weeks in advance, and as a consequence parties are frequently postponed. A very curt intimation is considered sufficient. Sometimes the hostess is dead before the day of her dinner arrives.

Invitations from persons with whom you are at all intimate are often delightfully familiar, and sparkling and witty in the extreme, especially if you are asked at short notice. The liberty taken seems to inspire the writers, while regrets show how many reasons may prevent people in the great whirl of London life from accepting invitations, and how courteous they are in presenting their excuses and particularly the causes of absence. Six invitations to dinner for a single night often embarrass the social favorite, and

even nine or ten hostesses have been known to contend for a single guest. A regret often concludes with an invitation in return.

Invitations to the country usually state how long you are expected to stay. This is often very necessary, as country houses are sometimes crowded for weeks at a time, and your room is filled as soon as you leave. There is, however, never any lack of hospitality; you are often passed on from one house to another; you are asked in town to propose yourself whenever you are in the neighborhood, and if you are a foreigner, arrangements are often made by your friends for you to visit a house before you have made the acquaintance of your host. The society at country-house parties is splendid and fascinating, but English life is never so charming as when one is admitted to the intimacy of the family in its country home. I used

otherwise entertain us —  
I am to add (from  
Tennyson) that he  
hopes you will be  
able to accompany  
us —

No answer is required  
come at 7 30. if you  
can, otherwise at 8.

Yrs Sincerely

Edmund

21, Arlington St:

S.W.

June 24<sup>th</sup>

Dear General Badeau.  
Can you give us the  
pleasure of your  
company at  
dinner on  
Wednesday July 7<sup>th</sup>  
on July 14<sup>th</sup> at  
8 o'clock -  
Believe me  
Yrs Truly  
Stanley

to prefer the little boxes to which the great English often retire with one or two personal friends to all the parade of the nobleman's seat or even the mediæval glories of historic castles with moat and portcullis, ghost-chamber and all. Country invitations are sometimes very char-

acteristic and always cordial.

The two notes that follow are from the late Marchioness of Ely, for many years a favorite attendant of the queen. As she is no longer living, I may be permitted to say that the grace and charm of her manner, heightened, doubtless, by a life at court, were nevertheless the expression of a natural sweetness which would have been as marked in a cottage, and have made friends as staunch even as her majesty—distinguished as the Queen of England is for loyalty to her friends of whatever degree.—

"My dear General Badeau :

"I am so sorry I cannot lunch with you this week, as the Queen will be in town and I am obliged to be ready for the opening of Parliament, and next week I am going down to Folkestone, where Lady Anna and Mrs. Wellesley are ; but on my return, if you will allow me, I will arrange with Annie,\* and we will pay you a visit together the beginning of March. I hope you have been well since I saw you,

"And believe me,

"Yours truly,

"JANE ELY."

"Osborne,

"December 26, 1879.

"My dear General Badeau :

"So many thanks for your kind letter and the lovely box of bonbons you sent me, and also for the photographs which I value so much. You are really too kind, and, pray, believe how much obliged I am, and let me offer you the best wishes of the season, to you

and yours. I shall value the book you kindly promise to send me, immensely.

"The war is very sad out in India. I have a nephew wounded in the foot, with General Roberts,—Captain Stewart Mac-

\* Lady Anna Loftus.

kenzie. We can only hope and pray for them.

"The Queen is well, but all this makes Her Majesty anxious, and this season of the year brings many sad recollections to the Queen.\* Princess Louise is here, but leaves on the second for London, and on the twenty-third Her Royal Highness sails for Canada.

"Believe me ever,

"Yours very truly,

"JANE ELY."

The next is from another devoted friend and attendant of Her Majesty, the Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the celebrated Dean of Westminster. She too, has passed away, but I am sure she would have sanctioned the publication of her letter, if she supposed it could in the least contribute to good feeling between England and America. The note was written after I had learned that Her Majesty would accept a copy of my History of General Grant, and had submitted to the Dean and Lady Augusta an inscription I proposed. The second paragraph refers to some well-meant remarks of the Prince of Wales about the relations of England and America. Lady Augusta knew that I would send a copy of her letter to President Grant.

"Osborne,

"August 6, 1869.

"Dear General Badeau:

"Neither my husband nor I could sug-

\*The Prince Consort died in December.

gest any improvement in what you propose, and I can only say that I believe your words and sentiments will touch the Queen no less than they touch her subjects.

"If you are inclined to intrust the book to me, and will send it to the deanery before the eighteenth, I will most gladly undertake to transmit it, but if later, pray send it to the care of Sir Thos. Biddulph, at the palace.

"I could not refrain from mentioning to the Queen what you say of the Prince of Wales's speech, knowing how gratifying it would be to H. M. to know the im-

*19. Warwick Crescent,  
Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.*

*June 17. '71*

*Dear General Badeau,*

*Pray permit me to say how*

*much I was gratified by your*

*kind invitation to meet the American*

*Minister at your house on Thursday,*

*and how truly disappointed*

*I was at finding myself pre-vented,*

*by previous engagements,*

*from having the honor you intended*

*me. Pray believe me, Dear General,*

*Very sincerely yours, R. B. B. B. B.*

pressions it had produced, and was, in your opinion, likely to produce. Dear General Badeau, the subject of our mutual relations is one so near my heart that nothing in the world can give me the pleasure that such assurances do. I am sorry to think that we shall not find you in London on our return home on Monday, and we shall have left for a few weeks' visit to Scotland before you return. Hoping to meet after that, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"AUGUSTA STANLEY."

I conclude with a note from Mr. Gladstone, which I trust I may be pardoned for reproducing, because of the great interest in his illustrious character and career. It was written while he was premier, and just as I was leaving England.

10, Downing Street

Whitehall.

June 2. 81

Dear General Badeau

I thank you very much for your kind gift, and if possible will hinder not

to wish to mention of regret to many brides myself that your official residence among us should come to an end,

On the 16th, at ten, I hope to have a few friends to breakfast - would you kindly give me the favour of your company?

I remain

Very faithfully yours

W. Gladstone





### THE ESQUIMAU MAIDEN'S ROMANCE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

"YES, I will tell you anything about my life that you would like to know, Mr. Twain," she said in her soft voice and letting her honest eyes rest placidly upon my face, "for it is kind and good of you to like me and care to know about me."

She had been absently scraping blubber-grease from her cheeks with a small bone-knife and transferring it to her fur sleeve, while she watched the Aurora Borealis swing its flaming streamers out

of the sky and wash the lonely snow-plain and the templed icebergs with the rich hues of the prism, a spectacle of almost intolerable splendor and beauty; but now she shook off her reverie and prepared to give me the humble little history I had asked for. She settled herself comfortably on the block of ice which we were using as a sofa, and I made ready to listen.

She was a beautiful creature. I speak from the Esquimaux point of view. Others would have thought her a trifle over-

plump. She was just twenty years old, and was held to be by far the most bewitching girl in her tribe. Even now, in the open air, with her cumbersome and shapeless fur coat and trousers and boots and vast hood, the beauty of her face was at least apparent; but her figure had to be taken on trust. Among all the guests who came and went, I had seen no girl at her father's hospitable trough who could be called her equal. Yet she was not spoiled. She was sweet and natural and sincere, and if she was aware that she was a belle, there was nothing about her ways to show that she possessed that knowledge.

She had been my daily comrade for a week, now, and the better I knew her the better I liked her. She had been tenderly and carefully brought up, in an atmosphere of singularly rare refinement for the polar regions, for her father was the most important man of his tribe and ranked at the top of Esquimau cultivation. I made long dog-sledge trips across the mighty ice-floes with Lasca—that was her name—and found her company always pleasant and her conversation agreeable. I went fishing with her, but not in her perilous boat: I merely followed along on the ice and watched her strike her game with her fatally accurate spear. We went sealing together; several times I stood by while she and the family dug blubber from a stranded whale, and once I went part of the way when she was hunting a bear, but turned back before the finish, because at bottom I am afraid of bears.

However, she was ready to begin her story, now, and this is what she said:

Our tribe had always been used to wander about from place to place over the frozen seas, like the other tribes, but my father got tired of that, two years ago, and built this great mansion of frozen snow-blocks—look at it; it is seven feet high and three or four times as long as any of the others—and here we have stayed ever since. He was very proud of his house, and that was reasonable, for if you have examined it with care you must have noticed how much finer and com-



"SHE DREAMILY GNAWING A CANDLE-END."

pleter it is than houses usually are. But if you have not, you must, for you will find it has luxurious appointments that are quite beyond the common. For instance, in that end of it which you have called the "parlor" the raised platform for the accommodation of guests and the family at meals is the largest you have ever seen in any house—is it not so?

"Yes, you are quite right, Lasca; it is the largest. We have nothing resembling it in even the finest houses in the United States." This admission made her eyes sparkle with pride and pleasure. I noted that, and took my cue.

I thought it must have surprised you, she said. And another thing: it is bedded far deeper in furs than is usual; all kinds of furs—seal, sea-otter, silver-gray fox, bear, marten, sable—every kind of fur in profusion; and the same with the ice-block sleeping benches along the walls, which you call "beds." Are your platforms and sleeping-benches better provided at home?

"Indeed, they are not, Lasca—they do not begin to be." That pleased her again. All she was thinking of was the *number* of furs her esthetic father took the trouble to keep on hand, not their value. I could have told her that those masses of rich furs constituted wealth—or would in my country—but she would not have understood that; those were not the kind of things that ranked as riches with her people. I could have told her that the clothes she had on, or the every-day clothes of the commonest person about her, were worth twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, and that I was not acquainted with anybody at home who wore twelve-hundred-dollar toilets to go fishing in; but she would not have understood it, so I said nothing. She resumed:

And then the slop-tubs. We have two in the parlor, and two in the rest of the house. It is very seldom that one has two in the parlor. Have you two in the parlor at home?

The memory of those tubs made me gasp, but I recovered myself before she noticed, and said with effusion:

"Why, Lasca, it is a shame of me to expose my country, and you must not let it go further, for I am speaking to you in confidence; but I give you my word of honor that not even the richest man in the city of New York has two slop-tubs in his drawing-room."

She clapped her fur-clad hands in innocent delight, and exclaimed:

Oh, but you cannot mean it, you cannot mean it!

"Indeed, I am in earnest, dear. There is Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt is almost the richest man in the whole world. Now, if I were on my dying bed, I could say to you that not even he has two in his drawing-room. Why, he hasn't even one—I wish I may die in my tracks if it isn't true."

Her lovely eyes stood wide with amazement, and she said slowly and with a sort of awe in her voice:

How strange—how incredible—one is not able to realize it. Is he penurious?

"No—it isn't that. It isn't the expense he minds, but—er—well, you know, it would look like showing off. Yes, that is it, that is the idea; he is a plain man in his ways and shrinks from display."

Why, that humility is right enough, said Lasca, if one does not carry it too far—but what does the place *look* like?

"Well, necessarily it looks pretty barren and unfinished, but—"

I should think so! I never heard anything like it. Is it a fine house—that is, otherwise?

"Pretty fine, yes. It is very well thought of."

The girl was silent a while, and sat dreamily gnawing a candle-end, apparently trying to think the thing out. At last she gave her head a little toss and spoke out her opinion with decision:

Well, to my mind there's a breed of humility which is *itself* a species of showing-off, when you get down to the marrow of it; and when a man is able to afford two slop-tubs in his parlor and don't do it, it *may* be that he is truly humble-minded,

but it's a hundred times more likely that he is just trying to strike the public eye. In my judgment your Mr. Vanderbilt knows what he is about.

I tried to modify this verdict, feeling that a double slop-tub standard was not a fair one to try everybody by, although a sound enough one in its own habitat; but the girl's head was set and she was not to be persuaded. Presently she said:

Do the rich people, with you, have as good sleeping-benches as ours, and made out of as nice broad ice-blocks?

"Well, they are pretty good—good enough—but they are not made of ice-blocks."

I want to know! Why aren't they made of ice-blocks?

I explained the difficulties in the way and the expensiveness of ice in a country where you have to keep a sharp eye on your iceman or your ice-bill will weigh more than your ice; then she cried out:

Dear me, do you *buy* your ice?

"We most surely do, dear."

She burst into a gale of guileless laughter, and said:

Oh, I *never* heard of anything so silly! My, there's plenty of it—it isn't worth anything. Why, there is a hundred miles of it in sight, right now. I wouldn't give a fish-bladder for the whole of it.

"Well, it's because you don't know how to value it, you little provincial muggins. If you had it in New York in midsummer, you could buy all the whales in the market with it."

She looked at me doubtfully, and said:

Are you speaking true?

"Absolutely. I take my oath to it."

This made her thoughtful. Presently she said, with a little sigh:

I wish I could live there.

I had merely meant to furnish her a standard of values which she could understand; but my purpose had miscarried. I had only given her the impression that whales were cheap and plenty in New York and set her mouth to watering for them. It seemed best to



"TWENTY-TWO FISH-HOOKS!"



"NOW EVERYBODY LAUGHS AND CACKLES AT THOSE DISMAL THINGS."

try to mitigate the evil which I had done, so I said :

"But you wouldn't care for whale-meat if you lived there. Nobody does."

What !

"Indeed, they don't."

Why don't they ?

"Well-I, I hardly know. It's prejudice, I think. Yes, that is it—just prejudice. I reckon somebody that hadn't anything better to do started a prejudice against it, some time or other, and once you get a caprice like that fairly going, you know, it will last no end of time."

That is true—*perfectly* true—said the girl, reflectively. Like our prejudice against soap, here : our tribes had a prejudice against soap, at first, you know.

I glanced at her to see if she was in earnest. Evidently she was. I hesitated, then said, cautiously :

"But pardon me. They *had* a prejudice against soap? Had?"—with falling inflection.

Yes—but that was only at first ; nobody would eat it.

"Oh—I understand. I didn't get your idea before."

She resumed :

It was just a prejudice. The first time soap came here from the foreigners, nobody liked it ; but as soon as it got to be fashionable everybody liked it, and now everybody has it that can afford it. Are you fond of it ?

"Yes, indeed ; I should die if I couldn't have it—especially here. Do you like it?"

I just *adore* it ! Do you like candles ?

"I regard them as an absolute necessity. Are you fond of them?"

Her eyes fairly danced, and she exclaimed :

Oh ! Don't mention it ! Candles !—and soap !—

"And fish-interiors !"—

And train-oil !—

"And slush !"—

And whale-blubber !—

"And carrion ! and sour-kroust ! and bees-wax ! and tar ! and turpentine ! and molasses ! and—"

Don't—oh, don't—I shall expire with ecstasy !—

"And then serve it all up in a slush-bucket and invite the neighbors and sail in !"

But this vision of an ideal feast was too much for her, and she swooned away, poor thing. I rubbed snow in her face and brought her to, and after a while got her excitement calmed down. By and by she drifted into her story again :

So we began to live here, in the fine house. But I was not happy. The reason was this : I was born for love ; for me there could be no true happiness without it. I wanted to be loved for myself alone. I wanted an idol, and I wanted to be my idol's idol : nothing less than mutual idolatry would satisfy my fervent nature. I had suitors in plenty—in overplenty, indeed,—but in each and every case they had a fatal defect ; sooner or later I discovered that defect—not one of them failed to betray it : it was not me they wanted, but my wealth.

"Your wealth?"

Yes ; for my father is much the richest man in this tribe—or in any tribe in these regions.

I wondered what her father's wealth consisted of. It couldn't be the house—anybody could build its mate. It couldn't be the furs—they were not valued. It couldn't be the sledge, the dogs, the har-

poons, the boat, the bone fish-hooks and needles, and such things—no, these were not wealth. Then, what could it be that made this man so rich and brought this swarm of sordid suitors to his house? It seemed to me, finally, that the best way to find out would be to ask. So I did it. The girl was so manifestly gratified by the question that I saw she had been aching to have me ask it. She was suffering fully as much to tell as I was to know. She snuggled confidentially up to me and said:

Guess how much he is worth—you never can!

I pretended to consider the matter deeply, she watching my anxious and laboring countenance with a devouring and delighted interest; and when, at last, I gave it up and begged her to appease my longing by telling me herself how much this polar Vanderbilt was worth, she put her mouth close to my ear and whispered, impressively:

*Twenty-two fish-hooks—not bone, but foreign—made out of real iron!*

Then she sprang back dramatically, to observe the effect. I did my level best not to disappoint her. I turned pale and murmured:

"Great Scott!"

It's as true as you live, Mr. Twain!

"Lasca, you are deceiving me—you cannot mean it."

She was frightened and troubled. She exclaimed:

Mr. Twain, every word of it is true—every word. You believe me—you *do* believe me, now *don't* you? *Say* you believe me—*do* say you believe me.

"I—well, yes, I do—I am *trying* to. But it was all so *sudden*. So sudden and prostrating. You shouldn't do such a thing in that sudden way. It—"

Oh, I'm *so* sorry. If I had only thought—

"Well, it's all right, and I don't blame you any more, for you are young and thoughtless, and of course you couldn't foresee what an effect—"

But oh, dear, I ought

certainly to have *known* better. Why—

"You see, Lasca, if you had said five or six hooks, to start with, and then gradually—"

Oh, I see, I see—then gradually added one, and then two, and then—ah, why couldn't I have thought of that!

"Never mind, child, it's all right—I am better now—I shall be over it in a little while. *But*—to spring the whole twenty-two on a person unprepared and not very strong anyway—"

Oh, it *was* a crime! But you forgive me—say you forgive me. Do!

After harvesting a good deal of very pleasant coaxing and petting and persuading, I forgave her and she was happy again, and by and by she got under way with her narrative once more. I presently discovered that the family treasury contained still another feature—a jewel of some sort, apparently—and that she was trying to get around speaking squarely about it, lest I get paralyzed again. But I wanted to know about that thing, too, and urged her to tell me what it was. She was afraid. But I insisted, and said I would brace myself this time and be prepared, then the shock would not hurt me. She was full of misgivings, but the temptation to reveal that marvel to me and enjoy my astonishment and admiration were too strong for her, and she confessed that she had it on her person, and said that if I was *sure* I was prepared—and so on and so on—and with that she reached into her bosom and brought out a battered square of brass, watching my eye anxiously the while. I fell over

against her in a quite well-acted faint, which delighted her heart and nearly frightened it out of her, too, at the same time. When I came to and got calm, she was eager to know what I thought of her jewel.

"What do I think of it? I think it is the most exquisite thing I ever saw."

Do you really? how nice of you to say that. But it *is* a love, now isn't it?

"Well, I should say so!



"A STRANGER CAME BY, ONE DAY."



I'd rather own it than the equator."

I thought you would admire it, she said. I think it is *so* lovely. And there isn't another one in all these latitudes. People have come all the way from the Open Polar Sea to look at it. Did you ever see one before?

I said no, this was the first one I had ever seen. It cost me a pang to tell that generous lie, for I had seen a million of them in my time, this humble jewel of hers being nothing but a battered old N. Y. Central baggage-check.

"Land!" said I, "you don't go about with it on your person this way, alone and no protection, not even a dog?"

Ssh! not so loud, she said. Nobody knows I carry it with me. They think it is in papa's treasury. That is where it generally is.

"Where is the treasury?"

It was a blunt question, and for a moment she looked startled and a little suspicious, but I said—

"Oh, come, don't you be afraid about me. At home we have seventy millions of people, and although I say it myself that shouldn't, there is not one person

among them all but would trust me with untold fish-hooks."

This reassured her and she told me where the hooks were hidden in the house. Then she wandered from her course to brag a little about the size of the sheets of transparent ice that formed the windows of the mansion, and asked me if I had ever seen their like at home, and I came right out frankly and confessed that I hadn't, which pleased her more than she could find words to dress her gratification in. It was so easy to please her, and such a pleasure to do it that I went on and said—

"Ah, Lasca, you *are* a fortunate girl! —this beautiful house, this dainty jewel, that rich treasure, all this elegant snow, and sumptuous icebergs and limitless sterility, and public bears and walruses, and noble freedom and largeness, and everybody's admiring eyes upon you, and everybody's homage and respect at your command without the asking; young, rich, beautiful, sought, courted, envied, not a requirement unsatisfied, not a desire ungratified, nothing to wish for that you cannot have—it is immeasurable good fortune! I have seen myriads of girls, but none of whom these extraordinary things could be truthfully said but you alone. And you are worthy—worthy of it all, Lasca—I believe it in my heart."

It made her infinitely proud and happy to hear me say this, and she thanked me over and over again for that closing remark, and her voice and eyes showed that she was touched. Presently she said:

Still, it is not all sunshine—there is a cloudy side. The burden of wealth is a heavy one to bear. Sometimes I have doubted if it were not better to be poor—at least not inordinately rich. It pains me to see neighboring tribesmen stare as they pass by, and overhear them say reverently, one to another, "There—that is she—the millionaire's daughter!" And sometimes they say sorrowfully, "She is rolling in fish-hooks, and I—I have nothing." It breaks my heart. When I was



"HE SAID HE WOULD NOT WISH TO BE HAPPIER THAN HE WAS NOW."



a child and we were poor, we slept with the door open if we chose, but now—now we have to have a night-watchman. In those days my father was gentle and courteous to all; but now he is austere and haughty, and cannot abide familiarity. Once his family were his sole thought, but now he goes about thinking of his fish-hooks all the time. And his wealth makes everybody cringing and obsequious to him. Formerly nobody laughed at his jokes, they being always stale and far-fetched and poor, and destitute of the one element that can really justify a joke—the element of humor—but now everybody laughs and cackles at those dismal things, and if any fails to do it my father is deeply displeased, and shows it. Formerly his opinion was not sought upon any matter and was not valuable when he volunteered it; it has that infirmity yet, but, nevertheless, it is sought by all and applauded by all—and he helps do the applauding himself, having no true delicacy and a plentiful want of tact. He has lowered the tone of all our tribe. Once they were a frank and manly race, now they are measly hypocrites, and soddened with servility. In my heart of hearts I hate all the ways of millionaires! Our tribe was once plain simple folk, and content with the bone fish-hooks of their fathers; now they are eaten up with avarice and would sacrifice every sentiment of honor and honesty to possess themselves of the debasing iron fish-hooks of the foreigner. However, I must not dwell on these sad things. As I have said, it was my dream to be loved for myself alone.

At last, this dream seemed about to be fulfilled. A stranger came by, one day, who said his name was Kalula. I told him my name, and he said he loved me. My heart gave a great bound of gratitude and pleasure, for I had loved him at sight, and now I said so. He took me to his breast and said he would not wish to be happier than he was now. We went strolling together far over the ice-floes, telling all about each other, and planning, oh, the loveliest future! When we were tired at last we sat down and ate, for he had soap and candles and I had brought along some blubber. We were hungry and nothing was ever so good.

He belonged to a tribe whose haunts



"WE WENT STROLLING TOGETHER FAR OVER THE ICE-FLOES."

were far to the north, and I found that he had never heard of my father, which rejoiced me exceedingly. I mean he had heard of the millionaire, but had never heard his name—so, you see, he could not know that I was the heiress. You may be sure that I did not tell him. I was loved for myself at last, and was satisfied. I was so happy—oh, happier than you can think!

By and by it was toward supper time, and I led him home. As we approached our house he was amazed, and cried out—

"How splendid! Is *that* your father's?"

It gave me a pang to hear that tone and see that admiring light in his eye, but the feeling quickly passed away, for I loved him so, and he looked so handsome and noble. All my family of aunts and uncles and cousins were pleased with him, and many guests were called in, and the house was shut up tight and the rag lamps lighted, and when everything was hot and comfortable and suffocating, we began a joyous feast in celebration of my betrothal.

When the feast was over, my father's vanity overcame him, and he could not

resist the temptation to show off his riches and let Kalula see what grand good-fortune he had stumbled into—and mainly, of course he wanted to enjoy the poor man's amazement. I could have cried—but it would have done no good to try to dissuade my father, so I said nothing, but merely sat there and suffered.

My father went straight to the hiding-place, in full sight of everybody, and got out the fish-hooks and brought them and flung them scatteringly over my head, so that they fell in glittering confusion on the platform right at my lover's knee.

Of course, the astounding spectacle took the poor lad's breath away. He could only stare in stupid astonishment, and wonder how a single individual could possess such incredible riches. Then presently he glanced brilliantly up and exclaimed:

"Ah, it is *you* who are the renowned millionaire!"

My father and all the rest burst into shouts of happy laughter, and when my father gathered the treasure carelessly up as if it might be mere rubbish and of no consequence and carried it back to its place, poor Kalula's surprise was a study. He said:

"Is it possible that you put such things away without counting them?"

My father delivered a vain-glorious horse-laugh, and said:

"Well, truly, a body may know *you* have never been rich, since a mere matter of a fish-hook or two is such a mighty matter in your eyes."

Kalula was confused, and hung his head, but said:

"Ah, indeed sir, I was never worth the value of the barb of one of those precious things, and I have never seen any man before who was so rich in them as to render the counting of his hoard worth while, since the wealthiest man I have ever known, till now, was possessed of but three."

My foolish father roared again with jejune delight, and allowed the impression to remain that he was not accustomed to count his hooks and keep sharp watch over them. He was showing off, you see. Count them? Why, he counted them every day!

I had met and got acquainted with my darling just at dawn; I had brought him

home just at dark, three hours afterward—for the days were shortening toward the six-months' night at that time. We kept up the festivities many hours; then, at last, the guests departed and the rest of us distributed ourselves along the walls on sleeping benches, and soon all were steeped in dreams but me. I was too happy, too excited, to sleep. After I had lain quiet a long, long time, a dim form passed by me and was swallowed up in the gloom that pervaded the further end of the house. I could not make out who it was, or whether it was man or woman. Presently that figure or another one passed me going the other way. I wondered what it all meant, but wondering did no good; and while I was still wondering I fell asleep.

I do not know how long I slept, but at last I came suddenly broad awake and heard my father say in a terrible voice, "By the great Snow God there's a fish-hook gone!" Something told me that that meant sorrow for me, and the blood in my veins turned cold. The presentiment was confirmed in the same instant: my father shouted, "Up, everybody, and seize the stranger!" Then there was an outburst of cries and curses from all sides, and a wild rush of dim forms through the obscurity. I flew to my beloved's help, but what could I do but wait and wring my hands?—he was already fenced away from me by a living wall, he was being bound hand and foot. Not until he was secured would they let me get to him. I flung myself upon his poor insulted form and cried my grief out upon his breast while my father and all my family scoffed at me and heaped threats and shameful epithets upon him. He bore his ill usage with a tranquil dignity which endeared him to me more than ever and made me proud and happy to suffer with him and for him. I heard my father order that the elders of the tribe be called together to try my Kalula for his life.

"What!" I said, "before any search has been made for the lost hook?"

"Lost hook!" they all shouted, in derision; and my father added, mockingly, "Stand back, every body, and be properly serious—she is going to hunt up that *lost* hook; oh, without doubt she will find it!"—whereat they all laughed again.

I was not disturbed  
—I had no fears, no  
doubts. I said:

"It is for you to  
laugh now; it is your  
turn! But ours is  
coming; wait and  
see."

I got a rag-lamp.  
I thought I should  
find that miserable  
thing in one little  
moment; and I set  
about the matter with  
such confidence that  
those people grew  
grave, beginning to  
suspect that perhaps  
they had been too  
hasty. But alas and  
alas!—oh, the bitterness of that search!  
There was deep silence while one might  
count his fingers ten or twelve times, then  
my heart began to sink, and around me  
the mockings began again, and grew  
steadily louder and more assured, until at  
last, when I gave up, they burst into vol-  
ley after volley of cruel laughter.

None will ever know what I suffered  
then. But my love was my support and  
my strength, and I took my rightful place  
at my Kalula's side, and put my arm  
about his neck, and whispered in his ear,  
saying:

"You are innocent, my own,—that I  
know; but say it to me yourself, for my  
comfort, then I can bear whatever is in  
store for us."

He answered:

"As surely as I stand upon the brink of  
death at this moment, I am innocent. Be  
comforted, then, O bruised heart; be at  
peace, O thou breath of my nostrils, life  
of my life!"

"Now, then, let the elders come!"—  
and as I said the words, there was a gather-  
ing sound of crunching snow outside  
and then a vision of stooping forms filing  
in at the door—the elders.

My father formally accused the pris-  
oner, and detailed the happenings of the  
night. He said that the watchman was  
outside the door, and that in the house  
were none but the family and the stranger.  
"Would the family steal their own prop-  
erty?" He paused. The elders sat silent  
many minutes; at last, one after another



"THERE'S A FISH-HOOK GONE!"

said to his neighbor, "This looks bad for  
the stranger!"—sorrowful words for me  
to hear. Then my father sat down. O  
miserable, miserable me! at that very  
moment I could have proved my darling  
innocent, but I did not know it!

The chief of the court asked:

"Is there any here to defend the pris-  
oner?"

I rose, and said:

"Why should *he* steal that hook, or any  
or all of them? In another day he would  
have been heir to the whole!"

I stood waiting. There was a long  
silence, the steam from the many breaths  
rising about me like a fog. At last, one  
elder after another nodded his head slowly  
several times, and muttered, "There is  
force in what the child has said." Oh,  
the heart-lift that was in those words!—  
so transient, but, oh, so precious! I sat  
down.

"If any would say further, let him  
speak now, or after hold his peace," said  
the chief of the court.

My father rose and said:

"In the night a form passed by me  
in the gloom, going toward the treasury,  
and presently returned. I think, now, it  
was the stranger."

Oh, I was like to swoon! I had sup-  
posed that that was my secret; not the  
grip of the great Ice God himself could  
have dragged it out of my heart. The  
chief of the court said sternly to my poor  
Kalula:

"Speak!"

Kalula hesitated, then answered :

"It was I. I could not sleep for thinking of the beautiful hooks. I went there, and kissed them and fondled them, to appease my spirit and drown it in a harmless joy, then I put them back. I may have dropped one, but I stole none."

Oh, a fatal admission to make in such a place! There was an awful hush. I knew he had pronounced his own doom, and that all was over. On every face you could see the words hieroglyphed: "It is a confession!—and paltry, lame and thin."

I sat drawing in my breath in faint gasps—and waiting. Presently, I heard the solemn words I knew were coming; and each word, as it came, was a knife in my heart:

"It is the command of the court that the accused be subjected to the *trial by water*."

Oh, curses be upon the head of him who brought "trial by water" to our land! It came, generations ago, from some far country that lies none knows where. Before that, our fathers used augury and other unsure methods of trial, and doubtless some poor, guilty creatures escaped with their lives sometimes; but it is not so with trial by water, which is an invention by wiser men than we poor, ignorant savages are. By it the innocent are

proved innocent, without doubt or question, for they drown; and the guilty are proven guilty with the same certainty, for they do not drown. My heart was breaking in my bosom, for I said, "He is innocent, and he will go down under the waves and I shall never see him more."

I never left his side after that. I mourned in his arms all the precious hours, and he poured out the deep stream of his love upon me, and oh, I was so miserable and so happy! At last, they tore him from me, and I followed sobbing after them, and saw them fling him into the sea—then I covered my face with my hands. Agony? Oh, I know the deepest deeps of that word!

The next moment the people burst into a shout of malicious joy, and I took away my hands, startled. Oh, bitter sight—he was *swimming*! My heart turned instantly to stone, to ice. I said, "He was guilty, and he lied to me!" I turned my back in scorn and went my way homeward.

They took him far out to sea and set him on an iceberg that was drifting southward in the great waters. Then my family came home, and my father said to me:

"Your thief sent his dying message to you, saying, 'Tell her I am innocent, and that all the days and all the hours and all the minutes while I starve and perish I shall love her and think of her and bless the day that gave me sight of her sweet face.' Quite pretty, even poetical!"

I said, "He is dirt—let me never hear mention of him again." And oh, to think—he was innocent all the time!

Nine months—nine dull, sad months—went by, and at last came the day of the Great Annual Sacrifice, when all the maidens of the tribe wash their faces and comb their hair. With the first sweep of my comb, out came the fatal fish-hook from where it had been all those months nestling, and I fell fainting into the arms of my remorseful father! Groaning, he said, "We murdered him, and I shall never smile again!" He has kept his word. Listen: from that day to this not a month goes by that I do not comb my hair. But O, where is the good of it all now!

So ended the poor maid's humble little



"THEY TOOK HIM FAR OUT TO SEA AND SET HIM ON AN ICEBERG."

tale—whereby we learn that since a hundred million dollars in New York and twenty-two fish-hooks on the border of the Arctic Circle represent the same financial supremacy, a man in straightened circumstances is a fool to stay in New York when he can buy ten cents' worth of fish-hooks and emigrate.



## THE LEAF.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

A MERE leaf, I, 'mid manifold mere leaves:  
 Worth naught, unless to serve Spring at the start,  
 When she has need of greenness, and receives  
 The littlest blade with hospitable heart.  
 Since even slight things win a welcome where  
 The rule is no-thing and the world is bare.

Mayhap it should content me that I wrought  
 My tiny miracle of wonderment  
 Thro' lack of wonders—since I have not caught  
 The trick of beauty nor the knack of scent.  
 Perchance it should suffice me that, in brief,  
 'Mid manifold mere leaves I am a leaf.

And so would it, had not (in that dear hour  
 When God was planning roses, and had dream  
 Of framing pure perfection in a flower  
 To pierce men's hearts with rapture, it would seem)  
 Some mystic hint of the supremely fair  
 Found me, naught but a lowly leafling there.

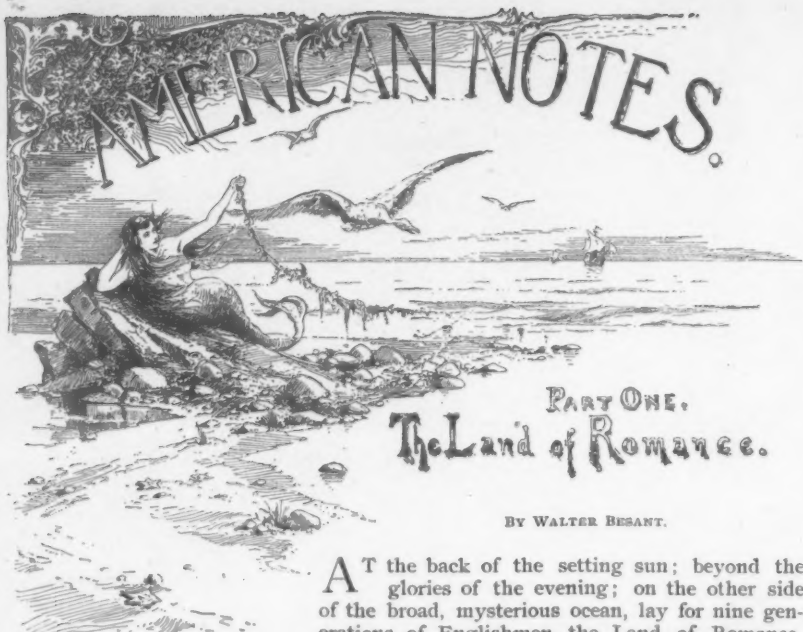
So I have dreams of beauty that are pain,  
 And still must dream them on, or else must die—  
 I would do more than tremble to the rain,  
 Or flutter to the breeze that brushes by.  
 I am aware of joys, which is the chief—  
 Yet to what good, since I am but a leaf?

The rose and I were born of one stanch root;  
 We twain upon one stem live, day by day:  
 She, of her royal rose-rights in pursuit,  
 I, for what meager ministries I may.

\* \* \*

O Nature, if renascent, I were fain  
 Thou make me dreamless—or no leaf again!





PART ONE.  
The Land of Romance.

BY WALTER BESANT.

AT the back of the setting sun; beyond the glories of the evening; on the other side of the broad, mysterious ocean, lay for nine generations of Englishmen the Land of Romance. It began—for the English youth—to be the Land of Romance from the very day when John Cabot discovered it for the Bristol merchants; it continued to be their Land of Romance while every sailor-captain discovered new rivers, new gulfs, and new islands, and went in search of new north-west passages; while the rovers, freebooters, privateers and buccaneers, put out in their crazy, ill-found craft, to rob and slay the Spaniard; while the mystery of the unknown still lay upon it; long after the mystery had mostly gone out of it, save for the mystery of the Aztec; it remained the Land of Romance when New England was fully settled and Virginia already an old colony; it was the English Land of Romance while King George's redcoats fought side by side with the colonials, to drive the French out of the continent for ever.

We have had India, as well. Surely, in the splendid story of the long struggle with France for the Empire of the East; in the achievements of our soldiers, in the names of Clive, Laurence, Havelock; in the setting of the piece, so to speak, in its people, its wisdom, its faith, its cities, its triumphs, its costumes, its gold and silver and precious stones and costly stuffs—there is material wherewith to



create a romance of its own, sufficient to fire the blood and stir the pulse and light the eye. Or, we have had Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope; coral isles, strongholds, fortresses, islands here, and great slices and cantles of continent there. We have had all these possessions; but round none of these places has there grown up the romance which clung to the shores of America, from the mouth of the Orinoco round the Spanish Main, and from Florida to Labrador. This romance formerly belonged to the whole of our people. In their imaginations—in their dreams—they turned to America. There came a time when this romance was



destroyed violently and suddenly, and, apparently, for ever. In another shape it has grown up again, for some of us; it is taking fresh root in some hearts, and putting forth new branches with new blossoms, to bear new fruit. America may become, once more, the Land of Romance to the Englishman. I say with intent, the Englishman. For, if you consider, it was the Englishman, not the Scot or the Irishman, who discovered America by means of John Cabot and his Bristol merchants—not to speak of Leif, the son of Eric, or of Madoc, the Welshman. It was the Englishman, not

the Scot or the Irishman, who fought the Spaniard; who sent planters to Barbadoes; who settled colonists and convicts in Virginia; from England, not from Ireland or Scotland, went forth the Pilgrims and the Puritans. While the Scottish gentlemen were still taking service in foreign courts—as, for example, the Admirable Crichton with the Duke of Mantua—the young Englishman was sailing with Cavendish or Drake; he

was fighting and meeting death under desperadoes, such as Oxenham; he was even, later on, serving with L'Olonnois, Kidd, or Henry Morgan. All the history of North America before the War of Independence is English history. Scotland and Ireland hardly came into it until the eighteenth century; till then their only share in American history was the deportation of rebels to the plantations. The country was discovered by England, colonized by England; it was always regarded by England as specially her own child; the sole attempt made by Scotland at colonization was a failure; and to this day it is England that the descendants of the older American families regard as the cradle of their name and race.

As for the men who created this romance, they belong to a time when the world had renewed her youth, put the old things behind, and begun afresh, with new lands to conquer, a new faith to hold, new learning, new ideas, and new literature. Those who sit down to consider the

Elizabethan age presently fall to lamenting that they were born three hundred years too late to share those glories. Their hearts, especially if they are young, beat the faster only to think of Drake. They long to climb that tree in the Cordilleras and to look down, as Drake and Oxenham looked down, upon the old ocean in the East and the new ocean in the West; they would like to go on pilgrimage to Nombre de Dios—Brothers, what a Gest was that!—and to Cartagena, where Drake took the great Spanish ship out of the very harbor, under the very nose of the Spaniard; they would like to have been on board the "Golden Hind," when Drake captured that nobly laden vessel, "Our Lady of the Conception," and used her cargo of silver for ballasting his own ship. Drake—the "Dragon"—is the typical English hero; he is Galahad in the Court of the Lady Gloriana; he is one of the long series of noble knights and valiant soldiers, their lives enriched and aglow with splendid achievements, who illumine the page of English history, from King Alfred to Charles Gordon.

The first and greatest of the Elizabethan knights is Drake; but there were others of nearly equal note. What of Raleigh, who actually founded the United States by sending the first colonists to Virginia—the country where the grapes grew wild? What of Martin Frobisher and Humphrey Gilbert? What of Caven-



dish? What of Captain Amidas? What of Davis and half a score more? The exploits and victories and discoveries—in many cases, the disasters and death—of these sea-dogs filled the country from end to end with pride, and every young, generous heart with envy. They, too, would sail Westward, Ho! to fight the Spaniard—three score of Englishmen against a thousand Dons

—and sail home again, heavy laden with the silver ingots of Peru, taken at Palengue or Nombre de Dios. Kingsley has written a book about these adventurers. A very good book it is; but his pictures are marred with the touch of the ecclesiastic—we need not suppose that the young men sat always, Bible in hand, talked like seminarists, or thought like curates. The rovers who sailed with Drake and Raleigh had their religion, like their rations, served out to them. Sailors always do. Drake, the captain, might and did, consult the Bible for encouragement and hope. Even he, however, reserved the right of using profane oaths; that right survived the older form of faith. In a word, the Elizabethan sailor—although a Protestant—was, in all respects, like his predecessor, save that on this new battle-field he was filled with a larger confidence and an audacity almost incredible to read of—almost impossible to think upon.

This was the first phase of the romance which grew up along the shores of America. So far it belongs to the Spanish Main and to the Isthmus of Panama. The romance remained when the

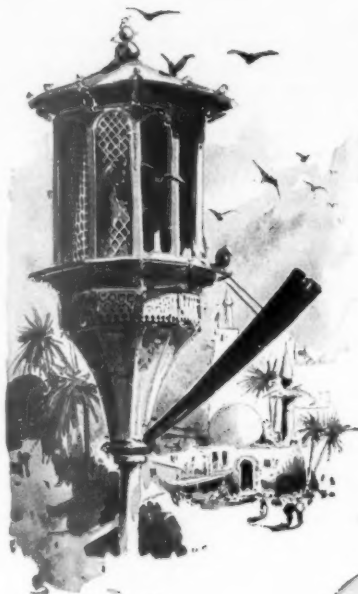


Elizabethans passed away—they were followed by the buccaneers, privateers, marooners and pirates—a degenerate company, but not without their picturesque side. Pierre le Grand,

François l'Olonnois, Henry Morgan, are captains only one degree more piratical than Drake and Raleigh. Edward Teach, Kidd, Avery, Bartholomew Roberts were pirates only because they plundered ships English and French as well as Spanish; that they were roaring, reckless, deboshed villains as well, detracted little from the renown with which their names and exploits were

surrounded; and that they were mostly hanged in the end was an accident common to such a life; the men under Drake were also sometimes hanged, though they were mostly killed by sword, bullet or fever. The romance remained. The lad who would have enlisted under Drake found no difficulty in joining Morgan, and, if the occasion offered, he was ready to join the bold Captain Kidd with alacrity.

The seventeenth century furnished another kind of romance. It was the century of settlement. In the year 1606, after Sir Walter Raleigh had led the way, the Virginia Company sent out the "Susan Constant" with two smaller ships, containing a handful of colonists. They settled on the James river. Among them was John Smith, an adventurer and free lance quite of the Elizabethan strain. In him John Oxenham lived again. We all know the story of Captain John Smith. He began his career by killing Turks; he continued it by exploring the creeks and rivers of Virginia, with endless adventures. Sometimes he was a prisoner of the Indians. Once, if his own account is true, he was rescued from imminent death by the intervention of Pocahontas, the princess—or the Lady Rebecca. He explored Chesapeake bay and he gave the name of New England to the country north of Cape Cod. Such histories, of which this is only one, kept alive in England the adventurous spirit and the romance of the West. The dream of finding gold had vanished; what belonged to the present were the things done and suffered in His Majesty's plantations with all that they suggested. It is most certain that in every age there are thousands who



continually yearn for the "way of war" and the life of battle. Mostly, they fail in their ambitions because in these times the nations fear war. In theseventeenth century there was always good fighting to be got somewhere in Europe; if everything else failed there were the American Colonies and the Indians—plenty of fighting always among the Indians.

Besides the romance of war there was the romance of religious freedom. Everybody in America knows the story of the "Mayflower" and her Pilgrims in 1620, and the coming of the Puritans in 1630 under John Winthrop and the Massachusetts Company. I suppose also, that all Americans know of the "Ark" and the "Dove," and of Lord Baltimore's Catholic, but tolerant, colony of Maryland. They know as well the very odd story of Caroline and its "Lords Proprietors" and the aristocratic form of government attempted there; of the Quakers in Pennsylvania;

and the Temperance Colony of Georgia. One may recall as well the influx of Germans by thousands in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the first immigration of Irish Presbyterians, the flower of the Irish nation, driven abroad by the stupidity and fanaticism of their own government, which wanted to make them conform to the Irish Episcopal church. In the whole history of Irish misgovernment there is nothing more stupid than this persecution of Irish Presbyterians. But, indeed, we may not blame our forefathers for this stupidity. Persecution of this kind belonged to the times. It seems to us inconceivably stupid that men should be exiled because they would not acknowledge the authority of a bishop, but, out of Maryland, there was nowhere any real religious toleration; the dream of every sect was to trample down and to destroy all other sects. Our people in Ireland were no worse than the people of Salem and Boston. Religious toleration was not yet understood. Therefore, it was only playing the game according to the laws of the game

when the United Kingdom threw away tens of thousands—the strongest, the most able, the most industrious, the most loyal, of her Irish subjects, because they would





too strong to be turned out.

All these things are perfectly well known to the American reader. But is it also well known to the American reader—has he ever asked himself—how these things affected and impressed the mind of England?

In this way. The Land of Romance was no longer the fable land where a dozen Protestant soldiers, headed by the invincible Dragon, could drive out a whole garrison of Catholic Spaniards and sack a town. It had ceased to be another Ophir and a richer Golconda; but it was the Land of Religious Freedom. The Church of England and Ireland, by law established, had no power across the ocean. America, to the Nonconformist of the seventeenth century, was a haven and a refuge ever open in case of need. The history of Nonconformity shows the vital necessity of such a refuge. The very existence of free America gave to the English Nonconformist strength and courage. Such a persecution as that of the Irish Presbyterians became impossible when it had been once demonstrated that, should the worst happen, the persecuted religionists would escape by voluntary exile.

That the spirit of persecution long survived is proved by the lingering among us down to our own days of the religious disabilities. Within the memory of living men, no one outside the Church of England could be educated at a public school; could take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge; could hold a scholarship or a fellowship at any college; could become a professor at either university; could sit in the House of Commons; could be appointed to any municipal office; could hold a commission in the army or navy. These restrictions practically—though with some exceptions—reduced Nonconformity in England to the lower middle class, the small traders. Their ministers, who had formerly been scholars and theologians, fell into ignorance; their

not change one sect for another; and retained the Roman Catholics, hereditary rebels, who were numerically

creeds became narrower; they had no social influence; but for the example of their brethren across the ocean they would have melted away and been lost like the Non-Jurors who expired fifty years ago in the last surviving member; or, like a hundred sects which have arisen, made a show of flourishing for a while, and then perished. They were sustained, first, by the memory of a victorious past; next, by the tradition of religious liberty; and, thirdly, by the report of a country—a flourishing country—where there were no religious disabilities, no social inferiority on account of faith and creed. Not reports only: there was a continual passing to and fro between Bristol and Boston during three-fourths of the eighteenth century. The colonies were visited by traders, soldiers and sailors. John Dunton in the year 1710 thought nothing of a voyage to Boston with a consignment of books for sale. Ned Ward, another bookseller, made the same journey with the same object. There exists a whole library of Quaker biographies showing how these restless apostles travelled backwards and forwards, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, and journeying up and down the country, to preach their gospel. And the life of John Wesley also proves that the Colonies were regarded as easily accessible. I have seen a correspondence between a family in London and their cousins in Philadelphia, in the reign of Queen Anne, which brings out very clearly the fact that they thought nothing of the voyage, and fearlessly crossed the ocean on business or pleasure. The connection between the Colonies and England was much closer than we are apt to imagine. The Colonies were much better known by us than we are given to believe; they were regarded by the ecclesiastical mind as the home of schismatic



rebellion; but by the layman as the land where thought was free.

That was one side—perhaps the most important side. But the halo of adventure still lay glowing in the western land. No colony but had its history of massacre, treachery, and war to the knife with the red Indian. Long before the time of Fenimore Cooper the English lad could read stories of dreadful tortures, of heroic daring, of patience and endurance, of revenges fierce, of daily and hourly peril.

The blood of the Dragon ran yet in English veins. America was still to the heirs and successors of that Great Heart the Land of Romance and the Land of Gallant Fights.

And such stories! That of Captain John Smith laying his head upon the block that it might be smashed by the In-

dians' clubs, and of his rescue by the Indian girl, afterwards the "Princess Rebecca;" the massacre of three hundred and fifty men, women and children of the infant colony of Virginia; a hundred stories of massacre. Or, that story of the mother's revenge, told, I believe, by Thoreau. Her name was Hannah Dunstan. Her house was attacked by Indians; her husband and her elder children fled for their lives; she, with an infant of a fortnight, and her nurse, were left behind. The Indians dashed out the brains of the baby and forced the two women to march with them through the forest to their camp. Here they found an English boy also, a prisoner. Hannah Dunstan made the boy find out from one of the Indians the quickest way to strike with the tomahawk so as to kill and to secure the scalp. The Indian told the boy. Now there were in the camp two men, three women and seven children. In the dead of night Hannah got up, awakened her nurse and the boy, secured the tomahawks, and in the way the unsuspecting Indian had taught the boy, she tomahawked every one—man, woman and child—except a boy who fled into the

woods—and took their scalps. Then she scuttled all the canoes but one, and taking the scalps with her as proof of her revenge, she put the nurse and the boy into the canoe and paddled down the river. She escaped all roving bands and won her way home again to find her husband and sons safe and well, and to show the scalps—the blood payment for her murdered child. Such were the stories told and retold in every colonial township, round every fire; such were the stories brought home by the sailors and the merchants; they were published in books of travel. Think you that our English blood had grown so sluggish that it could not be fired by such tales? Think you that the romance of the Colonies was one whit less enthralling than the romance of the Spanish Main?

I say nothing of the wars in which the British troops and the Colonial, side by side, at last succeed in driving the French out of the country. They belong to the history of the eighteenth century and to the expansion of the English-speaking race. But for them, North America would now be half French and a quarter Spanish. These, however, were regular wars, with no more romance about them than belongs to war wherever it is conducted according to the war-game of the day. The manœuvres of generals and the deploying of men in masses inspire none but students, just as a fine game of chess can only be judged by one who knows the game. Louisburg, Quebec, "Queen Anne's War," "King George's War,"—Wolfe and Montcalm—these things and these men produced little effect upon the popular view of America. In the colonies themselves, murmurings

and complaints began to make themselves heard; as they became stronger, the discontent increased; but they did not reach the ear of the average Englishman, who still looked across the ocean and still saw the country bathed





in all the glories of the west.

Then—violently—suddenly—all this romance which had grown up around and after so much fighting, so many achievements, was broken off and destroyed. It perished with the War of Independence; it was no longer possible when the Colonies had become not only a foreign country, but a country bitterly hostile. The romance of America was dead.

After the war was over, with such humiliation and shame as the nation—the better part of which had been against the war from the outset—the country turned for consolation to the East. But, as has been said above, neither India, nor Australia, nor New Zealand, has ever taken such a place in the affections of our country as that continent which was planted by our own sons, for whose safety and freedom from foreign enemies we cheerfully spent treasure incalculable and lives uncounted.

Then came the long twenty-three years' war in which Great Britain, for the most part single-handed, fought for the freedom of Europe against the most colossal tyranny ever devised by victorious captain. No nation in the history of the world ever carried on such a war, so stubborn, so desperate, so vital. Had Great Britain failed, what would now be the position of the world? The victories, the defeats, the successes, the disasters, which marked that long struggle, at least made our people forget their humiliation in America. The final triumph gave us back, as it was certain to do, more than our former pride, more than our old self-reliance. America was forgotten, the old love for America was gone; how could we

remember our former affections when, at the very time when our need was the sorest, when every ship, every soldier, every sailor that we could find, was wanted to break down the power of the man who had subjugated



the whole of Europe, except Russia and Great Britain, the United States—the very Land of Liberty—did her best to cripple the Armies of Liberty by proclaiming war against us? And now, indeed, there was nothing left at all of the old romance. It was quite, quite dead. In the

popular imagination all was forgotten, except that on the other side of the Atlantic lived an implacable enemy, whose rancor—it then seemed to our people—was even greater than their boasted love of liberty.

I take it that the very worst time in the history of the relations of the United States with this country was the first half of this century. There was very little intercourse between the countries; there were very few travellers; there was ignorance on both sides, with misunderstandings, wilful misrepresentations and deliberate exaggerations. Remember how Nathaniel Hawthorne speaks about the English people among whom he lived; read how Thoreau speaks of us when he visits Quebec. Is that time past? Hardly. Among the better class of Americans one seldom finds any trace of hatred to Great Britain. I think that, with the exception of Mr. W. D. Howells, I have never found any American gentleman who would manifest such a passion. But, as regards the lower class of Americans, it is reported that there still survives a meaningless, smouldering hostility. The going and the coming, to and fro, are increasing and multiplying; arbitration seems to be established as the best way of terminating international disputes; if the tone of the press is not always gracious, it is not often openly hostile; we may, perhaps, begin to hope, at last, that the future of the world will be secured for freedom by the confederation of all the English-speaking nations.

The old romance is dead. Yet—yet—as Kingsley cried, when he landed on a West Indian island: "At last!" So I, also, when I found myself in New England, was ready to cry: "At last!" The old romance is not everywhere dead, since there can be found one Englishman who, when he stands for the first time on New England soil, feels that one more desire of his







life has been satisfied. To see the East; to see India and far Cathay; to see the tropics and to live for a while in a tropical island; to be carried along the Grand Canal of Venice in a gondola; to see the gardens of Boccaccio and the cell of Savonarola; to camp and hunt in the backwoods of Canada, and to walk the streets of New York: all these things have I longed, from youth upwards, to see and to do—yea, as ardently as ever Drake desired to set an English sail upon the great and unknown sea; and all these things, and many more, have been granted to me. One great thing—perhaps more than one thing, one unsatisfied desire—remained undone. I would set foot on the shore of New England. It is a sacred land, consecrated to me long years ago, for the sake of the things which I used to read—for the sake of the long-yearning thoughts of childhood and the dim and mystic splendors which played about the land beyond the sunset, in the days of my sunrise.

"At last!"

Wherever a boy finds a quiet place for reading—an attic lumbered with rubbish, a bedroom cold and empty, even a corner on the stairs—he makes of that place a theater, in which he is the sole audience. Before his eyes—to him alone—the drama is played, with scenery complete and costume correct, by such actors as never yet played upon any other stage, so natural, so lifelike—nay, so godlike, and for that very reason, so lifelike.

This boy sat where he could—in a crowded household it is not always possible to get a quiet corner; wherever he sat, this stage rose up before him and the play went on. He saw upon that stage all these things of which I have spoken, and more. He saw the fight at Nombre de Dios, the capture of the rich galleon, the sacking of Maracaibo. I do not know whether other boys of that time were reading the American authors with

such avidity, or whether it was by some chance that these books were thrown in his way. Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper,

Prescott, Emerson (in parts), Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe,





Lowell, Holmes, not to mention Thoreau, Herman Melville, Dana, certain religious novelists and many others whose names I do not recall, formed a tolerably large field of American reading for an English boy—without prejudice, be it understood, to the writers of his own country. To him the country of the American writers became almost as well known as

his own. One thing alone he could not read. When he came to the War of Independence, he closed the book and ordered his theater to vanish. And, to this day, the events of that war are only partly known to him. No boy who is jealous for his country will read, except upon compulsion, the story of a war which was begun in stupidity, carried on with incompetence, and concluded with humiliation.

The attack on Panama, the beginning of the Colonies, the exiles for religion, the long struggle with the French, the driving back of the Indians: it was a very fine drama—the Romance of America—in ever so many acts; and twice as many tableaux, that this boy saw. And always on the stage, now like Drake, now like Raleigh, now like Miles Standish, now like Captain John Smith, he saw a young Englishman, performing prodigies of valor and bearing a charmed life. Yet, do not think that it was a play with nothing but fighting in it. There were the Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam, under Walter the Doubter, or the renowned Peter Stuyvesant; there was Rip Van Winkle on the Catskill Mountains; there were the king-killers, hiding in the rocks beside Newhaven; there were the witch trials of Salem; there was the peaceful

village of Concord, from which came voices that echoed round and round the world; there was the Lake, lying still and silent, ringed by its woods, where the solitary student of Nature loved to sit and watch and meditate. Hundreds of things, too many to mention, were acted on that boy's imaginary stage and lived in his brain as much as if he had himself played a part in them.

As that boy grew up, the memory of this long pageant survived; there fell upon him the desire to see some of the places; such a desire, if it is not gratified, dies away into a feeble spark—but it can always be blown again into a flame. This year the chance came to the boy, now a graybeard, to see these places; and the spark flared up again into a bright, consuming flame.

I have seen my Land of Romance; I have travelled for a few weeks among the New England places, and, with a sigh of satisfaction and relief, I say with Kingsley: "At Last!"

This romance, which belonged to my boyhood, and has grown up with me, and will never leave me, once belonged, then, more or less, to the whole of the English people. Except with those who, like me, have been fed with the poetry and the literature of America, this romance is impossible. I suppose that it can never come again. Something better and more stable, however, may yet

come to us, when the United States and Great Britain will be allied in amity as firm as that which now holds together those Federated States. The thing is too vast, it is too important, to be achieved in a day, or in a generation. But it will come—it will come; it must come—it must come; Asia and Europe may become Chinese or Cossack, but our people shall rule over every other land, and all the islands, and every sea.





## MEASURES OF LAWN.

BY MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR.

TEXTILE fabrics have been, in all ages, dear to the hearts of women. They delight in the soft plushes of their hangings, reverence mouldy bits of venerable tapestry or embroidery, and fairly exult in the snowy treasures of their linen-chests. Denied the possession of these things—by reason of poverty or remoteness from commercial centers—women have always, in all conditions of life, essayed their manufacture: cheerfully devoting the best years of their young lives to the spinning, weaving and embroidering of the fabrics which seem, in their eyes, essential to the comfort and elegance of life.

It is not solely, then, from vanity that women love dress. A passion for things woven is born in them. A woman cannot sit or stand near a curtain without touching it with caressing fingers. She likes to be photographed in this attitude. It is her innate love for the beautiful fabric it-

self, and not her pride in her own beautiful person, which makes her surround that person with exquisite specimens of weaving.

Well-dressed, according to her own standard, a woman is always more agreeable—apart from the pleasing impression she makes upon the eye. She is brighter, wittier, more sympathetic, and in her own inner consciousness, as declared by a sarcastic writer, experiences a sense of serene content which cannot be attained by the consolations of religion!

I am sure that she inherits all this from her first mother. I am persuaded that the costliest of all garments—albeit it was purchased by the surrender of health, happiness and life, watered with tears and fastened with thorns—was not worn without a certain pride and pleasure. Adverse circumstances have never quenched a woman's appreciation of ornament. History has not revealed the name of that

*The illustrations accompanying this article are from Racinet's Le Costume Historique.*

one descendant of Eve who, in the difficult age when her hapless sons and daughters lived in the boughs of trees to escape the great monsters of the earth, descended from the place of safety to press a wreath of fern-leaves into the soft clay of a newly moulded cup. But I think it must have been a woman! I am quite sure of it, in fact!

There were many broad, smooth leaves in the garden of Eden, from which Eve could have made those Early Eastern aprons of hers; but she chose the fig-leaf, deeply lobed and indented, deliciously gray-green in color and of velvety texture. Nobody has yet arisen who has dared to question her taste in her selection. On the contrary, the fig-leaf design upon the borders of garments has appeared, at intervals, from her day to the present time. At one time, I believe in the reign of Richard II., garments were universally cut at the edges to simulate fig-leaves; and the passion for this species of orna-

ment became so excessive that, in 1216, "slyttered robes" were forbidden by law. Moreover, the fig-leaf has become sacred and immortal. Fig-leaves sheltered the cave of Romulus and Remus, bound the brows of Bacchus, and still live in the myths and religious beliefs of the East.

Countless as have been the changes in the fashions of clothing, none of the earliest ideas and types have ever been lost. True, Eve's nineteenth century daughters prefer orchids and violets to fig-leaves, but they still clothe themselves in the skins of beasts, disdaining none, from the savage bear to the innocent lamb, gentle seal, and cousinly little monkey. One of the charming wraps in high favor at present is a short cape, "semi-circular, and hollowed out for the neck, cut full to hang in ample folds." I do not quote a description from a fashion journal, but from Sir John Lubbock, who tells of the first garment of which anybody knows, found in the tomb of a prehistoric citizen, who lived in the age of bronze. In the same tomb was a comfortable suit, which might have filled an order for part of a modern outfit for travelling—a woolen cap, or fez, and a good shawl with long fringe!

These are not, by any means, the only types of antiquity which have been considered worthy of preservation and reproduction. Ever since that distinct separation between the antique and the modern, which occurred, if we may trust M. Paul Lacroix, soon after the discovery of America, ancient fashions in dress have been strangely mingled with modern styles. Sometimes the types of two or three centuries meet in one costume. We



JEWISH COSTUME FROM ALGIERS.



MEDIAEVAL COSTUMES.



SWISS CANTONAL COSTUMES OF TODAY.

are all familiar with the anachronistic young lady who fearlessly walks abroad in a skirt clinging about her feet like a Tanagra figurine, a full *côte hardie*, surmounted by something approaching an Elizabethan ruff, the whole crowned by a plumed Gainsborough hat! Within the past twenty years we have seen the gold and silk embroideries, fur-lined garments, ribbons crossed on the instep, and curling-irons, of the eighth century; sleeves trailing to the ground, growing downward like the boughs of the banyan-tree, of the thirteenth century; hair enclosed in nets of cord, ribbon or gold thread, as worn in 1216; the hip girdles of gold and gems, lace butterflies and gauzes, of the early years of the thirteenth century; the high Medici collar of the time of Edward VI.; the clinging robe and *couvre-chef* of William the Conqueror; the "gunna," or gown, as worn by the Saxon ladies, with their cuffs and ribbons, fly ornaments, gold crosses and chains; the high, puffed sleeves, brocade petticoat and overgown, of 1553; the mutton-leg sleeve of Henry VI.; the "maunche" sleeve of heraldry; the gorget and wimple, present in the robes of the cloister; the peaked shoe and full hooded mantle of the Norman; the tight undersleeve, with mitten-like

cuff, of the fourteenth century; the hair knotted in antique fashion, bound with a fillet or ampyx, or crowned with a diadema!



STATUES SHOWING HOW THE TOGA WAS WORN.

All these, and more, the nineteenth century American beauty condescends to adopt. Among her later fancies may be found the gilt slippers and red stockings of Louis le Debonnair; the puffed sleeves of her Majesty's yeomen of the guard; the beef-eaters' hat of Henry VIII.; the ruffed throat of Mary, Queen of Scots; the great ostrich feather fans, with their richly ornamented sticks, and the high heels, petticoat and panier of "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth."

Some of these fashions endure but for a season, and disappear—to come again some day. Others seem to follow certain laws of nature: they bud and blossom, wilt away and are no more; others move in a comet-like orbit, reappearing at long intervals which may be foretold by the learned, dimly seen afar off, but sure to reach us in time. Of this class are the high-heeled shoes, puffed sleeves and hooped petticoats. Regularly, at intervals of forty to fifty years, the sleeve swells forth from the shoulder, as if to reach the listening ear and whisper, "The hoop is coming, my dear, and I am here to keep it in countenance."

As all things must have a beginning, somebody is responsible for the fashions of the world. As long as Britannia rules the waves, her stout-hearted mariners will be proud of their uniform—and not less proud, I fancy, because the Duchess of Bedford, in a riding-habit of blue faced with white, smiled upon King George II., meeting him in the park one day.

Man has an oyster-like instinct which leads him to gild over a blemish. Witness the gracefully pointed shoe invented



COSTUMES. XIVTH CENTURY.

by a Norman nobleman with deformed feet; the high collar devised to aid an unlovely throat; the wide strings of pearls,—all of the genus "dog-collar," assumed to conceal a tell-tale scar beneath the cheek.

"The enormous abomination of the hooped petticoat"—which, unless all signs fail, will surely return next winter—seems to follow the fortunes of the silk trade and gold embroidery. The struggle between the Low Countries and Spain caused many silk-weavers to seek an asylum in England. Soon after this we find the first mention of "women's gowns, worn very long and full, of very costly material, and enlarged by a mon-

strous arrangement of padded whalebone and steel." Queen Mary introduced the sleeve "raised to a great height upon the shoulder," and the "enormous fardingale" followed a few years later. By this time the English market was filled with costly gold-embroidered fabrics, and the two queens, Mary and Elizabeth, conspicuous for their passionate love of dress, introduced the two fashions best suited to distend and exhibit the gorgeous stuffs.

When the weavers returned to their own homes, and during the short period of the commonwealth, the expanded petticoat showed symptoms of collapse, but by and by velvet, silk and gold lace ruled the court, and Queen Catharine of Braganza, on the 30th of May, 1662, "astonished everybody by her monstrous fardingale or 'guard infanta'"—as it was christened in her honor. Women's gowns were lengthened as well as widened. Planché describes the dame of high fashion: "Her rounded arms rest upon her volupt-



uous petticoat," so widely was the latter distended, "and her rich and voluminous train of the same costly material is piled high behind her to form a back-ground." Ample garments of velvet and gold lace were worn by the men as well. "Eighteen yards of wrought velvet, gold-laid," was an order for a doctor's robe. This was all the result of the trouble in the Low Countries, which, nearly a hundred years before, had sent the silk-weavers to England!

The "abomination" held its own, with fitful favor, until the revocation of the edict of Nantes, when the skilled artisans in silk again sought refuge in England and America. The hooped petticoat, after this, and during all the time known as "the age of silk," became outrageous, beyond all precedent. It flaunted its offensive insolence well into the middle of the eighteenth century. In vain was it denounced from the sacred desk, satirized by the press, caricatured by Hogarth's matchless pencil. It lived its allotted time, collapsing at last at the touch of David's magic wand. Women of fashion affected soft muslins instead of glittering fabrics. But for David—or did the humble little spinner rest for a season?—our fair dames would have gone forth, tilting in enormous hoops, to meet the bugles of

our splendid nineteenth century. As it was, they greeted the new era clad in clinging gowns, moulded to cover, but not to conceal, the human form divine. Their hideous hoods and wimples and curled wigs were discarded, and the classic band stood upon the threshold of this wonderful century with bared heads bound by a Greek fillet, or lightly crowned with a Letitia Ramolini turban of diaphanous gauze—so friendly a fashion for old ladies. This, however, does not end the history of the hooped petticoat. From 1860 to 1865 the statistics of the silk trade exhibit an enormous manufacture and commerce in silk. The "crinoline," as it is now polite to term it, appeared at once and out of all reason. The great feather cushion of the puffed sleeve (*avant-courier* always, since Queen Mary's reign, of the distended petticoat) slipped down to a place just below the waist-line, and held its position there for no reason whatever, unless it was destined to convey morphine to the wounded soldiers of the South during the late Civil war between the states.

The belle of 1861-65 lived and moved and had her being in the center of a huge cage of steel, measuring at the base from three to six yards in circumference. Great



EUROPEAN COSTUMES. XVIII CENTURY.



FRENCH COSTUMES OF THE TIME OF HENRI III.

quantities of beautiful silken fabrics were imported from hitherto unrecognized quarters of the East: from Japan, and from Broussa (since destroyed by an earthquake), and from far-away China. Commerce made the hooped petticoat necessary, and the empress of the French, with her grace and charm, her gold bees and fleurs-de-lys, made it almost beautiful.

The hoop also travelled on kindly errands during the late Civil war—not for the transmission, by the blockade-runner, of jewels or laces, but to relieve the dire necessities of the soldiers. In the winter of 1863, a soldier's wife, in an army ambulance, was driving on one of those interminable lanes in eastern Virginia. Behind her came a jolting two-wheeled cart, drawn by a mule and driven by a small negro boy, who stood in front, with feet firmly planted upon the shafts. Within, and completely filling the vehicle, which was nothing more than a box on wheels, sat a dignified-looking woman. The dame of the ambulance at once became fascinated by a small basket of sweet potatoes, which the dame of the market-cart carried in her lap. With a view to acquiring these treasures, she essayed a tentative conversation upon the weather, the pros-

pects of a hard winter, and, finally, the present scarcity of provisions and consequent suffering of the soldiers. After a keen glance of scrutiny, the market-woman exclaimed: "Well, I am doing all I can for them! I hope you won't speak of it!" Lifting the edge of her hooped petticoat, she revealed a roll of army cloth, several pairs of cavalry boots, some cans of preserved meats, a roll of crimson flannel, packages of coffee, shoe strings and sewing silk. She was on her way, faithful soul, to the camp, and her frank avowal was inspired by the fear that she would be reported to the commanding officer, whose orders, forbidding blockade-running, were stern at that time. The promise not to "speak of it" was cheerfully given, and sacredly kept—until now.

In these closing years of the century, we find, as at the beginning, the hooped petticoat and empire gown striving together for the mastery. But there is no David, no Josephine or Hortense de Beauharnais, to lead us into the paths of wisdom, and the hoop will surely conquer. Republican America has never cared for the fashions of republican France. Our women of fashion adore royalty. We

copied the Empress Josephine, and borrowed the roses and blonde laces of the Duchesse de Berri, bowed ourselves in the dust before the charms of lovely Eugénie, but with the fall of the second empire made haste to cross the channel and give our allegiance to the Princess of Wales, who will perhaps decide our vexed question for us.

But if the crinoline germ should come, with other and more dreaded germs, and our streets be decorated, as of yore, with great wire cages, as if the nation projected an enormous capture of Indians or wild beasts, there will be also a revolution in manners and household furnishing. After overturning all her spider-legged tables and breaking her five-o'clock

No tyrant is so relentless as the tyrant of fashion, no laws are so despotic as those which govern our race in matters of costume. The most inconvenient and burdensome fashions in dress have prevailed at times when the spirit of the age, restless and independent, was inclined to challenge every theory of science or religion, or policy in politics—never hesitating to overthrow a kingdom, if deemed expedient for the welfare of the country. The great powdered periwigs of the seventeenth century, so costly—and hazardous, for they might convey germs of the plague—were uncomplainingly worn by the very men who proved themselves capable of cutting off the head of a king when the use he made of his head became



SPANISH COSTUMES—1820—BALEARIC ISLANDS.

teapot, the American beauty will push all impedimenta to the wall. Space! space! will be her cry. Her divan will be denuded of its three score pillows. Languishing manners, Delsartean poses, will be out of date. The waltz will disappear, and a statelier dance, at extreme fingertips, become the vogue. A new method of shaking hands will be introduced, or that friendly mode of salutation will be omitted altogether. The stately curtsy—ah! that will be difficult—will be practiced. "How in the world does she do it?" exclaimed a *débutante* at one of Miss Harriet Lane's receptions. "*She* never makes a cheese of herself."

inconvenient. Did their own brows ache beneath their burdens? If so, the sufferers made no sign. When the head-dress of women attained its culminating height of extravagance, the unhappy dame of society was often compelled to sit up all night, to preserve the structure in good shape for an early occasion on the morrow. Hannah Moore, conscientious in her respect for the value of time, regretted the hours spent by her maid in building up her hair on tower-like cushions, festooning the structure with chains, beads and scarfs of gauze, surmounting the whole with jewels and aigrettes of feathers. She discussed various remedies for

the evil—never once suggesting that the tower might fall, and thus solve the difficulty! She could, however, and did, soothe her wounded conscience by reading religious exercises aloud to her tire-woman.

Presently, the serious question confronted the community as to how these lofty dames were to be conveyed to and from their routs. No sedan chair was high enough. Well, then, the tops of all the chairs must come off and the rounded roof supplied. Nobody ever dreamed of the possibility of reducing the top-knot of the coiffure. It seems to have tumbled of its own accord, greatly to the joy of Addison, who makes note of his pleasure at finding a favorite lady to be really less than five feet high, when he had always supposed her to be seven and a half.

So we smile when we read that an Englishwoman has enrolled eight thousand names in "protest against the invasion of crinoline;" and that her majesty, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, "can express no opinion on the subject;" and that the Princess of Wales has, "at Sandringham, tried on a hooped petticoat and declined to wear it;" and that bills lie before two great executive bodies in America, "prohibiting the manufacture and sale of hooped petticoats." Men may legislate and women may protest, but the cunning little spinner has been spinning abundantly this spring and summer.

We find his shining threads mingling this season with our woollens, and even our cottons and linens. Velvets and silks are manufactured in every grade, and within the reach of all aspirants; and just as surely as our market is filled with silken fabrics, just so surely will the steel-wire be demanded.

No fashion has ever been known to succumb to persecution. When the sleeve trailed in the dust, and was tied in knots to raise it from the earth, the clergy caused pictures of the devil, thus attired, to be circulated. Never an inch did the sleeve abate! Everybody, in 1745, read the pamphlet against "the enormous abomination of the hooped petticoat, as the fashion now is;" but it "expanded, right and left, into monstrosity," its foundations being too firmly rooted to be shaken by the fluttering leaves of a pamphlet. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at one time, refused absolution to those who approached the altar in unshorn locks, and ordered razors and scissors to be produced at the close of sermons, to render the penitent fit for the sacraments of the church. The result was that his flock trailed out of church unshriven, refusing to give up their long curls, flowing sleeves and immense trains. True, the soul might be imperilled, but they



COSTUMES UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

took the chances. And yet a fashion will sometimes yield from very unworthy reasons. The rich and exclusive do not tolerate the adoption of a fashion by the common people. Its downfall is sure to follow. Charles II. invented "the long vest, to endure for all time," but the King of France borrowed it for his liveried servants, and when it ventured forth after having been completely out of vogue for a long time, nothing but a brief garment remained of the fashion that was to endure for all time.

When dress was prescribed by established usage, and not subject, as now, to frequent changes, it was, of course, not held as indicative of the character of the wearer, but only of his wealth or position. The man's apparel proclaimed his estate, but was not considered to be significant of the man himself. Old writers, therefore, make small mention of dress, except that changes of raiment were desirable possessions along with gold and silver—and useful as gifts to placate an enemy or reward a friend. The rending of a garment was the most vivid expression of despair. No record is made of trifles in attire, or peculiarities of taste. Nothing in old romances hangs upon the droop of a feather, or poise of a hat. Shakespeare develops his women with small aid from "measures of lawn, caps, gowns, petticoats and petty exhibitions." But writers of the nineteenth century fully realize the significance of dress, not so much in the early as later half of the century. Scott says so little of the attire of his high-wrought maidens that we examine the illustrations of his books to know how they were dressed. Thackeray and George Eliot, however, were fully alive to the significance of dress. Beatrix Esmond, tripping down the stair in scarlet stockings and white shoes, and poor little Hetty, decking herself in tawdry finery, in which "she pigcons up and down" in her chamber beneath the rafters, sound a key-note to larger and less innocent vanities. Rosamond betrays her intense selfishness by caressing her blonde tresses while her

agonized husband confesses his bankruptcy, looking so cool and crisp in her fresh attire that he calls her his basil plant—flourishing remarkably well on a murdered man's brains. Dorothea, the pure and grand type of woman, robes herself in a gown of white woollen, reminding one, with its odor of freshness, of country hedges, fragrant with the delicate perfume of eglantine. Romola meets the great moment of her life in a sumptuous robe of white silk, with a golden girdle. All these women are made to interpret themselves by their attire. Our own Mr. Howells, unworldly as he is, realizes the importance of dress. He knows why lovely Imogene looked almost plain one day: it was because of her thick cloth dress, unsuited to a sunny day in Italy, when the violets were in bloom. Also the reason for the subtle effect upon the Harvard students of Alice Pasmer's gown: it was the sash hanging straight down in front, with its classic suggestion. These women differ from the strategic woman who dresses as a means to attain some coveted end, deferring to the tastes of others instead of gratifying her own. Becky Sharpe borrows an antique gown of brocade to win her way into an aristocratic sphere above her own. Gwendolin accepts Grandcourt in a simple gown of black, lest her attire should reveal a triumph which might repel him.

I once heard America's greatest preacher declare that the love of dress could stifle every fine feeling in a woman's heart. The highest women of whom we read in history must have been much occupied and interested in directing the details of their garments, else they could never have worn the elaborate fashions that appear

in their portraits. Possibly, the burdensome robe may have been favorable to that mortification of the body which is held to promote the health of the soul! Certainly, luxury in dress has not diminished courage, fortitude and fidelity in women. The portrait of the Princess Lamballe reveals a face wreathed in smiles and crowned with roses; yet she could leave her safe retreat in England



FRANCE. 1640.





LADY AT HER TOILET, A.D. 1628.

ies and roses, and clad in the softest silken raiment; yet no eyes were serener than theirs, no step firmer on the march to the guillotine. Great spirits, it would seem, are little affected by material surroundings. Stone walls cannot make a prison for a noble soul, nor can the accident of luxurious living stifle or degrade it. Of course, a passion for dress which completely masters the mind must result in evil. Evils follow all inordinate affection. And yet, a passion for dress is by no means the worst passion that can possess the female heart. I have heard, from lips of wisdom, that any ruling passion, provided it be not degrading, is better than none at all; that apathy and loss of vitality and interest in daily life, are the things really to be dreaded. The worst that can befall a woman is indifference to the life around her and her own mission in it. She is a complex creature. She has a strange power of occupying herself in feminine trifles, even when she is placed in the most terrible positions. Possibly, the Queen of Scots did not quite so much mind the loss of her head, because she had a passion for embroidery and was daily expecting new flosses and filoselles from France!

The tyranny of custom, as to the necessity for certain non-essentials in dress, was curiously illustrated at the South during the late war. The Southern woman cheerfully surrendered every luxury, and bore every privation with fortitude. She often suffered from cold and insufficient

to share the imprisonment and death of her royal mistress. The extreme of luxury was reached in her day. Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court were lapped in lil-

food. She did not hesitate to tear into strips her purple and fine linen to bandage the soldier's wounds, nor to subsist on bread and "sorghum," that the hospitals might be supplied with comforts. She could, however delicately she may have been reared, perform repulsive services in those hospitals. She nursed the maimed and wounded soldier, read to him, wrote his letters, comforted and cherished him, and smoothed his way to the grave, and, when all was over, laid her own gentle fingers upon his tired eyelids and closed them for their dreamless sleep.

Meanwhile the strict blockade of the Southern ports left her with slender means for making an attractive toilet. Some articles soon disappeared altogether from her wardrobe—kid gloves, hats of straw or felt, feathers, artificial flowers. One might suppose these to have been, in time



A XVII. CENTURY WARDROBE.

of war, unnecessary; the Southern girl thought otherwise. Some few materials remained to her. There was her brother's dress-coat, for instance—quite out of fashion, now that he wore a uniform. Into this she dared to plunge her scissors, cutting the fine cloth into charming, perfectly-fitting gloves.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land there was not a "round hat." But the golden wheat waved in sheltered spots, inaccessible to the close reaper, and she, in the cool evening, gleaned the glistening straw; dyed it gray with willow-bark, or black or brown with walnut; braided it exquisitely, sewed and blocked it into delightful alpine hats. There were no ribbons, no flowers, no ostrich feathers. She learned to make lovely garlands of hedge-roses and apple-blossoms from the incurving feathers of the goose, and chanticleer lent his own plumage for her impion-hued coque feathers.

I should find myself beyond my depth, were I to venture more than a hint at the



FRENCH. 1633.



causes of the phenomenal rapidity with which our fashions change in the present century. The world is very full of people. What seems to be the result of the caprice and vanity of women, has its root deep down in the needs of thousands of artisans and manufacturers and merchants. Woman is only an unconscious minister to these—often held in the bonds of an unwelcome fashion to satisfy the demands of commerce. She is only part of the great system evolved from the necessities of the world in which she lives.

One of the earliest lessons she learns is the value of beauty. Denied this by Heaven, she learns the arts that counterfeits it. Of course, it would be admirable in her to address herself to the task of pleasing only the higher natures in the world. Higher natures are rare, and, when found, they evince a keen appreciation of what *should* be of minor importance in their judgment of women.

In a number of *The Forum*, I once read a clever paper entitled "Types of American Women," in which the author naïvely betrays the situation from his standpoint as a literary man of taste and experience. He wittily describes the woman quoting Spinoza while she waltzes, and the woman

ambitious of professional or political distinction. For the latter—the "aspiring woman"—he has evidently very little use. He makes her altogether unlovely, ænemic and flat-chested, and finally sums her up thus: "She is not handsome, nor conspicuous for taste in dress—indeed, she regards dress as of no consequence. It would be impossible to arouse in her enthusiasm for a French bonnet."

Jean Ingelow tells a story of a girl who sets out on a long yachting cruise with an uncle and brother. She is grateful to them for inviting her, wishes to please the uncle and gain an influence over the brother. She completely effaces herself, gives no time to her own feminine fancies and devices, but addresses herself to the study of their favorite books, which she reads aloud to amuse them. Presently she discovers the two plotting to send her ashore. Stung by the outrage to her affection and the failure of all her unselfish plans, she gives way to a passion of tears in which she is found by her maid, who meets the serious position simply by advising her young mistress to dress for dinner, to wear a trained gown and light gloves and flowers. She is allowed to finish the tour on the yacht.



SHOPPING IN THE XVII. CENTURY.



## A DOLL-HOME.

BY H. H. BOYSEN.

IN "A Doll-Home" (1879), Ibsen goes to the bottom of the question: "Is marriage a failure?" or rather, "Why is marriage a failure?" for the failure is apparently taken for granted. As long as women are brought up primarily with a view to pleasing men, their individuality must of necessity be sacrificed. They have to conform to the masculine ideal of womanhood—not to their own ideal as determined by their own endowments, temperament and character. As long as marriage, in which man is, or at least appears to be, the chooser, is the normal fate of woman, it is difficult to see how this is to be altered. For men will, of course, choose in accordance with their own ideas (antediluvian though they be) of what is good and pleasing. If the fashion could be reversed, giving women the sole right of proposal, men would be put to the same disadvantage of having to

conform, under penalty of celibacy, to an alien ideal of attractiveness. Men are *naïve*, profoundly simple, as compared to women; their cerebral machinery is less involved, less artfully complex. And they would experience far greater difficulty in adapting themselves, or feigning adaptation to the new and amazing standards of excellence which might then be established. But in the very effort at adaptation, however clumsy, they would become limber, pliable, molluscan; they would lose individuality and lapse into comparative subordination. For such a thing as an absolute equality of the sexes is, under the present social order, an impossibility, and it would be found quite as impossible, under the above proposed amendment.

Ibsen's "Doll-Home" is a most interesting exposition of this problem. A solution it is not, nor does it profess to be.

Ibsen's office, as he has himself said, is to ask questions (and as a rule terribly hard ones), but he does not take it upon himself to answer. He merely lifts the problem into the light of his own luminous contemplation, and exposes all its dangerous intricacies.

The opening scene introduces Helmer, a young lawyer of good position and fair ability, and his wife Nora, in a playfully affectionate dispute about Christmas presents and household expenditures. He chides her with all sorts of endearing pet names, for her extravagance, laughs at her amusing feminine logic and treats her like a spoiled child. She is his "song-lark," "his squirrel," "his little sweet-tooth," etc., and like most wives she finds these appellations perfectly natural, and gauges her behavior accordingly. The whole scene is admirable, because it is absolutely typical of the relation between a young husband and wife in a civilized family. There is a beautiful moderation in the dialogue which aims simply at truth and eschews caricature. But the satire is the more scathing and the gradual unraveling of the tragic elements that lurk in a perfectly normal relation is the more terrifying because of this scrupulous avoidance of high-coloring or overstatement. Nora is the model wife, such as the poets and the masculine ideal of all ages have figured her; she is soft, sweet, impulsive, gentle, pouts when she is crossed, and can be cajoled back into good humor by a kiss. In fact she is delightfully feminine. She carries a bag of candy in her pocket, munches bonbons on the sly, and fobs a little when called to account. This trait, to be sure, the poets have omitted, but it is perfectly characteristic of the kind of woman they hold to be adorable. Helmer, though he is no paragon, is exactly the kind of man which maidens and dowagers would unite in declaring most eligible. He is handsome, good-natured and well-connected. He treats his wife with half-amused tenderness and a little masculine condescension, indulges her foibles, and fosters the accepted ideal of family life. Nora is, therefore, quite justified in believing that she possessed the prime requisites for happiness, viz., a good husband, and a good home. Being just what society expects a young married woman to be, she has also

every reason for being contented with herself. She has the delightful consciousness of being a good wife and a good mother.

The poet now proceeds with a relentless hand to prick each one of these pretty bubbles. A school-friend of Nora's, Mrs. Linde, calls upon her, and being a widow, without means, desires a position in the bank, of which Helmer has just been made a director. In the course of their conversation Nora confides to her how happy she is; and with girlish thoughtlessness brags, in a harmless way, of her own position and achievements. There is something so intensely feminine in this dialogue, something so spontaneous, unforced and exquisitely self-revealing, that I know of no modern play (except perhaps Emile Augier's "*Le Gendre de M. Poirier*,") in which it can be matched. Not a phrase, nay, not a word is there which is superfluous or which could be dispensed with. The little uneasy vanities about beauty, cleverness and other personal advantages which are sure to lie hidden in every bosom untroubled by higher aspirations and larger concerns, put forth their ugly heads, one by one, tentatively, half-playfully, and retire out of sight as quickly as they emerged. Nora relates as one of her achievements (which is to match her friend's toil for her mother and brother), that she once saved her husband's life by procuring money to take him to Italy when his health broke down. It turns out that she obtained this money, after having vainly tried to borrow it from her father, by forging the latter's name to a draft for \$1200; and as it happened, he died before discovering her crime. A certain disreputable lawyer, Mr. Krogstad, who holds a subordinate position in the bank, detects the forgery, but pays the draft, determining to use his knowledge and the power it gives him over Helmer's wife, for his own purposes. Nora has, by deceiving her husband, saved enough money of her weekly allowance for household expenditures to pay the interest and the quarterly deductions as they fall due; and when this did not suffice, she has eked out the required sum by copying legal documents secretly at night. She has received Helmer's promise that he will give Mrs. Linde a place in the bank, and Krog-

stad, surmising that the new director has determined to bounce him, in order to create the desired vacancy, threatens Nora with exposure, unless she induces her husband to retain him. She fancies, at first, that he is only trying to frighten her. She had felt so sure of her motives, and on the whole plumed herself on her cleverness in inventing this expedient, that she cannot be persuaded that it is an offense against the law punishable with prison.

*Krogstad*: "You evidently have no clear conception of what that is of which you have been guilty. But I will tell you that it is neither more nor less than that which I committed and which ruined my whole civic position."

*Nora*: "You? Do you suppose you can make me believe that you ever did anything so courageous, in order to save your wife's life?"

*Krogstad*: "The laws do not concern themselves with motives."

*Nora*: "Then they must be very poor laws."

*Krogstad*: "Whether poor or not, you will be judged in accordance with them, if I produce this paper in court."

*Nora*: "I don't believe that, at all. Do you mean to say that a daughter has not the right to spare her old dying father worries and anxieties? Has a wife no right to save her husband's life? I am not very familiar with the laws; but I am quite sure there must be one among them which makes such a thing permissible. You, who are a lawyer, must certainly know that. You must be a very poor lawyer, Mr. Krogstad."

The next following scene, in which, by diplomatic indirection, she endeavors to sound Helmer on the subject of forgery, is full of quiet, restrained power. I do not mean by power (as most modern dramatists do) violence, but a throbbing intensity of meaning. Every phrase is charged to the full, quivering with the nervous strain of a deeply interesting situation. This author does not write to please—particularly not to please the ladies; and I do not blame the ladies for not liking him. And yet, no modern author has a higher conception of womanhood than he, and the lesson he teaches in this very drama is one which women have to take to heart before they can hope for any real improvement in their position.

Helmer, under the impression that he is talking about Krogstad, soon opens his wife's eyes to the enormity of the offense she has committed. He could have forgiven Krogstad, he says, and retained him in the bank, if he had repented, taken his punishment, and begun a new and clean life. But his underhand ways, his deception and ineffectual shamming of respectability disgust him and make it impossible for him to breathe the poisoned atmosphere of fraud and lies which surrounds the forger. He must have had a bad mother, he adds, for such defects of character usually are derived from mothers.

*Nora*: "Why—from mothers?"

*Helmer*: "Most frequently, at least, from the mothers; but fathers, of course, may have the same effect. That every lawyer knows. And yet, that fellow Krogstad has for years been coming and going in his own home and poisoned his own children with his hypocrisy. It is therefore I say that he is morally ruined. (*Stretches out his hands toward her.*) Therefore my sweet little Nora must promise me not to speak his cause. Your hand on it!"

One happy illusion is here dispelled. She is not the model wife she had fancied herself. The idea that she is in the very same predicament as the despised Krogstad; that she, having resorted to the same desperate lies and deceptions, poisons the atmosphere of her home and contaminates her children, makes a terrible impression upon her. The happiness of home is also lost. For how can a guilt-burdened soul feel, or even feign, happiness? She yet clings, however, to her illusion concerning her husband. She is sure that he is good, noble, manly.

But in the next act, he, too, reveals himself as he really is, and her second illusion is shattered. She importunes him not to dismiss Krogstad, using persuasion and all the feminine arts at her disposal. She knows that, if she can only tune him into an amorous mood, she can usually wheedle him into acquiescence in her wishes. But this time she fails. Helmer, to cut discussion short, despatches the letter discharging Krogstad from his position.

In the meanwhile, Dr. Rank, a rich bachelor and an intimate friend of the

family, arrives, and Nora, after some squirming, resolves to borrow money of him, to satisfy Krogstad's claim. For she is under the impression that if but the last instalment of the debt is paid off, the compromising document will be recovered and destroyed. In her desperate strait, having no time to lose, she tries the same questionable arts on Dr. Rank, which so often had brought her husband to her feet; and the doctor, being a man of few scruples, promptly responds with a declaration of love. In utter disgust, Nora turns from him, without having broached the momentous question.

Krogstad, in the meanwhile, presses his claim, and writes a letter to Helmer, informing him of his wife's crime. In order to prevent him from reading this letter, which has been dropped into his private mail-box, Nora again employs the most desperate expedients. She cajoles and amuses him, performing for him a tarantella in the costume of a Capri fisher-maiden, and finally makes a sensation at a masquerade, to which they have been invited, by her beauty and the magnificent abandon of her dancing. In the middle of the night, when they return from the fancy dress ball, Helmer retires to his study and reads the fatal epistle. She has first resolved to kill herself; but it suddenly dawns upon her that, perhaps, the calamity may be a blessing in disguise. It will afford Helmer a magnificent opportunity to demonstrate his love for her by shielding her and taking her crime and its consequences upon himself. This is "the wondrous thing" which, in her romantic delusion, she is tremulously expecting.

But, instead of that, Helmer loses his temper and furiously upbraids her. He calls her a liar and a hypocrite, a worthy daughter of a dishonest father. He declares her to be unfit for the education of her children, and laments his own ill-fortune in being wedded to such a wife. He is only bent upon shielding himself, not her. He will still keep her under his roof, he says, in order to save appearances and avoid a vulgar scandal. But of happiness there can no longer be any question. While he is in the midst of this tirade, a messenger arrives from Krogstad, who has been induced by Mrs. Linde (the love of his youth) to return the compro-

mising document. Instantly Helmer's indignation evaporates, and, with a profound sense of relief, he flings the draft and the letter into the fire. With characteristic masculine obtuseness, he fancies that the episode now is closed. He approaches his wife, tries clumsily to retract what he has been saying, and to coax her back into good humor. But in this he signally fails. Nora has now no illusions left. She has seen him as he is, and discovered how little he resembles the ideal of him which she has cherished. The edifice of her happiness has been shaken in its foundation, and, like a house of cards, it comes tumbling down about her ears. It was a mere doll-home, after all, in which her husband, her children and herself had been playing at happiness. Never had they spoken a serious word together in the eight years of their married life. It had all been song and play, petting and cajoling, and thoughtless mirth.

*Helmer:* "How preposterous and ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?"

*Nora:* "No, never. I fancied I was; but I was not."

*Helmer:* "Not—not happy!"

*Nora:* "No; only merry. You have always been good to me, but our home has never been anything but a play-house. I have been your doll-wife, as, at home, I was papa's doll-child, and our children in turn have been my dolls. I thought it was so amusing when you played with me; just as they thought it amusing when I played with them. That has been our wedded life, Thorwald."

*Helmer:* "There is some truth in what you say, however exaggerated and overstrained it may be, but from this time forth it shall be different. The time for play is past, and now comes the time for education."

*Nora:* "Whose education? Mine, or that of the children?"

*Helmer:* "Both yours and the children's, my beloved Nora."

*Nora:* "Ah, Thorwald, you are not the man to educate me into a proper wife for you."

*Helmer:* "And that you tell me?"

*Nora:* "And I—how am I qualified to educate our children?"

*Helmer:* "Nora!"

*Nora:* "Did you not yourself, a little



while ago, declare that that task you did not dare entrust to me?"

*Helmer:* "In an angry moment! How can you pay any attention to that?"

*Nora:* "Because you spoke truly. I am not fit for that task. There is another task which first must occupy me. I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that work. I must accomplish it alone; and, therefore, I must now leave you."

With the succinct declaration (so profoundly characteristic of Ibsen) that her first duty "is not to her husband or children," but to herself, Nora goes forth into the world, breaking the ties of nature and affection, in order to test the educational virtue of life and thereby rise into true womanhood.

But why could she not have done that at home? the reader will ask. Because, the poet would answer, her relations to Helmer were such that she never could rely upon her own unassisted power as long as he stood at her side. The discipline of renunciation, privation and pain, which can alone steel a character, she could never experience in a luxurious home, where her every want was satisfied and where she was shielded from contact with all the harsher phases of existence. The other question which naturally arises is this: Did she need this discipline? Was she right in throwing off the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood for the sake of furthering her own development? Ibsen is obviously of the opinion that she was.

The whole play is written with a view to creating the situation which demands this categorical choice. To him Nora is not, in her present state, an individual; she is merely the crude human material out of which, in time, by the wholesome trials and struggles of life, an individual of some potency may or may not be evolved. It was not primarily Helmer's selfishness and conceit which wrecked the marriage, but it was Nora's undeveloped conditions, her lack of character. And how, forsooth, was she to have acquired a character of any force and sturdiness amid the conditions which had from infancy surrounded her? Her father, we hear, had coddled and petted her, and her husband had continued the same agreeable pastime. Never had

she heard a serious word from anybody. Never had she, like a boy, been permitted to make acquaintances with life at first hand. The books she had been allowed to read had probably been of the harmless, namby-pamby kind which are written especially for young girls and designed to conceal or expurgate reality for their benefit, and reduce all existence to a pleasant rose-colored lie. With such an education how could she be anything but what she is—a flimsy, ignorant, affectionate, ill-regulated little girl, in the midst of her wifehood and motherhood? Ibsen has by a series of unobtrusive but admirably telling touches drawn her portrait, which for veracity and delicate distinctness of modeling is unrivaled in his whole gallery.

It is immaturity, then, not depravity, which makes Nora unfit for the education of her children. Because immaturity can be remedied by education, she is, the poet thinks, justified in seeking this remedy where alone it is to be found. Her perpetual lying, for instance, which is the heedless and irresponsible mendacity of a child; her inability to forecast the results of her actions; her munching of candy, etc., are all meant as symptoms of immaturity. No intelligent and capable woman, with a serious view of life, goes about with a pocket full of candy, or is severely tempted by the display of bonbons in a confectioner's window. It is little girls in their teens who hanker for sweets; or women whose souls are yet in their teens, whatever their bodies may be. But the forgery, you will say, does not that indicate depravity? I think not. Ibsen makes it plainly evident that it was committed with no criminal intent, from motives which were, on the whole, laudable, and with the haziest ideas of what it really meant. No more than we would hold a child fully accountable for a misdemeanor which comes within the reach of the law, can we argue depravity of character on the part of a woman who, from mistaken affection, has been kept in ignorance concerning the society in which she lives, and the institutions legal and political, which limit and restrain its members.

Because she lacks moral consciousness (except of a rudimentary kind) and that degree of maturity upon which



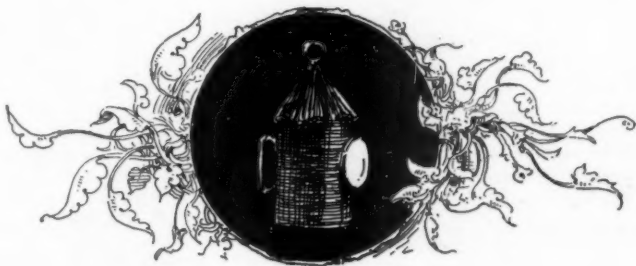
responsibility can be fastened, the poet's censure falls not upon her, but upon her husband and father, who, by holding her apart from the reality of life, have conspired to check her normal growth and keep her in an unnatural state of tutelage. This is a remnant from the barbaric ages when women, in order to guard their purity, were shut up in harems and jealously watched by eunuchs. Even with the modification which the later centuries have effected in their condition, they are yet but half free, because we are all yet half subject to the antiquated ideals which we have inherited. Every child, whether male or female, that comes into the world, has, abstractly speaking, a full right to know the life into which it is born, to test its educational value, and by its rough and trying discipline to develop whatever powers there may be slumbering in it.

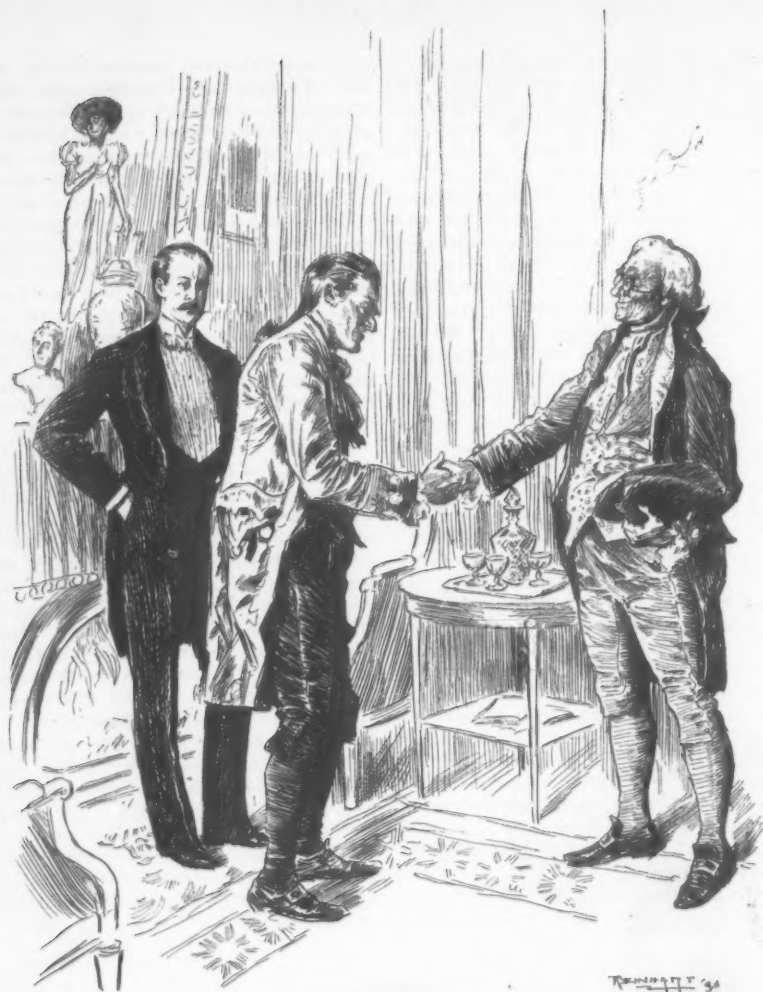
You cannot artificially limit experience, without impairing growth, diminishing the chances of survival, and stunting the stature of manhood or womanhood. Nevertheless, all development must be based on the past, must be normal and gradual. There can be no leaps, without risk of slips by which more is lost than gained. We may be impatient of the slow evolution of social conditions, but we cannot greatly anticipate it, however much we may strive. All that a keen and radical thinker like Ibsen can do is to stimulate thought and arouse sentiments which may guide and hasten development in the desired direction.

As an exposition of the psychology of marriage, "A Doll-Home" suffers, how-

ever, in my opinion, from an obvious defect. Though the characters and their relations are sufficiently typical, forgery is so exceptional a crime among ladies of good position as almost to invalidate the whole moral of the drama. If Ibsen could have based his intrigue upon an experience which lay, not only within the range of possibility, but of probability, and normally growing out of such a marriage as he has described, he would have preached a lesson of far more general applicability. But even making this deduction, we cannot deny that he has put his finger on the morbid spot from which nine-tenths of all marital suffering and infelicity proceeds.

There are a great many things in life which most of us know to be wrong, but concerning which we have agreed to be silent, because there is no attainable remedy in sight. We all know that there is a vast deal of conventional blinking, not because we do not see, but because we dare not see. Ibsen has the uncomfortable habit of saying these very things which in our conspiracy of silence we have agreed to ignore, and of thrusting into view the things which in our conspiracy of blindness we have concluded to keep dark. He holds aloft a search-light of great illuminating power, and pitilessly exposes the unsound and rotten places in the social structure. Nay, even where we have perhaps prided ourselves on the excellence of our workmanship, he is apt to detect dangerous settlements, cracks in the foundation stones, and walls out of plumb.





### DEALING IN FUTURES.\*

BY ALICE W. ROLLINS.

*SCENE*.—A luxuriously furnished drawing-room; the only essentials: a fire in the grate, a piano, a small table with decanter and glasses, a volume of Henley's Verses, a long mirror, and a screen.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARRY, a young gentleman of thirty.  
HARRY'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER.  
HARRY'S OTHER GREAT-GRANDFATHER.  
HARRY'S FUTURE SON.

#### HARRY'S FUTURE DAUGHTER.

PHILIP, }  
TOMMY, } Harry's future grandchildren.  
ETHEL, }  
HELEN, } two young ladies of the present.  
MABEL, }  
MISS ST. CLAIR, a doll.

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Harry, after remaining a few moments in a big arm-chair, reflecting, rises slowly and leans against the mantel: "Well, after all, it concerns no one but myself, and I am my own master. I can do as I please. The only trouble is to know exactly what I do please. I've half a mind to leave it to chance."

*Voice*, from room on the right: "Wait a minute, Harry."

Harry: "Why, what is that? I thought everyone went to bed an hour ago; and I don't recognize the voice." He steps in the direction of the voice. Enters, towards him, a fine-looking old gentleman.

*Old Gentleman*: "Ah, good evening, Harry, my boy. You don't know me, I see?"

Harry: "I didn't recognize your voice, sir. Have you just arrived?"

*Old Gentleman*: "Just arrived. Not by the late train, however. It is Hallowe'en, you remember; the one night in the year when we ghosts—"

Harry: "Ghosts?"

*Old Gentleman*: "Yes, my boy, ghosts. I am the ghost of your great-grandfather."

Harry: "A very delightful ghost, I am sure. And you come from—"

*Old Gentleman*: "From heaven, Harry, from heaven."

Harry: "I was certain of that. This is very interesting. Will you sit down, sir? I am particularly anxious tonight to know what heaven is like. Is it having everything you want?"

*Old Gentleman*: "No; it is knowing what you do want, in addition to liking what you happen to have. It isn't that everything is interesting, but that you are always interested."

Harry: "Knowing what you do want! I can understand that. It would be heaven on earth for me tonight to know exactly what I want. You see, I cannot decide which of two lovely girls to marry."

*Old Gentleman*: "You love one of them, I suppose, and the other is rich?"

Harry: "Oh no! You mustn't think so meanly of me as that. You must not suppose I would marry a girl I did not love, merely because she was rich. The trouble is, I'm in love with them both."

*Old Gentleman*: "Oh! with both?"

Harry: "Yes, sir, with both."

*Old Gentleman*: "And you could have either of them?"

Harry, simply: "Why, of course."

*Old Gentleman*: "Well, I wouldn't be too sure of that, if I were you. Sometimes they surprise you. However, I wish to warn you that you are not really in love with either, and if I were you, I would wait to be really in love."

Harry: "But I assure you, sir, I am very much in love."

*Old Gentleman*: "Oh no, Harry; no man ever loved two women—at a time. But, if you think so, why not marry the rich one? Riches ought not to count too much in a girl's favor, but then, again, they ought not to weigh against her. Why are you troubled about the wealth, if you love both the girls?"

Harry, slowly: "Why, you see—"

*Old Gentleman*, smiling: "Yes, I see, more than you think I do. I believe you are a little in love, after all. Well, let the love grow, and wait a bit; then, in the course of time—"

Harry, impatiently: "Well, sir?"

*Old Gentleman*: "She will decide for you."

Harry: "But which she?"

*Old Gentleman*: "The one you love. I went through the same experience, at your age—"

Harry, eagerly: "And what did you decide, sir?"

*Old Gentleman*, quizzically: "Didn't I tell you that I decided to go to heaven, young man?"

Harry: "Yes, of course; and I am ready to make any sacrifice to go to heaven myself; only I can't decide what would be heaven. Of course, it wouldn't be heaven to marry a girl I didn't love; but then, to marry a girl I did love, and not be able to take her to the theater once a week, wouldn't be heaven, either. And then, again, I might be loving the wrong woman, and by-and-by, after I had married her, find I didn't love her; then I shouldn't have either the girl I loved or the things I liked. After all, sir, the things of this world make up a good deal of our enjoyment of it. You can't be sure that you will always love the woman you think you love; but you can be absolutely certain that you will always like the things that you like."

*Old Gentleman*: "But you must be very careful not to throw yourself away, Harry. You see, I feel, in a measure,

responsible for you. It's a hard thing to feel that, perhaps, you have handed down all your worst traits to some fine young fellow in the next generation,—by the way, Harry, you *are* a fine young fellow, I hope?"

*Harry*, smiling: "I come of good stock, sir."

*Old Gentleman*: "Yes, that is true; your great-grandmama was an Eliot, as they say in Boston; a young fellow with such a great-grandmama ought to be something of a man. But for fear you might have inherited some of my less fortunate traits, I gave up going to the theater tonight—"

*Harry*: "But I beg of you, sir, not to feel the weight of my deeds on your conscience. After all, you know, a man must be his own master. I assure you, I shall never think of laying the blame for my decision upon you."

*Old Gentleman*: "Not for your decision, of course. I don't expect to be responsible for your decision; I was only afraid I might be responsible for your indecision. Lots of people, Harry, will advise you never to do anything that will make you ashamed of yourself; but I have come quite frankly to ask you a favor: I wish very much you would be so good as never to do anything that will make me ashamed of myself. Now, your great-grandmama—"

*Harry*, smiling: "What a pity a man cannot marry a great-grandmama!"

*Old Gentleman*: "But you see, he does marry the great-grandmama of his future great-grandchildren. The trouble is, he never thinks about them; it is only some hundred years later, when he himself is in the grave, that he begins to wonder whether he treated them quite fairly in his choice of a great-grandmother for them. And then, when you think that perhaps you have sent some fine young fellow into the world handicapped with a few of your own worst traits, you begin to feel then, Harry, as if you wished you could begin all over again. I should choose the same great-grandmama for you that I did before; but as for myself—I might—"(slowly) "yes, I might—"

*Harry*, smiling: "And then again you might not. Don't have me on your conscience, I beg of you, sir. I assure you, I'm a very good sort of a fellow on the

whole, and in a world where most of the people are sinners, I should be ashamed not to take my share of a few human foibles. If one is a human being, he ought not to be ashamed of being human. I assure you, I should quite hate to be a saint, I don't mind the few bad qualities you may have given me, a bit, sir; I rather enjoy them. One wants to know the world as it is."

*Old Gentleman*: "Yes, of course, of course. One wants to know the world; but then there is another point of view about that. We like to know the world; but did it ever occur to you that we have the honor of making the world that our great-grandchildren will want to know? Now, if you stop to think about it, it really is quite as interesting to make history as to read it. We ought to enjoy making a world as well as knowing one."

*Harry*: "Quite true, sir. But doesn't it seem a little egotistic, to assume that to be an editorial 'we'? One man can't make a world or change one very much. I think every man wants his fling once in his life. It's a very good kind of a world on the whole, that you have handed down to me; and I'm afraid if you had left out a few of the things that weigh on your conscience, I shouldn't have liked it half so well."

*Old Gentleman*: "Well, I'm glad you like it, Harry—I'm glad you like it, and I think I can trust you." (Rising and going towards the young man.) "You have your grandmother's eyes. Those are eyes that can be trusted. I must be going now. Good-by, good-by! and take good care of yourself. Don't make any mistakes—for my sake."

*Harry*: "But don't you think, sir, that if ghosts return to beg you not to make a mistake, they ought to bring with them at least the ghost of an idea as to what would be a mistake?"

*Old Gentleman*: "O well, as you observed just now, you want to be your own master in some things. Good-by, good-by, my boy!"

*Harry*: "Good-by. Why, who is that?" as another old gentleman, dilapidated in appearance, enters. The two old men glance at each other, then the first exclaims:

*Old Gentleman*: "Why, Jack, is that

you? How long it is since I've seen you! Where have you been all this time?"

*Second Old Gentleman:* "Well, I've been—I've been away. Haven't met you, I think, since the day we laid you away in Greenwood. Terribly cold, raw day; do you remember it? I recollect feeling so badly as I turned away from your new-made grave and said to myself, 'another fine fellow gone!' that I had to go and take a drink. And then it was such a cold day, blustering, you remember, and raining a little, that I had to take another. To tell you the truth, Sinclair, that was the beginning of my downfall. It's a strange world, isn't it? Your virtues to blame for my vices. If I hadn't been so sorry about losing you and your many virtues, I never should have had to drown my grief in brandy." (Turning to Harry.) "This is our great-grandson, I suppose? How-de-do?"

*Harry,* with dignity: "Excuse me; this other gentleman is my great-grandfather, I believe."

*Second Old Gentleman:* "Yes, of course, of course; he is one of them, but I am another. People may have four, you know."

*Harry:* "And you come from—"

*Second Old Gentleman:* "Why, being the other great-grandfather, I ought, you

know, to come from the other place; and I always do as I ought—always, always, eh! Sinclair? What, going?"

*First Old Gentleman:* "I must be going, I'm afraid," (wistfully) "but, Jack, I hope you're not going to influence Harry?"

*Second Old Gentleman:* "Influence Harry? No, indeed. I'm only going to warn him. Warnings are better than advice, Sinclair, take my word for it. To be sure, my word isn't as valuable as I wish it were; but I'll do my best for him. That is, I'll do my worst for him, which will be a warning, you may depend. Really going? I wish I wanted to go with you; but I'm afraid it's too late for me even to wish to want to do the right thing. Good-by, good-by!"

*Harry,* holding out his hand to first old gentleman, and glancing curiously at the second: "Good-by, sir. My kindest regards to great-grandmama."

Second old gentleman and Harry come back into the room, towards the table.

*Second Old Gentleman:* "Ah! a fire! that's home-like, very. And is it whisky I see there?"

*Harry:* "Help yourself, I beg." (Satirically, as the old gentlemen does help himself.)

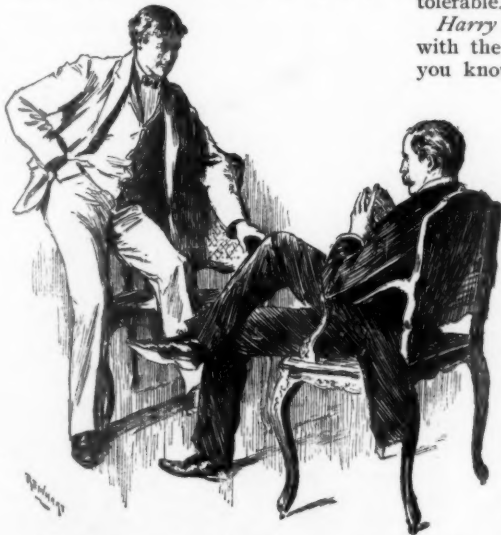
*Second Old Gentleman,* tasting: "Hump! tolerable, tolerable. A little tame, but tolerable."

*Harry:* "I could hardly expect to vie with the brands of his Satanic Majesty, you know."

*Old Gentleman:* "O well, for the matter of that, Satan hasn't any whisky to boast of. That is, of course, there is whisky, and very strong whisky, but somehow it seems to have lost its flavor lately. Can't find any that seems to have any strength to it. Just the same with cigars; I went all over hell yesterday afternoon after a good cigar, and couldn't get nearly as good a one as I used to smoke in New York."

*Harry:* "Why don't you advise Satan to import his cigars from New York?"

*Old Gentleman:* "Oh, the trouble isn't in the cigars; they are strong enough; the trouble is in me; I've lost my enjoyment



"ALL I WANT OF YOU, SIR, IS A GOOD CONSTITUTION."



of them. They grow stronger and stronger, but they seem to grow weaker and weaker; and it's what things seem that makes the difference. Do you want to know what hell is, Harry? It isn't sulphur, and it isn't burning flames; it's just losing your interest in things. You're not punished at all, or deprived of anything. Everything you ever had is there, but you've lost your interest; and I tell you it's very wearying not to be interested in anything. Why, this afternoon I was so excited to find myself moved by a faint ghost of a qualm of conscience, that I determined to make the most of it and see it out. That's why I came to see you; I want to give you,—not advice, my dear fellow, don't be afraid; not advice, but a warning."

Harry, coldly: "I appreciate the honor of the visit."

Old Gentleman: "Yes. You see, I don't mind being a devil of a fellow myself; but when it came over me that perhaps I had handed down some of my unfortunate tastes to a descendant or two, I really felt as if I wanted to let them know just what was ahead of them. It was so exciting to feel interested in something, even in my descendants, that I quite lost my head over it, and stumbled in here. Couldn't quite bear to think of a fine young fellow like you—you *are* a fine young fellow, I suppose, Harry?"

Harry: "I come from—mixed stock."

Old Gentleman: "Precisely, precisely; just like all the rest of us. Well, it seemed a pity you shouldn't know. Somebody said once that there's no need of asking a man *why* he does so and so, if you can only manage to show him *what* he is doing. I just wanted to give you one bit of advice; whatever else you make up your mind to do, Harry, *don't marry the wrong woman!*"

Harry: "But, my dear sir, I am particularly anxious not to marry the wrong woman. The trouble is, to know which is the wrong woman!"

Old Gentleman: "O well, that is your own affair. Of course, every man wishes to be his own master when it comes to the point. You wouldn't want me to dictate to you; I only want to warn you. I suppose you've been warned many a time of the horrors of hades; but I tell you, you don't know anything about it. Mind you,

there's no torture, as I said before; there's nothing but deadly weariness: you're tired of everything. First, you get tired of the right things, and then, the worst of it is, you'll get tired of the wrong things. Going to the devil is all very well. I confess there's a good deal of fun in it; but you're always expecting something more; something more and more exciting. And when you get there, and find there isn't anything more, and that there isn't any devil, and that you've simply got to be your own devil and live in your own hell, all I can say is that you have a devilish hard time of it. And there's no hope of release. If you get tired of heaven, you can always go to the other place; but if you get tired of the other place, where can you go? The fact is, Harry, I'm tired of hell! Just tired of it; that's all; I don't have to stay there; but the trouble is, there is nowhere else to go. The way is open to get back to heaven, but the trouble is, I can't get up any interest even in going back. I repent as far as this: I really wish I wanted to go back; but I can't want to. Well, goodnight! I see I am disturbing you. Only take my word for it, Harry; *don't marry the wrong woman.*" (Music: Overture.)

Harry watches him disappear. Then smiling bitterly, he throws himself again in the arm-chair.

Harry: "So I'm a near relative, it seems, of a man like that! And then we talk about free will! I am free about doing as I wish, granted; but I'm evidently not free about wishing what to do. I've inherited traits, it seems, from a very mixed set of ancestors, that make me wish to do very possibly what I don't like wishing to do. I cannot see any way out of it but to cut the Gordian knot of inheritance, and at least act as if I were my own master. There is one comfort, at least, it concerns only myself for the future."

Again he draws near the table and the bits of paper. (Music.)

Voice, from inner room on the left: "Are you in here, sir?"

Harry: "What! another ghost of the past?"

Voice: "No; this time it's a ghost of the future." (A bright young fellow of eighteen comes forward eagerly, with



frank smile and candid eyes.) "They told me I should find my father in here, sir. I'm very glad to meet you. You see, Hallowe'en is my only chance of seeing you before I am born; and to tell you the truth, I wanted very much to ask you for something."

*Harry*: "Anything, anything, my boy. So you are my future son? I'm very glad to see you, very glad to see you, indeed; for you seem like a fine fellow. You *are* a fine fellow, I hope?"

*Son*: "I hope so, sir. I come—that is, I hope I'm going to come—from fine stock."

*Harry*: "You shall, my boy, you shall. And now what can I do for you? I always said I meant to be very good to my son from the day he was born."

*Son*: "Ah! but you see, the time to be very good to us is before we are born. Of course, sir, you will want me to have ambitions and aspirations and all that sort of thing?"

*Harry*: "Of course, my boy, of course, and what is your ambition?"

*Son*: "I want to break the record for the high jump. And you see I can't do that unless I inherit a good constitution. All I want of you, sir, is a good constitution!"

*Harry*, sadly: "Is that all? Don't you want a few of my good traits of character handed down to you?"

*Son*: "Oh, yes; I should rather like a few good traits as a background, perhaps."

*Harry*: "And how about my bad ones?"

*Son*, merrily: "Oh, don't give me any of those, please! I shall have bad ones enough of my own; trust me for that!"

*Harry*, severely: "No, you won't, sir; I shall whip them all out of you before you're ten years old."

*Son*: "But wouldn't it be saving yourself trouble, sir, if you didn't give me any bad traits, instead of having to whip them out of me after they were there? I don't want to be hard on you, but don't you think, father, you are keeping rather late hours for a man who wants his son to break the record?"

*Harry*: "Well, you see, tonight is Hallowe'en, and the ghosts only appear after midnight. If I hadn't sat up to-night, I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meeting you." (Aside.) "This having to apologize to your own son is rather hard on a man it seems to me."

*Son*: "Well, I'll forgive you if it's only for tonight. But I'm very much afraid, papa, it isn't only for tonight. However, I'll excuse it, if you'll only keep down the average. And about those few bad traits, I don't think I should mind having a few. I don't believe I should like being a saint. It seems to me if you are human, you want to be human. There's just as much snobbishness in trying to be better than other fellows as in trying to be richer, or stronger. After all, you want to know the world, and you want to know the world as it is."

*Harry*: "Of course, of course, my boy. But there's another point of view that you don't seem to catch. A moment ago, you were wanting to be stronger than other fellows, at least in the matter of a high jump, and I shall turn upon you with the reminder that it is no more snobbish to want to be better than other fellows than to want to be stronger. And as for knowing the world, of course we want to know the world we are in; but did it ever occur to you that what we call knowing the world is in reality making the world that the next generation will be in, and want to know? Now it ought to be more interesting to make history than to read history. We ought to like making a new world better than seeing a world already made. Why, it's a grand conception, my boy! Just think of being the Napoleon of the next generation, and fixing things for them before they are born! No chance of being exiled to St. Helena, either, when you decide the fate of subjects still unborn."

*Son*: "Yes, that would be all very fine if you could be a Napoleon; but one man can't make a world, or change one much, if any. Seems to me it would be rather egotistic for me to consider myself the pivot of the universe in thinking over the next generation. I guess they'll be able to take care of themselves as they come along. Only I do mean to leave a record for a high jump that they'll find it hard to break."

*Old Gentleman*, from inner room on the right: "Ask him, Harry, for the score!"

*Harry*, smiling: "That's your great-grandfather in heaven; he wants to know the score."

*Son*, running in direction of the voice, and calling out: "Well, I don't quite

know yet, sir, what the score's going to be, but I mean to keep it up to yours if I can. Yours I think was—"

*Old Gentleman*, from inner room: "Three-score and ten, my boy. But make it bigger if you can! That's one advantage of being dead; you don't mind being beaten, if its still your own flesh and blood that beats."

*Son*, comes back to his chair, but pauses suddenly: "Perhaps my other great-great-grandfather would like to know—the score?"

*Harry*, sadly: "No, I'm afraid not. He says he has lost his interest in things. He still has all his things, but he has lost his interest in them. By the way,—"

(The son is inadvertently passing in front of his father, but steps back, smiling.)

*Son*: "Excuse me; after you, sir."

*Harry*: "Well, that's very polite of you, my son; but really I'd quite as lief you would come first. Suppose you do come first, and let me inherit your qualities instead of you mine? I'd be glad to shift the responsibility."

*Son*: "I should be very glad to oblige you, if I could, but fate is fate; after you, sir! Indeed, I didn't mean to ask for much of you; but, you see, it is hard on a fellow to start handicapped." (They pass on to their chairs.)

*Harry*: "But do you realize all you are asking of me in demanding an heredity that neither you nor I can regret? If you dread being handicapped by my mistakes, think of the ancestors behind me! Think how I have been handicapped myself. Generation after generation—ah, if they had all been just a little braver—if only once they had ever thought of us! but now it is too late!"

*Son*: "Is life so hard, father? Then I believe I had rather not be born at all."

*Harry*: "Oh no! no! Shame on the man who dares to be discouraging! Indeed, my boy, half the charm of life is in the battle. And even if you fail, there is a splendor of grim courage for enduring that is worth keeping on for. Hear this poem of Henley's:" (Taking up the volume from the table.)

"Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul."

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced or cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the Shade;  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll;  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul."

*Son*: "Ah, yes, father, if I *am* the captain! I don't mind fighting if I can be captain; and I don't mind my own mistakes, and being defeated, if I have to be defeated,—if I can only start fair. But, you see, it is hard, just as you begin, to have the traits of some confounded ancestor or other—"

*Harry*, with dignity: "Excuse me; you forget that one of your ancestors is present."

*Son*: "I beg your pardon. I really did not mean to be rude. It was probably the rudeness of some of those ancestors that overcame me and made me forget myself."

*Harry*, smiling: "Ah, well! I always said I meant to be friends with my son, when I had one. Will you take something with me?"

*Son*: "Thank you, I don't mind if I do. What is it?"

*Harry*: "It's whisky. Do you happen to like whisky?"

*Son*: "How can I tell when I've never had any yet? But I imagine I shall like whatever you like, sir."

*Harry*: "Well, I do like whisky." (Starting to pour a glass, then interrupting.) "But I must warn you that it isn't good for people who want to break records. Now, sir," (putting the bottle down and straightening himself with his hands behind his back), "let me see how much power to resist temptation you have inherited from your—your great-great-grandfather."

(Music: Air from Auld Lang Syne.)

The boy hesitates and looks longingly at the bottle, finally reaching out his hand towards it. Harry quietly puts it up on the mantel.

*Harry*: "After all, whisky is hardly worth so much struggle about. This isn't so good as I should like to give a son of mine the first night I make his acquaintance. We'll have some apollinaris later."



"NO, I WON'T BE HARD ON YOU."

But about the inherited traits; don't you think your mother will have to be responsible for some of them?"

Son: "Oh, of course! But, then, you see, you will be responsible for giving me the right kind of mother. Oh, I'm sure to inherit a lot of fine things from my mother. It's you, sir, that I'm afraid of."

Harry: "Well, my son, just before you came in, I had the pleasure of an interview with your great-great-grandfather, who told me the same thing. He wants me to do great things so that he needn't be ashamed of himself, and you want me to do great things so that you can be proud of yourself. I don't see where I come in at all. What becomes of my own individuality, if I've got to do everything he has made me want to do, and everything you expect me to do? Half of my virtues will be his, and the other half yours. What becomes of the Ego? Of course, you know all about the Ego? You study Kant, I suppose, at the university?"

Son: "Kant? Kant? never heard of him. They're always telling me at school that there's no such word as can't."

Harry: "True, there isn't. And there doesn't seem to be any such thing as an Ego. But then—"

Son, rising: "I'm very sorry sir; but

I shall have to go. They only gave me fifteen minutes to see life in."

Harry, sighing: "Sometimes that's enough; sometimes that's quite enough; but—(stretching out his hand) don't go yet?"

Son: "Very sorry sir, but I must. This is positively my first appearance, but it isn't my last. I can't plead that I have any engagement with you yet, sir, but I'll see you later!" Exit. (Music.)

Harry, watches him disappear, thoughtfully: "He'll see me later! I hope I shan't be afraid to meet him again. But really he scares me worse than my great-grandfather. Of course, I want him to break the record, but that leaves me with the responsibility of making a record for him worth breaking." (Music.)

He sinks into his chair, and buries his face in his hands: then suddenly starts up and calls:

Harry: "Harry! Harry!" (There is no answer. He calls again.) "Harry! Harry, my son!" (Son appears in the doorway.)

Son: "Did you call me, sir? You must excuse me for not recognizing my own name; but, you see, I didn't know what my own name is to be."

Harry, severely: "You will be named for me, sir, whatever happens. And see to it that you never disgrace the name. I won't detain you; I only wanted to ask—have you any brothers and sisters?"

Son: "I've a lovely sister, sir. Would you like to see her? I'll call her." (Calls.) "Mabel!" Exit, calling.

Harry, starts: "Mabel!" (Enter a lovely young girl in white.)

Daughter: "Good-evening, papa! Harry said you wanted to see me?"

Harry: "Good-evening, my—dear. I suppose a man may say 'my dear' to his own daughter, even if it is the first time he ever saw her!"

Daughter, smiling: "O yes, of course! That is, if he is a dear."

Harry: "And may I ask you just one thing? It's not out of curiosity, I assure you; but would you mind telling me whether you were named for your mama?"

Daughter, merrily: "How can I tell? I haven't seen my mama yet."

Harry, eagerly: "Then why not send for her? Ask her to come in, too. I

should like very much to see her myself."

*Daughter*, shaking her head: "No, we can only see one ghost at a time tonight."

*Harry*, starting: "Ghost? I hope you don't take me for a ghost?"

*Daughter*: "You're a very nice ghost, I am sure, and I should like to answer your question, but I really don't know. Perhaps I am named for mama; but, then, perhaps I am named for one of mama's friends."

*Harry*: "But don't you think that if Harry takes all his qualities from me, you ought to depend upon your mama for yours?"

*Daughter*: "Yes, I suppose mama will give me most of my things; but then I thought you might have a good deal of influence with her."

*Harry*: "Things? Things? And what sort of things do you want to have, my—dear?"

*Daughter*: "Well, I want mama to leave me all her Worth dresses—"

*Harry*: "But they will be all out of fashion by the time you want them. Better have new ones. You'll have to come to me for them, after all; mama may order them, but papa has to pay the bills; so it's papa you must ask, and I shall be delighted to give you everything you want; or, no!" (Stopping suddenly.) "I believe fathers always have to be teased for things. When daughters want things, they're very affectionate, and talk a good while very prettily, and kiss their papa's forehead, and rumple up his hair, don't they?"

*Daughter*: "I dare say; I don't know, because I haven't been a daughter yet. But I dare say I shall tease you when the time comes, and perhaps I shall rumple up your hair; only you don't seem to have much hair to rumple."

*Harry*: "True, I haven't much, have I? I'm growing old, I'm growing old; but then I might rumple up yours, if mine gave out."

*Daughter*: "Well, perhaps so, when the time comes. But you'll have to excuse me now, papa. I'm very busy today. I'm learning a new song; would you like to hear it?" (Sits down to the piano and sings *The Song of the Rose*.)

*Harry*: "Ah, that is charming! Now isn't there anything I can do for you?"

*Daughter*, eagerly: "Why, yes! now I think of it, Harry said you were busy making history for us to learn. But I hate history, and when I go to school I shall have to study it, I suppose. So please, papa, if you're writing a history, make it a nice one and easy for us to learn!"

*Harry*, gently: "I will try, dear. But you won't be hard on me if it isn't always easy?"

*Daughter*: "No, I won't be hard on you." (She walks toward him, takes a rose from her breast and fastens it in his buttonhole, singing over *The Song of the Rose*, and gradually stepping back as she finishes the last verse):

"The sweetest flower that grows  
I give you as we part;  
To you it is a rose,  
To me it is my heart.

The fragrance it exhales  
Is of my life a part;  
To you, alas! a rose,  
To me it is my heart."

He watches her disappear; then turns slowly with tears in his eyes, and exclaims softly and solemnly: "So it seems we make women's hearts as well as win them."

(Music: Air of Annie Laurie.)

As it ceases, Harry exclaims: "But



"... BEATRICE GERALDINE ST. CLAIR, I HUMBLY BEG  
YOUR PARDON."

she'll be somebody else's Annie Laurie. Somebody else will have the pleasure of dying for her. I, it seems, must brace up and live for her. And there is one thing about it: she will want an awful lot of money. Perhaps, for her sake, if not for my own, I must—"

He sinks into a chair and buries his face in his hands. Then a call from inner room at the back:

"Grandpapa! Grandpapa! Please, may we come in?"

He starts from his chair.

"Another generation? Really, this is almost too much. Being taken down by your ancestors and brought up by your posterity, all in one evening, is exhausting, very." (Answers): "That depends on you, children! Are you very nice children?"

*Voice*: "That depends upon you, grandpapa! Are you a very nice grandpapa?"

*Harry*: "Oh, very nice! Capital fellow, I am! Come in, my dears!"

He suddenly remembers the bottle of whisky. Takes it from the mantel, puts it back on the table, and then carefully places the screen round the table. (Enter three children.)

*Harry*: "Good evening, children, I suppose it's sweetmeats?" (Fumbling in his pockets.)

*Ethel*, gravely: "No, grandpapa, we didn't come for sweetmeats."

*Harry*: "No sweetmeats? I'm afraid then you've come for some more of my good qualities, and, to tell you the truth, they've almost given out, too. But tell me one thing; are there any more of you? Is there another generation back of you? I mean, ahead of you? Have you any children?"

*Ethel*, eagerly: "Yes, indeed!" (She rushes back to the inner room and returns with six dolls in her arms.)

*Ethel*: "These are my children!"

He takes one of them gravely in his hand, holds her aloof and exclaims—

*Harry*: "Thank heaven! At last I have reached a generation for whose frailties I shall not be responsible! After all, however, a wooden doll may be virtuous, but she is not at all interesting. I believe I'd rather play on a human instrument, even if it gives out a false note once in a while." (He throws the doll on the floor.)

*Ethel*, darting forward indignantly and

stamping her foot: "Grandpapa, that is very, very unkind of you; I would never have believed it."

*Harry*: "Hoity toity! but you mustn't do that, my dear; I don't like little girls that stamp their feet."

*Ethel*: "And I don't like grandpapas that hurt people's feelings."

*Harry*: "Did I hurt your feelings, my dear? I'm very sorry."

He picks up the doll, hands her very respectfully to Ethel, and bowing low—"I beg your pardon!" (Aside.) "This being educated by your grand-daughter is worse than being reprimanded by your grandfather."

Ethel refuses to take the doll.

*Ethel*: "You must apologize to her, not to me. It wasn't my feelings that were hurt; it was Eleanor's."

*Harry*: "So I must apologize to her?" (He props the doll up gravely on a chair, and then, bending his knee, says slowly :) "Mary Anne—"

*Ethel*, indignantly: "Her name isn't Mary Anne! It's Eleanor Louise Rose Cecilia Beatrice Geraldine St. Clair."

*Harry*: "Oh, excuse me! I'll try again. Eleanor—" (He turns inquiringly.)

*Ethel*, prompting: "Louise—"

*Harry*: "Louise—"

*Ethel*: "Rose Cecilia—"

*Harry*: "Rose Cecilia—"

*Ethel*: "Beatrice Geraldine St. Clair."

*Harry*: "Beatrice Geraldine St. Clair, —I humbly beg your pardon. Will that do?"

*Ethel*, mollified, and patting the doll: "Yes, that will do."

Harry, turning suddenly, discovers the older boy peering round the screen.

*Harry*: "Here, here, Tommy! What's that?"

*Boy*: "I don't know what it is. But my name isn't Tommy."

*Harry*: "What is it?"

*Boy*: "I don't know what it is; but I know it isn't Tommy. I don't like Tommy."

*Harry*: "Well, when you are as old as I am, Tommy—" Starts back, as the boy looks threatening. "Excuse me, Philip—you don't mind my calling you Philip? No? Thank you! Well, by the time you are as old as I am, Philip, and possibly before that, you will find that you don't have everything just as



you like it in this world. Unless you can be born with that full understanding, I advise you to stay where you are and not be born at all."

*Philip*: "What is that, grandpapa?" (pointing to the whisky bottle.)

*Harry*, aside: "Now, what in the world shall I tell him? He's too young to know about whisky, and if I tell him it isn't whisky, that will be teaching him to lie." (Aloud.) "It's something to drink, Philip."

*Philip*: "Can I have some?"

*Harry*: "Oh no! It isn't good for little boys."

*Philip*: "How old do you have to be before it begins to be good for you?"

*Harry*: "Oh, it's the whisky that ought to be old."

*Philip*: "And do you keep it here so that it can grow old?"

*Harry*: "Yes, Philip, yes; I keep it here so that we can—grow old—together. Do you mean to say, really, children, that you're not going to make any demands upon me for your future good behavior?"

*Philip*: "I'm not. I don't want to be good. I want to be bad—real bad."

*Harry*: "You do, do you? Now, there's a boy after my own heart. And what kind of badness do you like best, Philip? Perhaps I could let you have a little of mine."

*Philip*: "I like the badness that ties fire-crackers on to cats' tails."

*Harry*: "Oh, you do! I'm afraid I'm not given to tying fire-crackers to cats' tails."

*Philip*: "I know you're not, now; but perhaps you did it when you were a little boy."

*Harry*, aside: "I said I liked playing on the human instrument; but I must say, with Hamlet, it is not so interesting to be played upon, myself."

*Other Boy*, stepping forward: "If you please, sir, I don't mind being called Tommy, and I'm not going to tie crackers to cats' tails."

*Harry*: "Indeed, and what are you going to do?"

*Other Boy*: "I'm going to untie 'em."

*Harry*: "Oh! I see. A nice little saint—having a good time over other people's sins. You are not going to do anything out of the way yourself, but you want to be there all the same. You want

to be in it, without being to blame for it." (Taking him by the shoulder.) "Do you know what you are? You are not a little saint; you're a little prig, and don't you ever dare to say that you inherited any of your qualities from me." (Sets him down heavily in a chair, and turns to Ethel.) "And now, my dear, what can I do for you—and for Miss St. Clair?"

*Ethel*: "I'd like—I'd like very much—that is, if you're very rich, grandpapa: are you very rich?"

*Harry*: "Alas! no, dear. I am only rich in good qualities, and I've had to give most of those away tonight. But if there's anything left that you would like—"

*Ethel*: "Well, I'd like, very much, if you can afford it, a new dress for Eleanor, and a doll-house, and a set of china dishes, and a music-box, and a doll's carriage, and a pony, and a pair of roller skates, and a purse with a dollar in it, and a gold chain, and a box of candy from Bronson's."

*Harry*, sinking into a chair: "You shall have them, my dear, if it takes my last penny." (Aside.) "That settles it; I shall have to marry wealth!" (Music.)

Covers his face with his hands. The children go softly out on tiptoe. After a pause, enter softly on tiptoe, Helen, richly dressed, and Mabel simply dressed. Harry is sitting between the screen and the mirror so that as he sits still he cannot be seen.

*Helen*: "You're sure auntie is asleep? She wanted to know why I dragged that great cheval glass tonight into the drawing-room, but I knew if I told them we were going to try our Hallowe'en fate, somebody would play us a joke. See, Mabel; there is the mirror; you go first."

*Mabel*, shrinking back: "Oh, no! You go first." (Music: Refrain from Swan Song of Lohengrin.)

Helen steps forward and looks eagerly into the glass, then drops back again.

*Helen*, sorrowfully: "No, there isn't any face at all in it!"

*Mabel*: "Then it's no use for me to try."

*Helen*: "Oh yes, it is! There may be a miracle, you know!"

Harry, hearing voices, has started from his chair. He is still behind the screen, but as he rises, his face is reflected in the



mirror, without his being visible himself. Mabel gives a little shriek and darts away.

*Helen*: "Why, did you see anything in the mirror?"

*Mabel*: "Oh no, no! there wasn't anything, of course; there couldn't be anything, you know. But do come! I'm so frightened!"

*Helen*: "Frightened at nothing?"  
(She half steps back in curiosity, but Mabel implores her.)

*Mabel*: "Oh, do come, Helen! please come! please come! I shall die of fright!" (Exit.)

(Music: Air of Annie Laurie.)

Harry slowly comes forward from behind the screen.

*Harry*: "Those girls must have come down to try their fate in the mirror. And one of them evidently saw me. But which one? Alas! I am, indeed, the plaything of fate. The past, the present and the future all betray me. They give me plenty of advice, they entreat me not to do the wrong thing, as if, good heavens, I wanted to do the wrong thing! But not a soul tells me which the wrong thing is.

I suppose they call deciding that little matter my own individuality, and every one of them will hold me responsible for the results, whatever they are! Ah, well! I remember Mabel quoted something yesterday about

'To the sentinel  
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.'

I am not a Napoleon, to change the face of the world, as my great-grandfather would like to have me; but I am on guard, and the entire world, past, present and future, seem to be hanging on my decision. After all, as it is so momentous," (His face softens and fills with light.) "I must not leave it to chance—I dare not trust myself; tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow—"

(Music: Refrain from Annie Laurie.)

He repeats the word lingeringly and lovingly, "I will ask—Mabel—to decide for me!"

(Curtain.)

Music: Strain from Mendelssohn's Wedding March, with refrain of Fate.





## THE WRITING MATERIAL OF ANTIQUITY.

BY GEORG EBERS.

ALL the various applications of papyrus were secondary to its use as writing material, for which purpose it was cultivated, more or less assiduously, in various parts of Egypt, and most profusely in the branches of the streams running from the delta. It is uncertain whether the land assigned to this cultivation rested in the hands of private persons, or belonged to the government, and was rented out. In ancient days, in any event, the large planters were extensive land owners, for the harvest of the papyrus is represented on the tombs, and the inscriptions demonstrate that particular villages or places on such properties were devoted to the cultivation of certain plants flourishing best in these localities, inclusive of papyrus, as shown in the mastaba of Ptahhotep. In these olden days, Egypt cultivated and prepared the papyrus exclusively for home consumption, but later, however, under the kings of the twenty-sixth dynasty (B.C. 664 to 525), having opened its harbors to foreign ships, the papyrus became a most important article of commerce. Its use increased with surprising rapidity in

consequence of the successful expeditions of Alexander the Great, introducing Greek culture into Asia and Egypt. In all Hellenic states, writing was now pursued with the greatest zeal, and everywhere on papyrus. Only at Pergamum was parchment used later, from whence comes the name *charta pergamena*. The library of Attalus of Pergamum, under Eumenes II., had reached the size of 200,000 volumes, which so excited the jealousy of Ptolemy Philometor, king of Egypt, who devoted himself to scientific studies, or, more properly, to theological subtleties, and who was the special patron of the museum and library at Alexandria, that he forbade the exportation of papyrus to Pergamum, thus forcing Eumenes to devise a new writing material, which was finally prepared from sheepskin.

Its use was, however, at that time materially less than that of papyrus. Egypt, and particularly Alexandria, where the intellectual life of Greece and the East were fused together, had enormous manufactories furnishing the entire world with paper, and, as Rome took the lead in civilization and became master of the old world, large quantities of this writing material were carried thence from Egypt.

Enormous masses of papyrus were em-

ployed on the Tiber, not only for literary and legal purposes, but by the administrative department of the government, which, like a net, surrounded almost a hemisphere: hence, a failure occurring in the harvests of the papyrus districts of Egypt caused the administration of the state very serious inconvenience. Such a paper famine did occur under Tiberius, and it became necessary to appoint a commission of the senate to distribute the supply contained in the warehouses, "as otherwise public life would have fallen into great confusion." The manufacture of paper could not be maintained in Rome, as the stalks, which must be manipulated while in a succulent condition, could not, by the means of communication common at that period, be brought to the Tiber in a sufficiently fresh state. The oft-mentioned Fannius confined himself to the manufacture of paper of a superior quality, making the Egyptian theater-programme paper (we know not by what process) both thinner and broader.

There were, however, in Rome many paper warehouses, and these were able to make good for a long time any loss arising from the failure of the supply from Egypt.

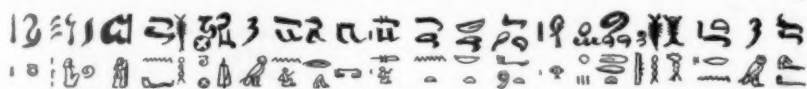
Industrious Alexandria manufactured anything that promised a rich return, and naturally worked first the raw materials which were to be obtained in its own neighborhood. The proper manner of treating the papyrus plant which flourished so abundantly in the delta, in order to obtain paper from it, had been already discovered by the ancient Egyptians. The industrious Greeks could easily infer the methods of the older art of the time of the pharaohs, and their industries speedily assumed large proportions. As Hadrian says in a letter to the Consul Servianus, describing the active commercial life in Alexandria and referring also to the manufacture of papyrus: "No one is idle or sits with folded hands. In one place they work on glass, in another on paper, in a third on linen; all these busy people, not excepting those with gout in their feet, the blind, and even those who have gout

in their hands, seem to carry on some trade and to be occupied."

The nature of the manufacture of papyrus admitted of the employment of the weak, as I endeavored to portray in my novel "The Emperor," and I certainly did not err in introducing women amongst the working people. Certainly, during the height of the prosperity of Alexandrian commerce in papyrus, thousands of hands were employed in its fabrication. In the time of the pharaohs, the small workshops supplied only Egypt, which at the most supported eight or ten millions of inhabitants, at least a third part of whom were bondsmen and slaves unable to write, together with some Greek and Phœnician dealers; later, Alexandria supplied the markets of the world, the demand having been more than doubled, as has been already said, in consequence of the Hellenizing of a great part of the more civilized world.

The innumerable proofs preserved from the epochs of the history of the middle empire until late into the period of Egypt's conversion to Mohammedanism, show that papyrus had always been manufactured in the same way; but they show as well that the beauty of the merchandise suffered in Alexandria from the fabrication of such enormous quantities. The fine and uniformly constructed rolls produced in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, have not been found in the Hellenic, Roman, Byzantine or Mussulman times.

In consequence of the unfavorable external influences the greater part of the papyri rolls that had been used in Greece and Rome were lost. Even while in use they crumbled, began to fray through age, were damaged by worms, or were utterly ruined by fire or moisture; this last is the great enemy of everything which is readily destructible in countries often visited by rain, and it has in the course of centuries annihilated everything composed of vegetable substances in European countries. Where the papyrus was preserved in dry places it was exposed to the above-mentioned danger of crumbling.



BEGINNING OF THE EBERS-PAPYRUS. HIERATIC SCRIPT WITH HIEROGLYPHIC TRANSLATION.

Before the restoration of that splendid papyrus named after us, we could not unroll it without entire pieces falling off, and we saw many other manuscripts which suffered the same calamity—a condition well known to the Greeks and Romans.

Hence it was that the book was besmeared with oil of cedar, and the crumbling edges cut and renovated; but they could not give it durability in our sense of the word. Pliny thought it wonderful and worthy of mention that he had seen a book by Pomponius Secundus from the hand of the Gracchi, which was, therefore, about two hundred years old.

Had the rain of ashes not accompanied the earthquake at Herculaneum, thus preserving the papyrus book-rolls of ancient Europe, we would be only able to form an idea of them by descriptions.

Those preserved in Herculaneum are now open to inspection, but we find the writing material, unfortunately, very much injured by carbonization; that preserved in Naples, although found in the villa of a rich man, so far as one can judge from its composition, is greatly inferior to the large papyri in the museums of Egyptian antiquities.

Of all the papyri we saw we found none that were not manufactured by the same process.

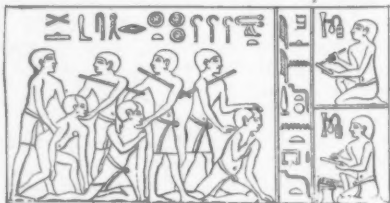
Pliny gives a thorough description of the fabrication of writing material from the papyrus plant, although he does not seem to have witnessed it personally, but to have followed an unreliable report, or Greek description, in which he evidently misunderstands some of the technical expressions, for he misrepresents the most important step in the process: the conversion of the interior of the stalks into leaf-like strips. When the stalks had been freed from the pith, to be then cut into lamellæ or strips, he speaks of papyrus bast, "philyræ," and says, that the separation of the inner substance of the

papyrus had been performed by means of a needle. This difficult passage then, implies that the bast of the stalk was unrolled by means of a needle. Now the stalk contains no bast which could be treated in this manner, and the microscope of the botanist forces us in this particular to disregard the report of the compiler.

His further description of the manufacture of papyrus is on the whole correct, although containing obscure passages.

Seyffarth, with the aid of a naturalist, has corrected the report given by Pliny; yet the authority of the Roman has proved so omnipotent that we read even in the recent second edition of the earnest and laborious work of V. Loret, "*La Flore Pharonique*," 1892, that the external part of the triangular stalk contains several very light and concentric skins like the onion, which are separated from the stalk by light blows. Such skins, however, exist only in the imagination of the author, and by their help he hopes to explain the bast and the needle of Pliny. Professor Schenk, the eminent botanist in Leipsic, unfortunately now deceased, working with all the means of modern times, carefully examined (i) a piece of the Ebers-papyrus; (ii) one of a beautiful papyrus of the eighteenth dynasty; (iii) a small fragment of the London Harris-papyrus, and found that the material out of which they were all prepared was one and the same. "If you ask me," he observes in a letter addressed to us, "what tissue of the plant was used in the preparation of the specimens examined, I can state that it is only the fibrovascular tissue with its surrounding parenchyma, the tissue which is usually understood as signifying the pith of the plant. Of the outer layer of tissue there is no trace." *Cyperus papyrus* contains consequently no bast, and the microscopical examination of Schenk and others, yield no trace of any substance beside the pith of the plant. To divide this with a needle into strips however small is impossible; it must be done by means of a sharp knife.

Professor Schenk, in reply to our inquiries as to his opinion upon the preparation of the specimens submitted to him, said: "I believe I am correct in adopting





THE WORSHIP OF RA, FROM A  
PAPYRUS IN THE MUSEUM AT  
LEYDEN.

the opinion that in the preparation of papyrus, thinner or thicker lamellæ were cut from the inner texture or pith, and these were then laid upon each other in such wise that the fibers crossed, the finer sorts being prepared of two, and the rougher kinds out of three, lamellæ; the thickness thus differing with the variety.\* They were then united by an adhesive substance, of what nature I can give no definite information. Its solubility in potash seems to indicate the use of the white of an egg, and possibly this alone was employed."

Although Pliny may be mistaken in his description of the fabrication of the lamellæ, or strips out of which substance for writing material was prepared, he yet indicates correctly the manner in which a single sheet was prepared. According to this authority, a series of lamellæ, or strips (schidæ), were laid upon a table, in rectum, that is to say, toward the workman; the second strip being put transversely (transversum) above it. The lay of the fibers of the plant renders it easy, even up to the present day, to recognize the row which was laid on the table towards the workman, and the one which was glued

over that, and this fact as we shall presently see, later led to an important discovery. The transverse placing of the lamellæ is very aptly called "weaving" by Pliny, thereby signifying the warp and woof, the strips intercrossing one another in this manner. Pliny makes no mention of the sort with three layers, such as Professor Schenk analyzed. In his opinion, the adhesive material was paste (gluten), although, toward the end of the paragraph, he observes that a paste made of flour, hot water and in some cases vinegar was employed, and no hot joiner's glue or mucilage, and, further, that white bread soaked in hot water was more effective.

The further treatment of the intercrossed strips, to render them available for writing purposes, is admirably given by Pliny. Primarily, the edges were cut smooth and pressed while still wet, then beaten thinner with a hammer, and again fastened together with the adhesive substance; the piece, consisting of one strip, was put again under the press, to free it from any unevenness; it was then hammered once more, and put in the sun to dry. Rough or uneven places were smoothed with a tooth (probably one of ivory), or with a shell. It was then considered finished.

Pliny now turns to the manufacture of the book, or, more correctly, the roll, which was made by gluing together the prepared leaves, which was done in the manufactory (although not mentioned by the Roman), except when a single sheet sufficed for shorter writings. Very many

\* The Ebers-papyrus consists of two layers of tissue of which, as is invariably the case, the fibers of the inner layer run lengthways, while those of the outer lie crosswise. The beautiful papyrus of the eighteenth dynasty, that was examined, consists of three layers of tissue that lie one upon the other so that the middle vascular layer (fibrovascularbündel) crosses with the upper and lower layers.



papyri consisting of a single leaf have been preserved. When a roll was to be made, the superior leaves were first used, then those of an inferior quality, and finally the poorest ones. Birt explains the process very clearly, he says: "The best leaves were also the most durable, and were placed at the end, because, when rolled up, these first leaves came on the outside of the roll and were, in consequence, more exposed to tearing, dampness, or any other injury." The latter part was left blank whenever it happened that the text was not of sufficient length to fill it out.

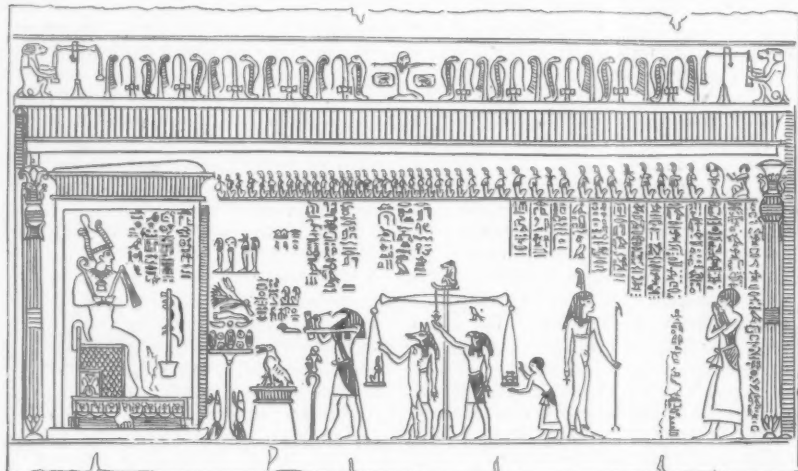
In fact, we frequently meet with rolls consisting of excellently preserved leaves, such as the above-mentioned papyri and the greater part of the finer Papyri of the Dead. All these manuscripts are to be considered as *éditions de luxe*. If we properly construe the following passage, the volume, or roll (*scapus*), should never contain more than twenty leaves. We know, as a fact, of the existence, in the time of the pharaohs, of many rolls consisting of more than this number of leaves, notwithstanding that the rule to form a roll out of not more than twenty pieces originated in very ancient times. It was lately proven by Borchardt that, during the most flourishing period of Egyptian dominion, the number twenty was to be found on the twentieth leaf, no other number being used to mark any

other pages, from which circumstance he justly concludes that the manufacturers, already at that period, issued rolls containing twenty leaves. Additional leaves could be glued on at pleasure, as in the case of the papyrus of Nechtu Amen.

It was always possible to add leaves to a roll of twenty pages, although the finest papyri appear to have consisted of one beautiful piece, as if the entire roll had been finished at one time. If a lengthy text were intended to fill a whole volume, rolls were, perhaps, ordered of two or even three times as many leaves as the original twenty. In order to determine where the single leaves of the Ebers-papyrus, which has a length of seventy-nine feet, are joined together, a careful examination is necessary.

To quote the remarks of Pliny on the breadth and uses of various sorts of papyrus, as well as touching the subject of the injuries which befell the writing material, would lead us too far. This passage contains, however, much worthy of interest. First, the requirements which a good paper (*charta*) must satisfy, are mentioned. The touchstone of wine is "*cos*," the trinity of qualities,—*c*, *o*, *s*, color, odor, sapor, signifying color, smell, taste; so with papyrus it is, according to Pliny, *tenuitas*, *densitas*, *candor*, *levor*—that is, thinness, density, brilliancy and smoothness.

Among the various kinds of papyrus



REPRESENTATION OF THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD, FROM AN ANCIENT PAPYRUS.



the most excellent were those on which, in the time of the pharaohs, hieratic texts were inscribed, and Strabo mentions the hieratic papyri as the best of all. It may, perhaps, be the same sort which was called, after the Emperor Augustus, "the Augustian." Connected with this is another, which was called "Liviana," after the Empress Livia, the consort of Octavius. Others were named from the places of their origin, as Saitic, Tanitic, etc.; or, according to their uses, as theater-programme, wrapping paper, etc.


Rolls and pieces of the different sorts of papyrus used for writing material are preserved in large quantities. The last decade has witnessed the most surprising increase in their numbers. As the result of thorough study, not of the writings with which they are covered, but of the papyri themselves, Professor U. Wilcken, of Breslau, discovered on which side of the papyrus the true page of the writing lay. It is invariably the one which, pending the fabrication, has lain uppermost, and whose fibers, being laid upon the table, occupy a horizontal position; that page of the leaf on which the fibers run vertically is the reverse side. Thus, on the page with the horizontal fibers, generally the smoother and better finished, which is recognizable at the first glance, the text was begun. That which is written on the reverse side may either be the end of the writing, for which there was insufficient space on the principal page, or it may be a later addition. Thousands of papyri have confirmed this observation.

Also, the horizontal side is the one originally destined to be written upon. This can scarcely be otherwise, as from all the manipulation of its fabrication—pressure, beating smooth, etc.—the upper side derived a much better finish than did the one lying against the table. Reversing the half-finished page, with a view to a similar treatment of both sides, is unknown. The importance of the discovery rests in the fact that, when a papyrus is written on both sides, the writing on the horizontal side may be de-



PAPYRUS COLUMN.

clared the more ancient. For example, if a dated letter, or contract, is found on the vertical side, and on the horizontal the epigramme of a poet the period of whom we do not know, we may venture to assert that the poet lived prior to the date on the vertical side.

Of course, the title of the work which the roll contains is always inscribed on the page of the first leaf on which the fibers run in a horizontal direction. In the time of the pharaohs (certainly under the twenty-first dynasty), the hieroglyph () pt, the ideograph of heaven and the upper regions, was placed at the beginning of the papyrus, which, on being unrolled, always opened outward, the object being to save the reader the necessity of turning the book over again when rolled up. L. Borchardt, of Berlin, who discovered this fact, also proved that, dating from the time of the middle empire (that is to say, two thousand years before

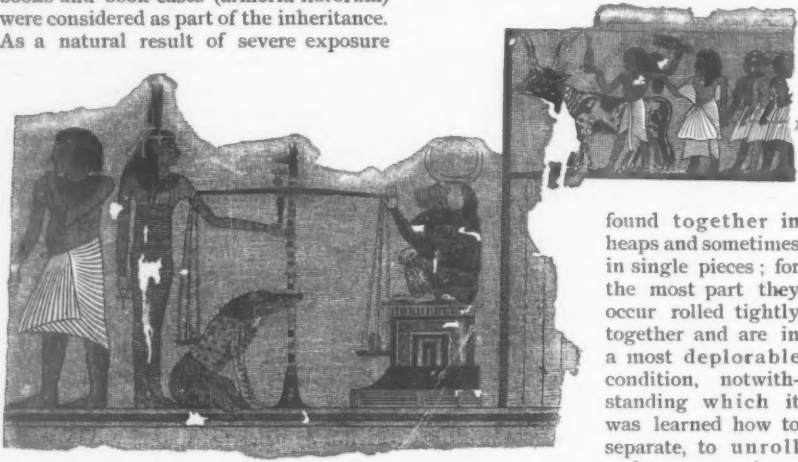
Pliny), the papyri of different epochs are to be distinguished partly by their coloring and partly by the height of the roll.

A difference in the length of the sheets varying with different epochs may also be proved. Similarly, the large pages and bulky volumes of the scientific works of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century may be distinguished from the far smaller and smarter, learned, books of modern times. Egypt is probably the first country where book-rolls were gathered together into libraries. In many of the temples space was afforded for the preserving of manuscripts whose titles were given in part. The name "Hospital of the Soul" borne by the library which adjoined the grave of Osymandyas (Rameseum) at Thebes, is well known. It was most likely due to the libraries of the time of the pharaohs that Alexander and his Macedonian successors of the house of Ptolemæus were incited to unite the magnificent library of Alexandria with the museum of that place, which was later to attain such mighty proportions and high fame. How the rolls were there preserved is questionable, but some of them, at any

rate, were placed within chests of stone; for in Alexandria, in a position where the museum could very reasonably have stood, was found, under mouldering stones and rubbish, a stone-chest, on which are to be read the Greek uncial letters: "Dioscorides, three volumes." Very probably, the rolls of the works of one of the physicians and medical authors of that name had been there preserved in the stone-chest; such chests were set up in cupboards or presses. At least, the Spaniard Orosius declared that he had seen the book-chests in the library of the Serapeum at Alexandria, although their contents had then been removed. When a house was bequeathed by will, in Rome, the books and book-cases (*armoria librorum*) were considered as part of the inheritance. As a natural result of severe exposure

taken from a chest found in a vaulted tomb near Der el-Medineh, Thebes.

When, more recently, papyri in great quantities was brought from the fertile district of Fayoum (a western province of Middle Egypt), it was believed that the site of an archive or library had been discovered; but the impossibility of the statement was shown by M. Wilcken, who proved them to be merely so much waste which had been thrown out with other stuff, and this was particularly true of the rubbish found near Arsinoë. Such finds, where papyrus is discovered with rags, fruit seeds, stalks, etc., are of frequent occurrence. These are nothing else than "the paper of Arsinoë" sometimes



JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD, FROM A PAPYRUS IN THE MUSEUM AT LEYDEN.

found together in heaps and sometimes in single pieces; for the most part they occur rolled tightly together and are in a most deplorable condition, notwithstanding which it was learned how to separate, to unroll and to preserve them.

Only lately has this

treasure of interesting fragments belonging to Greek literature, documents relating to taxation and accounts of a vanished time, been fully known to us. It is well known how many fragments of papyrus manuscript and other important auxiliaries of science and learning have been obtained in consequence of a suggestion that the mummy cases, when consisting of papier-mâché, be taken apart; this Egyptian pasteboard being simply made by gluing numerous pieces of papyrus together. Mere rubbish, hitherto regarded of no importance, has recently proved to the explorer a mine of wealth, and has already yielded most remarkable results to the investigator.

Some of the largest and most important papyri discovered in this century were

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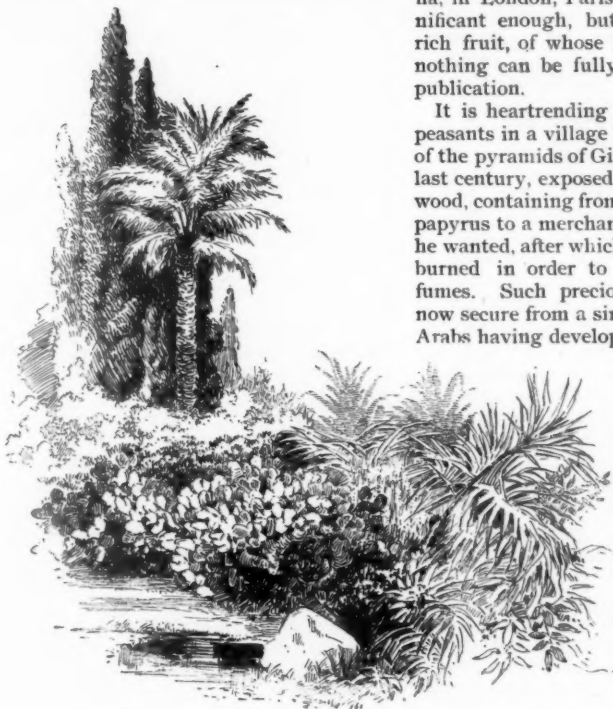
and promises more in the future. The results of these recent discoveries, pre-

served in the Berlin museum, in the collection of the Archduke Reiner, in Vienna, in London, Paris, etc., appear insignificant enough, but have already born rich fruit, of whose full value, however, nothing can be fully known until their publication.

It is heartrending to hear that Arabic peasants in a village in the neighborhood of the pyramids of Gizeh, at the end of the last century, exposed a chest of sycamore wood, containing from forty to fifty rolls of papyrus to a merchant who selected what he wanted, after which the remainder were burned in order to enjoy the aromatic fumes. Such precious manuscripts are now secure from a similar vandalism, the Arabs having developed, a keen apprecia-

tion of their intrinsic worth, nor do they any longer cut up the papyri to effect an increased number of sales, but rather understand how to realize their uttermost value.

Any single written piece of this oldest of all writings may prove a most valuable addition to science.



AMONG THE PINES.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

FROM their still cloister, whose light  
Falls like a spell upon the heart,  
Wherein all sound and scent and sight  
Has left each but its spirit's part;

Back to the workday world we turn,  
As those who strive to face the sun—  
The wear and jar, the noons that burn,  
The days that herald deeds undone.

But tread we softer for that shrine,  
And smile at care's stern unrelease;  
For thought of one lone, wind-tossed pine  
Bringeth its courage and its peace.

## LETTERS OF AN ALTRURIAN TRAVELLER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

### I.

New York, September 1st, 1893.

My dear Cyril :

I hoped before this to have seen you again in Altruria, and given you by word of mouth some account of my experiences and observations in this country ; but I have now been here more than a year, and I find myself still lingering here in a kind of fascination. At times I seem to myself to have been in a fantastic dream since I landed on its shores, with the spectacle of so many things before me happening without law and without reason, as things do in sleep ; and then, again, it is as if I were carried by some enchantment back to the old competitive period in our own country ; for, after all, America is like a belated Altruria, tardily repeating in the nineteenth century the errors which we committed in the tenth. In fact, if you could imagine an Altruria where the millennium had never yet come, you would have some conception of America ; and, perhaps, I had better leave you with this suggestion, and not attempt farther to generalize from my impressions, but give you these at first hand and let you form your own idea of the American civilization from them.

I say civilization, because one has to use some such term to describe a state which has advanced beyond the conditions of cannibalism, tribalism, slavery, serfdom and feudalism ; but, of course, no Altrurian would think America a civilized country, though many of the Americans are as truly civilized as ourselves. We should not think it a democratic country, though many of the Americans are really democrats, and they are all proud of their republican form of government, though it is now little but a form. Far less should we think it a Christian country, though it abounds in good people, who love one another, and lead lives of continual self-sacrifice. The paradox is intelligible when you reflect that these Americans are civilized, and democratic and Christian, in spite of their conditions and not because of them. In order to do them full justice, you must remember that they are still, socially as well as civically,

sunk in the lowest depths of competition, and that, theoretically at least, they prize this principle as the spring of all the personal and public virtues. To us this is a frightful anomaly ; but because they do not feel it so, they are often able to do and to will the good, as I have intimated. Nowhere else in the whole world is capitalism now carried to such brutal excess, and yet nowhere else have qualities which we should think impossible in a capitalistic state shown themselves so nobly, so beautifully. It is this fact, in its different aspects, which, I suppose, has formed for me that fascination I have felt almost from the first moment of my arrival.

I had hardly been in the country a week before an illustration of the facility with which human nature adjusts itself to bad conditions and makes them tolerable by its patience, eclipsed all the little instances that were every moment offering themselves to my notice. The great event at Homestead, which our Altrurian papers will have given you some account of, occurred little over a year ago, but it is already forgotten. To the Americans it was not astounding that a force of armed workmen should bloodily fight out their quarrel with the mercenaries of their masters. In many states no change of the laws in respect to the incident has taken place to prevent its repetition, on any larger or smaller scale. None of the legal procedures have resulted in anything, and so far as the arrests for murder on either side are concerned, the whole affair has ended like a comic opera ; and the warring interests have left the stage singing the same chorus together. The affair is, in fact, so thoroughly bouffe that I have to take my imagination in both hands before I can conceive of it as a fact ; but the Americans are so used to these private wars between the banded forces of labor and the hirelings of capital, that they accept it as something almost natural, or as a disease inherent in the nature of things, and having its own laws and limitations. The outbreak at Homestead, as you know, was followed by something like a civic convulsion among the miners in Tennes-

see and in Idaho, and by a strike of railroad employes at Buffalo, which destroyed immense values, delayed traffic, and shed blood on both sides. In this last strike it was thought a great gain that the railroad managers, instead of employing mercenaries to shoot down the strikers, appealed to the state for protection; and it was somehow felt to be a fine effect of patriotism that the militia should occupy the scene of the riot in force and bear themselves toward the strikers like the invaders of an enemy's country.

If it had not all been so tragical in other aspects, the observer must have been amused by the attitude of most Americans towards these affairs. They seemed really to regard them as proofs of the superiority of the plutocracy which they call a republic, and to feel a kind of pride in the promptness and ferocity of the civil and military officials in suppressing symptoms which ought to have appealed to every sane person as signs of the gravest organic disorder. To my mind nothing seems so conclusive against their pretensions to civilization as the fact that these terrible occurrences are accepted as the necessary incidents of civilization.

There was, indeed, a certain small percentage of the people who felt the significance of the disasters; and I am anxious to have you understand that the average of intelligence among the Americans, as well as the average of virtue, is very high, not according to the Altrurian standard, of course, but certainly according to the European standard. Bad as their plutocracy is, it is still the best system known to competition conditions, except perhaps that of Switzerland, where the initiative and the referendum enable the people to originate and to ultimate legislation, while the Americans can do neither. Here, the people, as you know, can only elect representatives; these again delegate their powers to committees, which in effect make the laws governing the nation. The American plutocracy is the old oligarchic conception of government in a new phase, and while it is established and maintained by a community mostly Christian, it is essentially pagan in its civic ideal. Yet this people, whose civic ideal is pagan, are, many of them, not only Christian in creed, but Christian

in life, so far as their polity and their society permit them to think rightly and act generously. There are beautiful and pathetic instances of approach to our ideal among them which constantly win my admiration and compassion. That is to say, certain Americans are good and gentle not because of conditions that invite them to be so, but in spite of conditions that invite them to be otherwise, almost with the first economic and social lessons which they teach. Almost from the beginning the American is taught to look out for himself in business and in society, and if he looks out for others at the same time it is by a sacrifice of advantages which are vitally necessary to him in the battle of life. He may or he may not make these sacrifices; he very often does, to such effect that the loveliest and lovablest natures I have known here have been those of unsuccessful Americans, and the ugliest and hatefullest, those of successful Americans. But the sad thing, and the droll thing, is that they think their bad conditions the source of their virtues, and they really believe that without the inducements to rapacity on every hand there would be no beauty in yielding and giving.

Certain persons have been instanced to me as embodying certain generous qualities, and when I explain that the man who had not all these qualities in Altruria would be as exceptional as the man who has them is here, I have seen that people either did not believe me or did not understand me. The Americans honor such qualities as much as we do, and they appreciate gentleness, unselfishness, and neighborliness as much as we do, but they expect them only so far as they do not cross a man's self-interest; when they do that, he is a very unusual man if he continues to indulge in them, or, as they say, he is not *business*. When I tell them that the man who does not indulge them in Altruria is not business they look blank, or suspect me of a joke. When I try to make them understand that in their sense we have no self-interest in Altruria, and that if they had our conditions they would have no self-interest, it alarms them; they have so long been accustomed to live *upon* one another that they cannot imagine living *for* one another; they think self-interest



a very good thing, the best sort of thing, and they ask what merit has a man in being good if he is not good to his disadvantage; they cannot conceive that a man *should* have no merit in being good. As for Christ's coming to do away with the old pagan economics as well as the old pagan ethics, they hoot at the notion.

I will not try, in this letter, to tell you just how all this can be; you will, in some sort conceive of its possibility from what you know of the competitive world at second hand, but I hope to make it clearer to you by and by. You must always account for a sort of bewilderment in me, inevitable in the presence of a state of things which is the complete inversion of our own, and in which I seem to get the same effect of life that boys sometimes get of the landscape by putting down their heads and looking at it between their legs.

Just at present there is no violent outbreak in the economic world, no bloody collision between labor and capital, no private war to be fought out in the face of the whole acquiescent nation till the inconvenience forces the government to interfere and put down the weaker party. But though there is now an interval of quiet, no one can say how long it will last, and many feel that there is even something ominous in it, that it is something like the calm in the heart of the cyclone. The cyclone is financial, if I may carry out the figure, and it began to blow, no one knows why or whence, several months ago. A great many weather-wiseacres pretended to know, and began to prophesy that if the export of gold to Europe could be stopped, and the coinage of silver could be arrested, and the enormous imposts could be removed, the ship of state would have plain sailing again. But the outflow of gold ceased without the slightest effect upon the cyclone; the mere threat of touching the tariff caused the closure of factories and foundries by the score, and the otiosation of workmen by the hundred thousand; with every prospect that the coinage of silver would be arrested, there were failures of banking-houses and business-houses on every hand. It remains to be seen what effect the actual demonetization of silver will have upon the situation, but the situation is so chaotic that no one among all the

weather-wiseacres ventures to prophesy when the storm will cease to rage. Perhaps it has already ceased, but so far as the logic of events is concerned we might as well be in the heart of the cyclone, as I suggested.

I am afraid that with all your reading, and with all your special study of American conditions you would be dismayed if you could be confronted with the financial ruin which I find myself in the midst of, but which this extremely amiable and hopeful people do not seem to think so desperate. Like their bloody industrial wars, it is of such frequent recurrence that they have come to look upon it as in the order of nature. Probably they would tell you, if criticised from our point of view, that it was human nature to go to pieces about once in so often, and that this sort of disintegration was altogether preferable to any hard and fast system that held it together by the cohesion of moral principles. In fact their whole business world is a world of chance, where nothing happens according to law, but follows a loose order of accident, which any other order of accident may change. The question of money is the prime question of American life, and you would think that the issue of money would be one of the most carefully guarded functions of the government. But curiously enough, most of the money in the hands of the American people is not issued by the government at all, but consists of the promissory notes of a multitude of banks, as was the case with us in the old competitive days. The government bonds, which perpetuate the national debt, that their circulation may be based on them, are exempted from taxation as a sort of reward for the usurpation of the governmental function by the banks; and these banks are supposed to serve the community by supplying business men with the means of carrying on the commercial warfare. But they do this only at the heaviest rates of interest, and in times of general prosperity: at the first signs of adversity they withhold their favors. You might think that the government which secures their notes would also secure their deposits, but the government does nothing of the kind, and the man who trusts his money to their keeping does so wholly at his own risk. When they choose, or when they are un-



able, they may cease to pay it back to him, and he has no recourse whatever.

With a financial system resting upon such a basis as this, and with the perpetual gambling in values, nominal and real, and in every kind of produce and manufacture, which goes on throughout the whole country, you can hardly be surprised at the recurrence of the panics which follow each other at irregular intervals in the American business world. Indeed, the Americans are not surprised themselves; they regard them as something that always must be because they always have been, though they own that each successive panic spreads wider disaster and causes deeper suffering. Still, they expect them to come, and they do not dream of contriving a system like ours, in which they are no more possible than human sacrifices. They say, that is all very well for us Altrurians, but it would not do for Americans, and they really seem to believe that misery on so vast a scale as they have it in one of their financial convulsions is a sort of testimony to their national greatness. When they begin to drag themselves up out of the pit of ruin, bewildered and bemired by their fall, they begin to boast of the magnificent recuperative energies of the country. Still, I think that the old American maxim that it will all come out right in the end, has less and less acceptance. Some of them are beginning to fear that it will come out wrong in the end, if they go their old gait, or that it will at least come out Europe in the end. I would not venture to say how common this doubt was, but it certainly exists, and there is no question but that some of the thoughtfulest and best Americans are beginning to look toward Altruria as the only alternative from Europe.

Such Americans see that Europe is already upon them in the conditions of the very rich and the very poor. Poverty is here upon the European terms, and luxury is here upon the European terms. There is no longer the American workingman as he once was; he still gets better wages than the European workingman, but his economic and social status is exactly the same. He has accepted the situation for the present, but what he intends to do about it hereafter, no man knows; he, least of all men, knows. The

American plutocrat has accepted the situation even more frankly than the proletarian. He perceives distinctly that there is no American life for the very rich American, and when he does not go abroad to live, as he increasingly does, he lives at home upon the same terms and to the same effect that the Continental noble lives in Europe; for the English noble is usefuller to his country than the rich American. Of course the vast majority of Americans are of the middle class, and with them you can still find the old American life, the old American ideals, the old American principles; and if the old America is ever to prevail, it must be in their love and honor of it. I do not mean to say the American middle class are as a general thing consciously American, but it is valuable that they are even unconsciously so. As a general thing they are simply and frankly bent upon providing for themselves and for their own; but some of them already see that they cannot realize even this low ideal, as things are, and that it will be more and more difficult to do so hereafter. A panic like the present is a great object lesson to them, and teaches the essential insecurity of their system as nothing else could. It shows that no industry, no frugality, no sagacity can be proof against such a storm, and that when it comes, the prudent and the diligent must suffer from it like the imprudent and the indolent. At last some of them are asking themselves if there is not something wrong in the system itself, and if a system based upon self-seeking does not embody recurrent disaster and final defeat. They have heard of the Altrurian system, and they are inquiring whether the sole economic safety is not in some such system. You must not suppose their motive is so low as this makes it seem. They are people of fine courage, and they have accessions of a noble generosity, but they have been born and bred in the presence of the fact that each man can alone save himself and those dear to him, from want; and we must not blame them if they cannot first think of the beauty and the grandeur of saving others from want. For the present, we cannot expect that they will think of anything higher at first than the danger to themselves, respectively; when they grasp the notion of escape from that, they will

think of the danger to others, and will be eager to Altrurianize, as they call it, for the sake of the common good as well as the personal good. I may be in error, through my zeal for Altrurian principles, but I think that the Altrurian idea has come to stay, as they say, with this class. At any rate, it is not the very rich or the very poor who are leading reform in our direction, but it is such of the comfortable middle class as have got the light. There is everything to hope from this fact, for it means that if the change comes at all, it will not come superficially and it will not come violently. The comfortable Americans are the most comfortable people in the world, and when they find themselves threatened in their comfort, they will deal with the danger seriously, deliberately, thoroughly.

But whatever the struggle is to be here, whether it will be a wild revolt of the poor against the rich, of laborer against capitalist, with all the sanguinary circumstance of such an outbreak, or whether it will be the quiet opposition of the old American instincts to the recent plutocratic order of things, ending in the overthrow of the pagan ideals and institutions, and the foundation of a commonwealth upon some such basis as ours, I am sure that some sort of conflict is coming. I may be unable to do the proletarians justice, but so far, I do not think they have shown great wisdom in their attitude. If you were here you would sympathize with them, as I do in their strikes; but I think that you too would feel that these were not the means to achieve the ends they seek, and that higher wages and fewer hours were not the solution. The solution is the complete control of the industries by the people, as we know, and the assurance to every man willing to work that he shall not want; yet I must confess that the workmen in America have not often risen to the conception of this notion. It is from those who have not been forced to toil so exhaustively that they cannot think clearly; it is from the comfortable middle class, which sees itself more and more closely environed by the inimical factors of this so-called civilization that the good time is to come. It is by no means impossible, indeed, if things should now go on as they are going, and the proletarians

should be more and more subjected to the plutocrats, that we should find the workmen arrayed by their enemies against the only principles that can befriend them. This is to be seen already in the case of those small merchants and manufacturers whose business has been destroyed by the trusts and syndicates, but who have been received into the service of their destroyers; the plutocracy has no such faithful allies and followers. But it is not possible for all the small merchants and manufacturers to be disposed of in this way, and it is to such of these as perceive the fact, that the good cause can look for help. They have already fully imagined the situation, and some of them have imagined it actual. It is chiefly they, therefore, who are anxious to Altrurianize America, as the sole means of escape from their encompassing dangers. Their activity is very great and it is incessant; and they were able to shape and characterize the formless desires of a popular movement in the West, so that at the last presidential election twenty-two electoral votes were cast in favor of the Altrurian principles which formed the vital element of the uprising.

Nevertheless, as I have more than once suggested, I do not think any fundamental change is near. The Americans are a very conservative race, and much slower to move than the English, as the more intelligent English have often observed. The Altrurianization of England may take place first, but I do not think I am mistaken in believing that America will yet be entirely Altrurianized. Just at present the whole community is proletarianized, and is made to feel the poor man's concern as to where the next day's bread or the next day's cake is to come from; if a man is used to having cake he will be as anxious to keep on having cake as the man who is used to having bread alone will be anxious to keep on having bread. In former times this experience would probably have been without definite significance or ultimate effect, but now I do not think it will be so. The friends of Altrurianization will be sure to press its lessons home; and the people have been so widely awakened to the possibility of escape from the evils of their system that they will not be so patient of them as they have been in former times.

You might infer from the apparently

unbroken front that the Americans show on the side of competition in the great conflict dividing every nation into opposing camps, that there was no division amongst them. But there is very great division amongst them, and there is acceptance of one Altrurian principle or another to such a degree that there may be said to be almost a universal tendency toward Altrurianization, though, as a whole, the vast majority of Americans still regard the idea of human brotherhood with distrust and dislike. No doubt they will now patch up some sort of financial *modus vivendi*, and go on as before; in fact, there is no reason why they should not, in their conception of things. There was no reason why the panic should have come, and there is no reason why it should not go; but still, I do not think it will have come and gone without something more of question than former panics.

The friends of Altrurianization will not fail to bring before the American people some question of the very nature of money, and of the essential evil of it, as they understand money. They will try to show that accumulated money, as a means of providing against want, is always more or less a failure in private hands; that it does not do its office; that it evades the hardest clutch when its need is greatest. They will teach every man, from his own experience and conscience, that it is necessarily corrupting; that it is the source of most vices, and the incentive, direct or indirect, of almost every crime. They will prove that these are not the mere accidents of money, but are its essentials; and that a thing invented to create or to recognize economic inequality among men can never be otherwise than hurtful to them. They will preach the Altrurian notion of money, as the measure of work done and the warrant of need to be relieved, which in a civilized state can have no use but to issue from the commonwealth to the man who has worked, and return to the commonwealth from the man who has satisfied his wants with it. As yet, most Americans believe that money can be innocently gathered into one man's hands by his cunning and his skill, and as innocently taken from another's through his misfortune or his weakness. This primitive notion of money,

which is known to us historically, is of actual effect among them; and though I was aware of the fact before I came to America, as you are now, I had no idea of the infernal variety of the evil.

In Altruria we cannot imagine a starving man in rags, passing the threshold of another man surfeited with every luxury and warranted in his opulence by the same law that dooms the beggar to destitution. But this is a spectacle so common in this great typical American city that no one would turn to look at it. In fact, both the beggar and the millionaire recognize the situation as something almost normal. Charity, the love of man and the fear of God, as the Americans know it, does not propose to equalize the monstrous conditions, or to do more than afford alleviation at the best, until the wretch in the gutter can somehow win from the wretch in the palace the chance to earn a miserable wage. This chance is regarded not as his right; it is his privilege, and it is accorded him usually at the cost of half a dozen other wretches, who are left outcast by it. It is money that creates this evil, and yet the Americans think that money is somehow a good thing; and they think they are the most prosperous people on earth, because they have more moneyed men among them than any other people.

I know, my dear Cyril, how strange all this will seem to you, how impossible, in spite of your study of American conditions. I remember how we used to talk of America together, before I planned my present visit, and how we disputed the general Altrurian notion of this country, as necessarily mistaken, because we said that such things could not be in a republic and a democracy. We had our dreams of a system different from ours, a system which vaunted itself the realization, above all others, of the individuality which we Altrurians prize more than everything else. We felt that our emissaries must have been hasty or mistaken in their observations, but you have only to visit this democratic republic, to understand that they have no such thing as individuality here, and that in conditions where one man depends upon another man for the chance of earning his bread, there can be no more liberty than there is equality.

The Americans still imagine that they have liberty, but as for the equality which we supposed the aim of their democracy, nobody any longer even pretends that it is, or that it can be. With the rich there is a cynical contempt of it; with the poor a cynical despair of it. The division into classes here is made as sharply as in any country of Europe, and the lines are passed only by the gain or the loss of money. I say only, but of course there are exceptions. The career is still open to the talents, and the plebeian rich here are glad to ally themselves with the patrician poor of Europe; but what I say holds good of the vast majority of cases. Every tendency of economic and social life is a tendency to greater and greater difference between the classes; and in New York, which is the most typical of American cities, the tendency is swifter and stronger than in other places.

It is for this reason that I have come here for the winter before I leave these shores, as I hope, forever. My American sojourn has been a passionate disappointment from first to last: it has been a grief which I cannot express to you, for the people are at heart so noble, so generous, so magnanimous, so infinitely better than their conditions that my pity for them has been as great as my detestation of the terms on which they accept life. I cannot convey to you the pathos with which the spectacle of their contradictions fills me; I can only say that if I were an American with nothing but a competitive conception of life, as a warfare in which the strong must perpetually and even involuntarily oppress the weak, as a race in which the swift must seize every advantage of the slow, as a game in which the shrewd must outwit the simple, I would not accept life at all. But, of course, I speak as an Altrurian, and I warn you that an utter abhorrence of the situation would ignore a thousand things that are lovely and of good report. It would ignore the most heroic self-sacrifice, the most romantic martyrdom, the spectacle of unnumbered brave and good, who do not the less sublimely lay their hearts upon the altar, because they lay them futilely there.

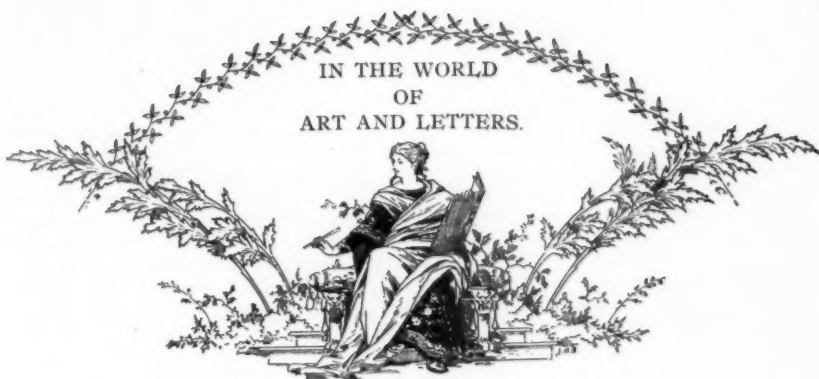
It is the exceptional character of what is generous and noble in the Americans, this accidental, this vicarious nature of

their heroism and their martyrdom, that moves me to a pity for which there seems no relief but laughter. They pray as we do that God's will may be done here, and His kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven, but they reject both because, as they say, that they are against human nature. They do this in spite of those instances of heavenly goodness among them, which they honor as much as we do, and admire even more, since these things are not so difficult with us as with them. They fancy that goodness, and gentleness, and unselfishness, would somehow lose their value if they were the rule and not the exception, that they would become cheap in becoming common. Perhaps I can best make you understand all this by an illustration drawn from the æsthetic aspect of this vast city, which, I suppose is upon the whole, the ugliest city in the world. Ugliness is the rule in the architecture, which is for far the greatest part not merely ignoble and mean but positively offensive, insulting the eye by every conceivable or inconceivable stupidity and vulgarity of form. But in the midst of the chaotic ugliness there is from time to time, and from space to space, a beautiful edifice erected by some artist who has been able so far to circumvent some millionaire as to turn his money to that effect. I could instance half a score of exquisite masterpieces of this sort, but you would not be the wiser for my doing so. It is in architecture more than in any other art that the Americans have shown themselves gifted, but they have not shown it to such effect as to characterize their richest and greatest city with architectural beauty. On the contrary, so far from redeeming their environment, these gracious structures are lost and annulled in it. Your pleasure in them is spoiled by the sight of some monstrosity next to them, or by the sea of hideous forms that welters round them and overwhelms them from every side. They do not stand out from the sordid mass; they sink into it and leave you thinking of that, and bruised and quivering from the affront and hurt of it.

Commend me lovingly to all the Altrurians, and believe me, dear Cyril, most affectionately and constantly,

Your friend,

ARISTIDES HOMOS.



YOU may think the opening of a velodrome in Paris an event of very slight import, but little facts are often pregnant with far-reaching results; they are symptoms of a curious revolution among the masses.

As a child I witnessed the inauguration of the first horse-races on the Champ de Mars. The ceremonies had nothing very imposing. People saw in them only an amusement—the word sport had not yet become French—for the use of a few clubmen desirous of putting on chic. The importers of this diversion did not at all suspect that they were implanting in France a new mode of gambling which was to replace roulette, seize upon the lower Parisian bourgeoisie, invade the ranks of the working classes, sow in every heart an eager desire for easily won money, undermine habits of honest labor, in short, produce evil results of incalculable magnitude.

No one can today foresee what effects this passion for bicycling may have on the Parisian character and habits; all heads in Paris, in the province, and, if we are to believe reports, in the whole of our old Europe, are turned by it; its influence is already enormous and it is sure to introduce a revolution in our mode of living.

What! So small a machine bring on a revolution! Certainly. The first man who brought from America a grape-vine infected with phylloxera would doubtless have shrugged his shoulders if told that the wretched little insect, invisible to the naked eye, lurking within its roots, was to destroy thousands of millions of francs of French property and modify our national character, by substituting for the wine that had been the beverage of our fathers, German beer and all the varieties of alcoholic drinks.

The bicycle will prove, I imagine, the phylloxera of suburban railway trains. Around Paris, as about all great capitals, have grown up large suburban towns filled with villas into which the Parisians have transported their penates. In the morning they go to their business and at evening they return home. Formerly they bought a season ticket at reduced rates of one of the railway companies, and the latter found the arrangement profitable, as this class of travellers furnished them with a steady income.

Now, things are altogether changed. For the last two or three years those people have gone to and fro on bicycles. Before long, in all probability, there will be two-seated wheels and husbands will take their wives along. This will be a dead loss, not to railways alone, but to hackney-coaches as well. Cabby understands this thoroughly having his wits sharpened by self-interest; he treats the bicyclist as a foe and takes a mischievous delight in driving across his track and upsetting him.

But this is not all; a still more singular change is going on. Formerly,—not so



long ago, indeed, since in my childhood I saw the last traces of it—in the days of stage-coaches, and farther back still, in the times when men travelled on horseback, there was in all large boroughs and often even in the humblest villages, when these happened to lie on the highway, an inn where one found a pleasant welcome, a good fire and more important of all, a good table. Many of these hostleries were famous the country around; the traveller on horseback and the leisurely pedestrian stopped there to breakfast or dine; there the stage had its relays and the driver took a drink while his horses took breath. On a sign, in largest capitals, you could read: "Lodging for man and horse." Alfred de Musset, in a famous poem, has embalmed the memory of those wayside inns and sung of the traveller mounting his steed and the innkeeper's daughter with a pleasant smile bringing out the stirrup-cup.

Novelists—those of fifty years ago, I mean—always delighted in describing those patriarchal inns; the kitchen resplendent with copper utensils, the fat fowls roasting at the spit, the portly landlord, his plump and chatty wife, the spicy talk at the common table. In such houses the traditions of French culinary art were piously preserved. At the buffets of railway stations one does not eat, one hurriedly feeds. In our huge modern hotels, thronged by cosmopolitan crowds, the table d'hôte, spite of its presented variety of dishes, is disgustingly monotonous; always the same dishes, and what dishes! unworthy, all of them, of a self-respecting mouth! But in those humble inns of olden times the landlady was almost always a cordon-bleu; she concocted dishes of which she alone possessed the secret and which were famous for fifty miles around. She put her heart in her cooking; she watched over it incessantly, and, as she herself served a dish at her table, she would say with a familiarity mingled with pride: "Taste this and tell me what you think of it."

In thirty years those inns, one of the glories of France, had disappeared. Their patrons had vanished. No more travellers on foot or horseback. The railway had absorbed them all.

But the saying "that really nothing comes to an end, and that history constantly repeats itself," is after all true. The inns are again to have their sunny days as of old. A young friend of mine undertook last month, with three or four comrades, artists like himself, a bicycle trip through Normandy. They had, of course, to follow other lines than the railways. Well, in most of the larger places where they halted they found the old inn of former times cheerfully open, with gleaming fires and revolving spits.

"Sir," the landlord said, "it is a real providence! This inn I inherited from my father. I had closed it, for no traveller came and I could not well afford to pay the heavy license tax. But for the last two years everything is changed, and my house is always full."

We are only on the threshold of this revolution. Note my words. A little fish is likely to grow, as La Fontaine says. Today bicyclists are numbered by thousands, in a few years there will be millions of them. "Novus rerum nascitur ordo," says Virgil.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

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#### CHRONIQUE PARISIENNE.

C'EST peut-être un événement qui vous paraîtra fort mince que l'ouverture d'un vélodrome à Paris. Mais les petits faits sont souvent gros de conséquences lointaines; ils sont des symptômes curieux d'une révolution dans les masses.

J'ai vu dans mon enfance inaugurer au Champ de Mars les premières courses de chevaux; ce fut une cérémonie assez mesquine. On ne vit là qu'un amusement, (le mot de *sport* n'était pas encore Français), à l'usage de quelque clubmen, qui faisaient du chic. Les importateurs de ce divertissement ne doutaient guère eux-mêmes qu'ils implantaient en France un nouveau mode de jeu, qui remplacerait la roulette, qui mettrait en mouvement toute la petite bourgeoisie parisienne, puis toute la population ouvrière, qui semerait dans toutes les âmes le goût de l'argent aisément gagné, qui détruirait l'amour du travail, et dont les conséquences funestes seraient incalculables.

Personne ne peut encore à cette heure prévoir ni soupçonner même quelle influence exercera sur les mœurs cette passion de la bicyclette, qui tourne en ce moment toutes les têtes à Paris et en province; et si ce qu'on en dit est vrai, dans toute notre vieille Europe je suis convaincu que cette influence sera énorme. La bicyclette fera révolution dans notre vie.

Quoi! une si petite machine! Il en sortirait une révolution? Eh, mon Dieu, oui! Le premier qui ap-



porta d'Amérique un pied de vigne phylloxéré, eut sans doute haussé les épaules, si on lui avait dit que ce méchant insecte, invisible à l'œil nu et tapi dans un coin des racines, dévorerait des milliards à la France et changerait notre caractère national, en substituant au vin qui était la vieille boisson de nos pères, la bière allemande et toutes les variétés de l'alcool.

La bicyclette sera chez nous, j'imagine, le phylloxera du train de banlieue pour les chemins de fer. Autour de Paris, comme autour de toutes les grandes capitales, se sont formées et agrandies de grosses bourgades, toutes peuplées de villas où les Parisiens ont transporté leur pénates. Ils viennent le matin à leur bureau ou à leur maison de commerce ou à leur atelier, et s'en retournent le soir. Autrefois ils prenaient un abonnement au chemin de fer qui les transportait à prix réduit, mais qui y trouvait encore son compte; car cette catégorie de voyageurs lui constituait un revenu stable.

C'est une autre affaire à cette heure. Depuis deux ou trois ans voici que tous ces gens-là viennent et s'en vont en bicyclette. Dans quelques années on aura des bicyclettes à deux places, et le mari emmènera sa femme. Ce sera autant de perdu pour les chemins de fer, et même, à Paris, pour les voitures de place. Au reste, nos cochers de fiacre ne s'y trompent pas; l'intérêt a aiguisé leur clairvoyance. Ils traitent le bicycliste en ennemi; ils prennent un malin plaisir à jeter leur cheval en travers de son bicycle et à le culbuter.

Ce n'est pas tout. Une révolution plus singulière encore se prépare dans les mœurs. Autrefois, et cet autrefois n'est pas si loin, puisque j'en ai pu recueillir en mon enfance les derniers vestiges, au temps des diligences et plus loin encore, à l'époque où l'on voyageait encore à cheval, il y avait dans tous les gros bourgs, et même souvent dans les plus humbles villages, quand ils étaient placés sur une grande route, une auberge où l'on trouvait bon visage, bon feu et surtout bonne chère.

Beaucoup de ces auberges étaient célèbres dans la contrée, le voyageur à cheval, le promeneur à pied s'y arrêtaient pour déjeuner ou dîner; la diligence y relayait et le conducteur y buvait un coup, tandis que les bêtes et son attelage soufflaient. Sur l'enseigne on pouvait lire en énormes majuscules: "Ici on loge à pied et à cheval." Alfred de Musset, dans un morceau qui est demeuré célèbre, a conservé l'impréssable souvenir de ces auberges de rencontre: il nous a montré le voyageur remontant en selle et la fille de l'aubergiste lui apportant avec un joli sourire "le coup de l'étrier."

Les romanciers, je parle des romanciers d'il y a un demi-siècle, se sont tous plus à peindre les auberges patriarcales, la cuisine flamboyante de cuivres, où de grosses volailles tournaient à la broche, l'aubergiste pansu, sa femme rondellette et babillarde, et les propos gaillards qui s'échangeaient à la table commune.

C'était dans ces maisons que se perpétuait pieusement la tradition de la cuisine Française. Aux buffets des gares on ne sait pas ce que c'est que manger; on se repait en hâte. Dans les grands caravansérails des hôtels modernes, où affluent des multitudes cosmopolites, les table-d'hôtes, avec leur prétendue variété de mets, sont d'une monotonie écœurante. Ce sont toujours les mêmes plats—et quels plats! tous indignes d'une bouche qui se respecte.

Dans ces humbles auberges du temps passé, l'hôtesse était presque toujours un cordon bleu; elle cuisinait des plats dont elle seule avait le secret et qui étaient fameux à dix lieues à la ronde. C'est qu'elle y mettait son cœur; j'entends qu'elle y apportait un soin de tous les instants et qu'elle-même servant le plat sur la table disait, avec une familiarité mêlée d'orgueil:

—Goutez ça! Vous m'en direz des nouvelles!

En trente ans ces auberges qui avaient été l'une des gloires de la France avaient disparu. Que voulez-vous? La clientèle s'était évanouie: Plus de passants à pied ni à cheval! Plus de commis voyageurs! Le chemin de fer avait tout raffé!

Mais on a bien raison de dire que rien ne finit jamais et que l'histoire n'est qu'un perpétuel recommencement. Voici que les auberges vont avoir leurs beaux jours du temps passé. J'ai un de mes jeunes amis, qui, le mois dernier, a entrepris avec trois ou quatre camarades, peintres comme lui, un voyage en bicyclette à travers la Normandie. Force leur a bien été de suivre d'autres routes que celles qui ont été tracées par les chemins de fer.

Déjà dans la plupart des grosses bourgades où ils ont dû faire halte, ils ont retrouvé la vieille auberge d'autrefois gaîment rouverte, avec sa cuisine allumée et ses broches en mouvement.

—Monsieur, lui disait l'hôtelier, c'est une bénédiction du bon Dieu! Cette auberge me vient de mon père; je l'avais fermée, car il ne venait plus personne, et ce n'est pas la peine de payer des patentes fort chères au fisc pour ne pas gagner un sou. Depuis deux ans tout est changé; la maison ne désemplit pas...

Nous ne sommes qu'au début de cette révolution. Prenez y garde: "Petit poisson deviendra grand," comme dit le fabuliste. C'est par milliers qu'on compte aujourd'hui les bicyclistes; ils seront des millions dans quelques années: *Novus rerum nascitur ordo*, disait Virgile.

FRANÇOIS SARCEY.



If ever there was a dead season in the task of which "there is no end," we are enjoying that season now. Moving about the country, from house to house, a man is not in the way of seeing new books, and, if he reads at all, must read the old books in the old libraries of his friends. On these it would be easy enough to write; from "The Lives of the Saints," and "State Trials," to Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and Ireland's almost unknown "Life of Scott," (published in 1834), one has found plenty of delightful literature. But who cares to be told about books which, by a pleasing social fiction, are "taken as read?" Yet there are, to the best of deponent's knowledge and belief, no new books to criticise. The advertisements in the literary journals look lean and hungry; in them one finds nothing fresh, while one's places of residence are very far from booksellers' shops.

There is, indeed, Mr. Churton Collins's "Life of Swift," very animated, very read-

able, very notable for knowledge and sedulous work, like all that Mr. Collins writes; would that he wrote more! But one can read one's fill about "the most miserable of men," as the bishop is said to have called the dean of St. Patrick's. Why was he so miserable? Why did women make such a dead set at him? Why was he so unable, or unwilling, to make one of them happy? Was his disposition so obliging that he could not dream of letting the others despair? Was he wretched because, as Partridge says, when Tom Jones is in a similar predicament, *Non omnia possumus omnes*? Swift was probably not so sentimental. What caused his misery, his *sæva indignatio*? Affairs of the heart perplexed and entangled; disappointed ambition; fear of approaching madness—all these together do not account for the mystery. Since he lost that big trout in boyhood, of which he tells us that here his griefs began, he was *voué au noir*, and temperament is probably the true explanation of his despair. He cannot have had a secret; if he had, it would have been discovered long ago. Mr. Collins can scarcely hope to gratify a curiosity which Scott, and Johnson, and Thackeray, and Mr. Craik, and a dozen others, have been unable to appease. For one, I believe Thackeray's Swift is "the real Swift."

Of other recent books, only two have come in my way—Mr. Stewart's "Old Tartans" (Johnson, Edinburgh), and Mr. Eyre Todd's work on "The Byways of the Border, (Lewis, Selkirk). The latter deals with "mine ain countrie," is illustrated charmingly by Mr. T. Scott, and is printed excellently, and published in the little, ancient town where Montrose slept on the eve of the battle of Philiphaugh. No designs give the melancholy sweetness of the Border land so well as Mr. Scott's, and if any American visitor to our country purchases the volume, he will not regret his bargain.

Mr. Stewart's "Tartans" is a fine quarto, and is learned, and is illustrated with silken patterns of the historical tartans. The plaid Prince Charles wore at Holyrood; the pattern on the Macdonald waistcoat which was too fine for him when he was dressed, during his flight, as a servant, and many other examples of the garb of old Gaul, are here. The introduction is the most scholarly account of the Highland garb that has ever been written, and it includes a correspondence between Scott and Mr. Thomas Dick Fander, on these enigmatic brethren who called themselves the grandchildren of Prince Charles. Their mystery, like Swift's, is still unsolved: it is a psychological puzzle. Unluckily, the edition of Mr. Stewart's book is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, so intending purchasers must be alert.

Lord Wolseley's "Life of Marlborough" is in the press; that is all that I know about books yet unborn—except my own! It is impossible, save for "foes and bairns," to criticise "half-done work," but the remarks of a specialist on the campaigns of so great a genius as Marlborough cannot but be awaited with interest.

This is a very meagre chronicle, but literature is almost or quite a dead letter at this moment. Even bookmen need a holiday; as to readers, they need a respite.

ANDREW LANG.



WE have hitherto been accustomed to divide our verse-writers into poets, minor poets, and fools. But from the latest volume of "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" it appears that there are still other categories. Behind the minor poets

trail dim processions of minim poets, diversely enranked. There is the "ac etiam" battalion, and there is the brigade of "and other authors"—shadowy regiments that file by, reviewed, but rarely quoted. 'Tis a higgledy-piggledy gathering, this of the poets marshalled by Mr. Miles, as "awfully arrayed" as the "Asiatic army" of the alliterative couplet. One of the regiments (the Seventh) is wholly Amazon, yet here in the Eighth we find the sexes mingling freely again. The Tenth—which musters such inglorious Miltons as Howe, and Dix, and Caswall, and Earl, and Stone—is to have a rear-guard of "Minor (!) English Poets," and even at the end of that comes a further contingent of "and other writers," wretched camp-followers, who were better dead. "Rather be at the tail of the lions than at the head of the foxes," said the old rabbis. But these minim poets are at the tail of the foxes. Fortunately, the "and other writers" may console themselves by the thought that the ranks are in dire confusion. I know—I have myself pointed out—that since anthologies first bloomed upon this weary earth, no critic of any collection of any kind, at any time or place, has ever once failed to be astonished at the things included, and surprised at those omitted. But no compilation has ever played more into the hands of the critics than this of Mr. Miles, which is classified upon every and no principle, with a leaning to the side of chronology, so that he that is first may be last and he that is last may be first, when posterity places the survivors. Posterity, indeed, will have an easier task than Mr. Miles. Of his hundreds of living poets, how many will live?

Of the three hundred grant but three  
To make a new anthology.

Nevertheless, it is a thought to give one pause, that we have so many sweet singers today that there is scarce standing-room on Parnassus, save at the top. The lower plateaus are thronged with vast hordes of pale, sad-eyed mortals, looking up wistfully at the summit—or is it at the stars? We ask ourselves wonderingly if in our feverish, materialistic age there can really be found so many persons to whom shadows are more than substance! The most curious part of the phenomenon is that these hypersensitive creatures persistently beat out their music to a world which has no ear. Their audience is always few, and only sometimes fit. The perception of poetry, that incommunicable sense of the haunting, elusive magic of felicitous words set to the music of their own rhythm, is among the rarest of human endowments, and the poets may almost be said to sing for one another. It is not easy to be admitted of their crew—whether as performer or listener; 'tis the closest corporation in the kingdom and the most exclusive freemasonry, though Shakespeare and Shelley be on every book-shelf. The beauty of their dream-world is only to be seen through tears—"tears from the depths of some divine despair." There is a rougher poetry, which many love and more affect to—a poetry of music-hall meters and Macaulay measures; likewise a poetry of sweet simplicity, of every-day thoughts in Sunday clothes—and of such are the songs of the people.

Much of our modern poetry is so wilfully esoteric and exotic that it can only please the "cultured" of today; tomorrow will have its own fashion of unreality. But the poetry which touches real human chords will be real for every generation. In no one is this broad, popular quality more marked than in Kipling. And in no one, it might be added, is the defect of this quality so marked, for his poetry lacks the background of tender, gracious mystery, has the same Dantesque definiteness as his prose. Like his own Fuzzy Wuzzy,

" 'E 's all 'ot sand and ginger when alive,"

and by virtue of hot sand and ginger he will always remain alive. The fact that lines and phrases of his have already entered into the language makes Mr. Miles's patronage of him a whit impertinent. "He has only to remain true to himself, etc., etc., to take a permanent place in the literature of the country." Indeed! Some people can never realize a contemporary immortality. The author of "Barrack-Room Ballads" is more sure of being in at the finish than some of Mr. Miles's major poets,

I. ZANGWILL.



**E**VEN supposing that the Archangels could be impanelled as a jury of awards at an art exhibition—and St. Michael, at least, by his intimate association with extremely repulsive objects would be admirably well fitted for such work—it is probable that their distribution of medals and mentions would be unsatisfactory to everybody, including themselves: after which handsomely ample recognition of the difficulties besetting judicial art criticism there is no harm, I trust, in venturing the suggestion that the awards of the Chicago art jury are not absolutely ideal.

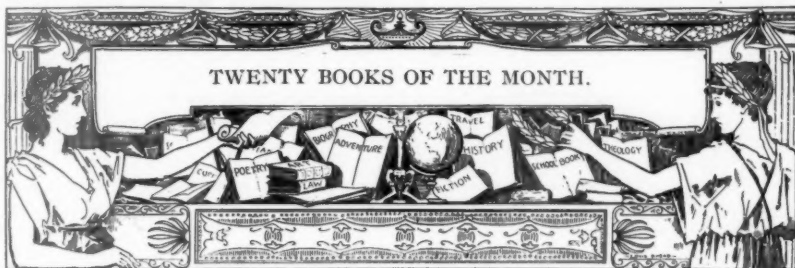
At Philadelphia, in '76, the first award of medals (I think) was eighty: whereupon arose such raging and protestant howling among the many left medal-less that a second series of awards was made—in which, as in the Caucus Race, pretty much everybody was given a medal, without distinction of age, sex, or previous condition of art servitude. And then, and thereafter, the Philadelphia art medal ceased to be an honor and was only a joke. At Chicago, the painful surprise that attended the second series of Philadelphia awards has been guarded against by the simple process of showering medals upon the just and upon the unjust at the first round. Almost eighty of these evidences of Chicago generosity have been lavished upon the United States; about seventy each have been lavished upon Great Britain and Germany; and the lavishing has been continued proportionally, with some slight exception, all down the line. The nett result of this display of a liberal catholicity without any preliminary niggardliness is an improvement, in one way, at least, upon the Philadelphia method: there is not the sense of disappointment that comes when a right action is nullified by a subsequent wrong action; because at Chicago there has been no right action to begin with, and the Chicago medals therefore frankly are to be regarded as harmless contributions to the gayety of nations from the very start.

Yet even when considered thus airily the attention of any one at all familiar with art matters cannot be fixed upon the Chicago list without receiving two pretty hard raps from two directions simultaneously: from one way by the names of the art-workers brought in, and from the other way by the names of the art-workers left out. In the first case, so far as new or little known names are concerned, the presumption should be in favor of the justness of the jury's award. The most famous artists necessarily must begin by living "unknowing Fortune, they themselves unknown;" and they must continue in such modest circumstances until some happy accident or some turn of deserved good fortune, such as now has overtaken these our brothers at Chicago, suddenly lifts them into prominence and fairly starts them on the road to fame. Taken alone, the new names on the list reasonably might be welcomed as proving that the jury was swayed by a wholesome desire to provide for the future of American art by encouraging the younger men. But, unfortunately, this pleasing postulate fails utterly to account for the yet more wonderful names upon the list; names which immediately are recognized as pertaining to well known barren fig-trees—whereof the never-excessive sprouting possibilities, even under the fertilizing influence of medals, unquestionably are at an end. And most surprising of all—in view of the way in which medalled lightning was running riot at Chicago and was striking with great violence in the most unlikely places—is the absence from the medal list of the names of so many men who undeniably stand in the high places of contemporary art. That these absent unhonored ones are accounted for by the fact that one hundred and eight artists, disgusted with the system of awards, withdrew their works from competition

does not improve the situation : it makes the situation decidedly worse.

To account for these various eccentricities of commission and of omission on the score of professional friendships and professional jealousies—aside from throwing discredit upon the motives of those who are ill-bred enough to suggest such an explanation—is preposterous ; while the more probable hypothesis of a too-easy ariability covers only a part of the ground. Wherefore the only recourse in the premises is to fall back on the generally accepted proposition that very few human beings ever go right who are given even the smallest opportunity to go wrong ; with the corollary that the opportunities for going wrong in judging art-work are so utterly unlimited that even (as I have suggested) the very Archangels would be likely to make a mess of it should they ever venture to take it in hand.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.



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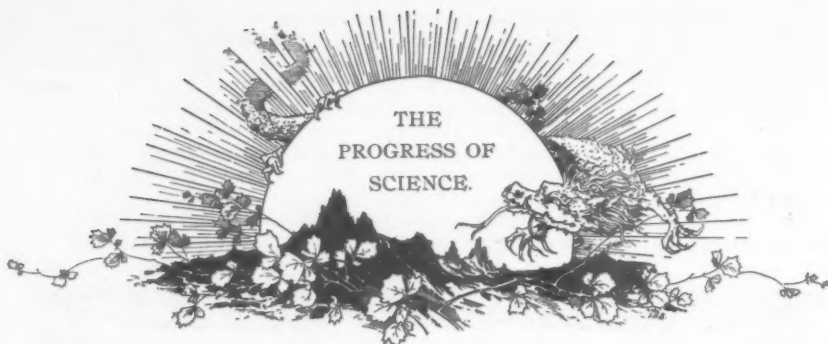
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ONE of the prettiest pieces of recent astronomical work is a new determination of the mass and density of the earth, made in France, by Alphonse Berget. Its interest lies mainly in the novelty of the method, and the wonderful delicacy of the apparatus used. Berget's process consisted in altering the level of a small lake, by admitting or drawing off water, and measuring, by means of a hydrogen gravimeter, the corresponding change of gravity at a point near the middle of the lake and not far above its surface.

The artificial lake which was put at his disposal for the purpose by its owner, M. de Curel, of Habay-la-Neuve, in Luxemburg, has an area of about eighty acres, with water-ways and gates, by which the necessary changes of level can be rapidly effected.

The gravimeter was a modified form of Boussingault's instrument, in which the force of gravity is measured by the pressure of a column of mercury balanced against the elasticity of a confined body of hydrogen, the whole being enclosed in a vessel exhausted of air, and kept at a perfectly constant temperature. The slightest change in the force of gravity produces a motion of the mercury, just as in a barometer tube. But in this case the motions are so minute that to measure them it was necessary to resort to a most refined and beautiful method devised, some years ago, by Fizeau, for a very different purpose. The gravimeter is constructed in such a way that the surface of the mercury comes so close to a flat, polished surface of glass that colored "interference-fringes" are formed in the thin intervening film, and any motion of the mercury, amounting to even one hundred-millionth of an inch, at once betrays itself by a measurable displacement of these fringes.

Berget found that when the level of the lake was lowered one meter, the mercury column moved 12.6 millionths of a millimeter (almost exactly half a millionth of an inch), and that the measure seemed to be trustworthy within about two per cent.

As a final result, he found the density of the earth to be 5.41 times that of water, in fair agreement with the results deduced by the older methods. It is not to be understood, however, that this new determination can compete in scientific weight with the value 5.58, now generally accepted, as the result of the elaborate investigations of Wilsing, in 1888.

C. A. YOUNG.

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#### GLACIAL EROSION.

THERE is a wide-spread opinion that glaciers, particularly those of the "glacial epoch," have carved out deep valleys and excavated large lake basins. They are also credited with cutting U-shaped valleys, in contradistinction to the V-shaped gorges which now characterize most rivers in mountainous regions. Sir Andrew Ramsay was among the most prominent advocates of the great efficacy of ice in modifying topography, and he had many followers; but the more minute investigations of modern times have not lent much support to this view. The present state of knowledge respecting glacial action is due more largely to Professor Albert Heim



than to any other living man ; but Professor Bonney and several other observers have lately contributed interesting discussions.

The fact is that the action of ice is immensely dependent upon preëxisting conditions. Thus a glacier debouching from a narrow gorge onto an opening will not even push before it the larger boulders which lie in its path, but will mount over them, polishing or scratching the surfaces exposed to the advancing stream. In narrow ravines, on the other hand, all loose material is swept away, and crags or corners exposed to the ice are rounded, chiefly on the side from which the glacier advances. This is the origin of the *roches moutonnées*, familiar to travellers in Switzerland. But even under these favorable circumstances the ice does not remove considerable crags which are firmly united to the underlying mountain mass, or cut deeply into the bed of the ravine. The reason is very simple. The velocity of a glacier is so small that its capacity for work per unit of time, or its power, is also very small.

Glaciers are most efficient in removing fine decomposed rock, or soil. Now, in a country which never has been glaciated, like our southern states, one finds from artificial or accidental exposures, that the rock is disintegrated, or rotten, often to the depth of scores of feet ; and a little care shows also that this depth is irregular, so that the firm rock-surface is uneven, being pitted like a slab of marble upon which acid has acted. Were glaciers to act on such an area, they would sweep away the soil and leave the firm surface nearly unchanged. Just such hummocky, diversified surfaces are very frequent in regions which have been glaciated ; and it is in such localities that the little lakes called "tarns" are found.

Glaciated valleys are more often U-shaped than V-shaped, while the reverse is true of unglaciated gorges. But many cases are known in which glaciation has not destroyed the acute form. The conclusion to be drawn from study of such instances seems to be that many ordinary gorges owe the flatness of their sides to masses of talus or detritus, the solid underlying rock being a trough from which ice would remove the sloping banks. When steep, uniformly sloping declivities are of firm rock, they will retain this character in spite of glaciation.

Thus, while glaciation considerably modifies the appearance of a country, it reveals rather than changes its more fundamental features, and actually protects it from the extreme effects of erosion by rushing waters of high velocity and great power.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



ONE of the most striking achievements of modern physics and chemistry is the final and complete proof that all gases are but the vapors of liquids. Until recently, the gases of our atmosphere, oxygen and nitrogen, together with hydrogen, marsh-gas and several others, were classed as permanent gases, because they had resisted all the attempts made to condense them to the liquid form, though they had been subjected to over two thousand atmospheres of pressure. Now, so much has been learned as to the properties and nature of gases, that liquid oxygen and nitrogen have been shown in open cups at public lectures, and our invisible atmosphere has been made to deposit in liquid form, in open test-tubes under ordinary pressure, like common dew.

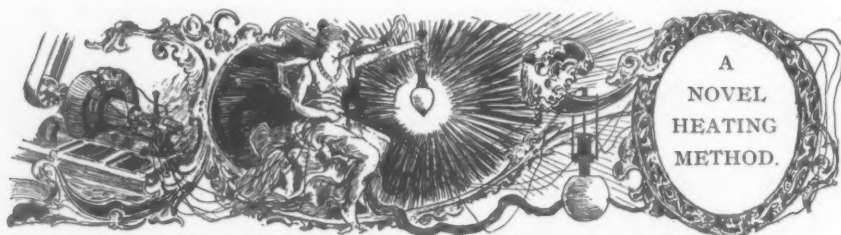
The general property of gases whose discovery rendered possible these performances, is called the critical temperature. There is a temperature for every gas, above which no amount of pressure can liquefy it—this is its critical temperature. If any gas be cooled

down to or below this critical temperature, it may be liquefied by pressure, the requisite amount being less the lower the temperature. It follows, conversely, that there must be for every liquid a temperature above which no amount of pressure can keep it in the liquid form—this is the absolute boiling point of the liquid. At such temperature, no matter what the pressure, the cohesion among its particles disappears and it becomes a gas. The gases which were classed as permanent resisted all attempts to liquefy them, so successfully because they were not cooled down to their critical temperatures—these being very low and difficult to obtain. In the case of the gases of our atmosphere, oxygen and nitrogen had to be cooled, respectively, to  $-119^{\circ}\text{C}$ . and  $-146^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., and at these temperatures there were required thirty-five and fifty atmospheres to condense them.

These extremely low temperatures are obtained either by allowing the greatly compressed gas to suddenly expand, or by employing the principle of the common ice-machine—evaporating some very volatile liquid. In the latter case, the lower the critical temperature of the liquid the better it is for such use. In the attempts to liquefy hydrogen, liquid nitrogen was allowed to evaporate in vacuo, and a temperature of  $-213^{\circ}\text{C}$ . was obtained. Although hydrogen has been liquefied and solidified, its critical temperature has not been determined by direct experiment; it is calculated to be about  $-240^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., and that at this temperature it requires a pressure of thirteen atmospheres to liquefy it.

Such degrees of cold as above named are beyond all ordinary experience, but it may serve as a partial index to say that mercury freezes at  $-40^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., and alcohol at  $-130.5^{\circ}\text{C}$ . It is interesting to note that—oxygen, which, in the gaseous state, is the supporter of life and all ordinary combustion, is, in the liquid state, very largely deprived of its active chemical properties. The most inflammable bodies, like metallic potassium and sodium and phosphorus, will not burn on liquid oxygen. As Professor Dewar has remarked, at such low temperatures it seems that we are drawing near to the death of matter. Microbic organisms and seeds, however, retained their vitality after being subjected for an hour to the extreme cold of  $-182^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

S. E. TILLMAN, COLONEL U.S.A.



**E**LECTRICAL effects are so multiform that an investigator is sometimes well rewarded by the discovery of an unexpected phenomenon in a field that has been long worked. That a current of electricity always heats the conductors through which it goes has been known for a long time, but this knowledge does not prepare one to foresee what will happen in every case.

If the two wires of an incandescent light circuit be dipped into water, there will be not only an evolution of gas and steam, but the end that was last immersed will become red-hot and may be fused in the water. It makes no difference which of the wires be thus treated, nor in which direction the current be going. The experiment succeeds best in a solution of soapy water, or water in which some carbonate of soda has been dissolved. The current needs to be as much as forty or fifty amperes, and about fifty volts are needed for such a current through the liquid.

It is certainly a very surprising sight to see a piece of iron become red-hot and fused in a few seconds by dipping it into a bucket of water, and then cooled in the same water on disconnecting the wires.

The explanations of this curious phenomenon have been various. One is, that the

water is decomposed by the current into its elements, hydrogen and oxygen, which directly recombine in contact with the metal terminal; so the latter is in an oxyhydrogen flame. Another is, the hydrogen set free forms a gaseous coating, called a Crookes layer, about the terminal, and that molecular bombardment across this layer results in heating the terminal. Still another is, that a short electric arc is formed between the terminal and the liquid, and its extremely high temperature raises the solid to incandescence and the liquid to steam and decomposes the molecules of the liquid. It is quite likely that all of these contribute in some degree to the heating effect, and the probability is that the short arc between the terminal and the liquid has most to do in producing it.

The commercial importance of this process appears to be considerable. For instance, a blacksmith could dispense with his forge, and have substituted for it a tub of soapy water, with a carbon plate a foot square permanently immersed in it, which could be switched into a common incandescent light circuit, and a pair of tongs, properly insulated, also connected, by a flexible conductor, to the same circuit. With these, a rod of iron, say half an inch in diameter, can be raised to a welding heat in ten or fifteen seconds, at the cost of three horse-power for that time.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



IT is not astonishing that the profession of teaching does not in America attract men of such talents, training and executive ability as it does in England, when it is known that the "market value" of a teacher of the first class is hardly \$3000 per annum. Until two years ago you could have counted upon the fingers of your two hands the salaried educators of the United States whose annual income was greater than \$4000, and in that number were the presidents of three or four of the leading colleges, and the principals of a few largely-endowed schools; while in England, for almost a century, the head-masters of the great public schools have been paid from three to six times as much. The city of Boston, which probably affords the best methods and secures the best results of our admirable public school system, demands the talent, the experience, the patience, the tact and the executive ability necessary to manage its great English High School, with seven or eight hundred students, for a salary of \$3850, while the average insurance company, or bank, in the same city, does not hesitate to pay a salary of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year to its president, who need possess no higher or more varied abilities, though of a different order. When Mr. John D. Rockefeller established the Chicago university, he unwittingly conferred a greater benefit upon the profession of teaching than any other man who has ever lived in America, by fixing the salaries of the leading professors at the rate of \$7000 a year. I say unwittingly, because I do not suppose that these salaries were set for the purpose of dignifying the profession of teaching, but only to secure for that institution the best talent that could be found in the country. The result, however, is precisely the same, and in that respect surely he built better than he knew. This circumstance will make it difficult hereafter for the great cities and the great universities to secure the men needed for positions of trust and influence, as they have hitherto been able to do, without the payment of an adequate compensation; and more and better men will be attracted to the profession of teaching.

In England, while the average salary of inferior teachers is lower than that in

America, the prizes of the profession are very great. The head-master of Rugby school has an income of \$18,000 per annum. Harrow and Winchester, Charter House and Clifton, afford nearly as large a return, and in one instance a still greater one, while the head-master of Eton receives from \$25,000 to \$28,000 per annum, without counting his home and certain other perquisites, and is considered a dignitary in Windsor, second only in influence and importance to her majesty on the hill, with whom he frequently lunches on a Saturday. Furthermore, the head-masterships of the great English schools are the stepping stones to the bishoprics, and it is not generally known here what tremendous incomes are received by the highest officers of the English Church, amounting in the case of the Archbishop of Canterbury to almost \$135,000 a year. In all professions and in all ages it is the prizes that draw. If there are no great positions in America for teachers, it cannot be expected that men of rare abilities will enter the profession. A few prizes, like those in England, would serve the purpose, and a profession numbering four hundred thousand ought to have them.

JOHN S. WHITE.



THE suggestions in a previous number, under the above caption, were predicated on the fact that the "smoke nuisance" had remained unabated, not for any lack, but in spite of, excellent smoke-consuming devices, at least in closed furnaces. This phase of the subject, which the space at command excluded from the previous article, will be now briefly considered.

Since the "smokeless furnace" exhibited in the year 1841 in the city of Manchester, England, by Mr. John Y. Williams, public notice has been from time to time directed to a number of fairly effective contrivances for the same purpose. Practically, the always slighted factor, personal equation, has heavily handicapped the problem: a problem which, as usual with problems once mastered, proves to be a very simple one, at least in its merely mechanical and chemical aspects. Thus mastered, certain essentials become apparent; for example, there must be: 1. Finely divided and intimate mingling of fuel and draft. 2. A temperature of at least 1000° Fahrenheit. 3. An evident corollary of the last-named is that there should be no contact of unburnt combustibles with the boiler. The devices might, perhaps, be fairly well marshalled under two general heads, viz.:

1. Automatic smoke-consumers show the best economic results, but their first cost in "plant" is so considerable that the ordinary run of manufacturers, to say nothing of domestic users, will not so much as look at them.

2. In devices more or less dependent for their successful working on personal supervision, the difficulties become much more conspicuous. In cities like Chicago or Cincinnati, possibly a "baker's dozen" or so of wealthy and public-spirited manufacturers might be found willing to secure and remunerate a competent stoker, but so long as nine-tenths of the manufacturers and ninety-nine one-hundredths of the domestic users hold to the opinion, whether correct or otherwise, that they, individually, can continue in the same slovenly fashion at a minimum of trouble and expense to themselves, there will be no sensible diminution of the clouds of undigested carbonaceous products. It would almost seem as if we were indifferent to the prospect that our descendants, in a not very distant future, will execrate our memory for burning at both ends the candle so beneficently laid away for us in the clefts of the rocks.

GEORGE H. KNIGHT.